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VOLUME 42

HAVERFORD COLLEGE  
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MAY, 1922

VOLUME XLII

NUMBER 1



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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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## Where the Ways Divide

*"Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false  
And yet wouldst wrongly win."*

**M**ACBETH'S dilemma is a common one. It comes in many shapes, indeed, and seldom is it clearly apprehended, but to every man comes the inevitable choice between conscience and ambition. What a strange world it is in which the authority of a god can be won only at the cost of godliness, and godliness only at the cost of authority! It is a world estranged from itself, a coward waking in the night, who, to end his ghostly fears, must put a bullet through his foot. So comes the choice between winning and playing fair. If conscience bids us pause to consider "What's success?", ambition subtly whispers "What is fair?" If success has worth, then whatever leads to it must have worth, too; but if success is worthless, what is the use of playing either fairly or unfairly? The resplendent Triumph makes the battle fair, and Peace is fair, for Rome, only when astride of Victory. But if success, as Macbeth could have seen, gets its worth only from the manner of winning, is not an honest failure worth more than a shoddy crown? An honest failure, besides, is harder by far to win. It rests no hope on accidents, and builds not on opponents' errors. It neither sighs for miracles, nor shuts its eyes to facts. It may be tragic; it cannot be contemptible, though a spoiled ambition would sometimes have it so.

Indeed, while conscience must continually be enlightened, ambition must be firmly disciplined. It feeds so greedily on hope that when the time for work arrives it can only go to sleep. If we spare the rod, all ambition's mighty energy is turned into fat for the morrow that never comes. Our vision then is distorted by its hope-fed dreams. We see through a glass darkly, and our fond indulgence proudly struts under the tin halo of soft self-sacrifice. Ambition dressed up in the robes of righteousness sneers at conscience as a worldling. So it was the Pharisees preferred their unfair moral spoils to that success for Israel which Jesus could have given. "Verily, they have their reward." So it is the "Idealist" often prefers an ineffectual loftiness to an actual gain at the loss of his spirituality, and snatching at nobility of character wins but a vain aloofness. So it is that men of all times barter their souls for a barren formula or an empty name held by the foolish to be the highest good. So also do the medieval-minded abandon their talents in the world



of here-and-now to line up for free tickets to an eternal loafing ground.

The man that snatches at power thereby to do more good seems nobler, indeed, than he who clings to a narrow goodness for the sake of a false superiority. But the principle is the same. For God is not dependent on position; he can work as well in one place as another, in the slave as in the monarch. His kingship cost Macbeth all his power of standing for what he held the best. Jesus, we must believe, faced much the same temptation. He felt his powers and knew the common hopes. He scarcely needed any Weird Sisters to tell him he should be king. He had the stuff of heroes in him and his insight into the hearts of men gave him the wisdom a successful leader needs. Surely he would have far greater influence for good as a popular hero than as a mere eccentric preacher. But we know the result of his decision; his ringing call neither to battle nor to monastery but to a life devoted to the greatest worths. Too vitally religious and too profoundly practical for his narrow age, the worths he sought seemed to have no chance to grow or live. All the external authority he could give them was as small as the amount of actual matter which a tree gives its seed to start with. His death was of no consequence in the eyes of more than a handful of his contemporaries; yet his decision brought him to that. He firmly believed, however, that the other course would realize even less of permanent worth; and the best men of the ages have, for the most part, agreed. Since his time men have often prayed that he might live anew in them.

We are too hopeful and too greedy. We strain at the intrinsically impossible and let the possible remain undone. Like Barbarossa and Otto III of Germany we pursue a phantom greatness while the real thing quietly slips away. Dazzled by a name or drugged by false hopes, we fail to see that conscience and ambition cannot be separated. Ambition not for self but for the highest value known is not only nobler, but it is the only kind that will work. After all, it is alike impossible to will highly without willing holily and to will holily without willing highly. But the great mass of self-satisfied and the unscrupulously ambitious care not at all how they will.

*R. L. Molitor, '22.*



## Voyager

*I am shipping for an island somewhere almost out of reach,  
(Wind and rain about me and the sea-gulls close at hand)  
Where the broken sea churns booming down a hundred miles of beach,  
Bursting blue and purple on a glare of yellow sand.  
It's a long way, a long way,  
And bitter cold the rain,  
Spattering an open sea beneath an empty sky;  
With neither moon nor stars by night, nor moon nor sun by day,  
And not a sign or signal plain  
To steer the vessel by.*

*I am shipping for an island shut behind a shining shore,  
(Wind and rain and midnight and the hoarse sea close at hand)  
Where the jungle tangled lowlands hush the coastal breakers' roar,  
And the verdant hills roll upward through a sunny, silent land.  
It's a long way, a long way,  
But happy is my heart,  
Watching storm and spume and spray beneath an empty sky;  
I heed no lack of moon by night, nor lack of light by day  
For I've no compass, I've no chart  
To sail the vessel by.*

*I am shipping for an island that I never hope to see,  
(Wind and rain forever, and forever close at hand)  
Still, the joy is in the searching, though I never reach the quay,  
Though I never shake the clouds away and hail a sunny land.  
It's a long way, a long way,  
So cheer the journey, cheer!  
The pounding waters pile until they splash the lowering sky;  
It's pleasant sailing dark by night and darker yet by day  
With neither goal nor hope to steer  
The plunging vessel by.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*



## “Thou Art More Righteous Than I”

I WONDER why it was that she married me, contrary to the wishes of her father, of her friends, and even contrary to her own nature. For we were not, as they might say, in perfect accord in spirit. She had just come out of a convent school, and I had come from the four corners of the world. I remember when I met her. It was at the Wu-sung races, when Dr. Martin took me in tow, dragging me over to the stands to meet some of his friends.

“Why, here’s Elsie Monroe. Miss Monroe, meet William Freedworth, who’s just come to Shanghai from Singapore. Now, be careful, he’s a man of the world,” and as she received me, bashfully enough, for she was not acquainted with the world outside convent walls, Dr. Martin stood there and laughed.

I was struck by her simplicity. It was not often, in those days, that I cared for simplicity, and yet I was attracted by her. She was pretty too, although she made no attempt to exhibit it. She did not even seem to know it. What was there about that first smile that she gave me on the introduction? It was a reticent affair, a half smile, which she seemed almost afraid to reveal. What was there in it that so attracted me, a man of the world? A year before I should not have even been interested. She was too innocent, and I . . . I was not. But, I was slightly changed. I had not realized it until I met her.

I said in the beginning that I wondered why she married me. It has always been a question in my mind, and, yet, if I should stop to analyze her motives, the reason is, on the surface, obvious. I was to her a mystery. In those days following our introduction, when I made every possible advance because I was attracted by her simplicity, she must have looked upon me as Don Juan himself, or the Fairy Prince. Had I not travelled the Seven Seas, and could I not tell her tales which could be rivalled in her convent-boarded mind only by *Alice in Wonderland*? I told her of tigers in India, diamonds in Kimberly, volcanoes in Martinique. It was not *me* that she fell in love with, it was my experiences, it was my knowledge of what she had dreamed of. When I was a boy I had a younger sister. I know how girls dream. But I am sure that, after two years of Shanghai life, she would not have married me.

There is nothing to dwell upon in our marriage. Her father was at first strongly opposed, for he knew nothing of me. We were forced to elope and get married in Japan, but, after that, he accepted me. My inheritance started me in business and I settled down in Shanghai. So far as the world could see, we were happy. I loved her, I loved her

truly, deeply, and, in the beginning, I am sure she returned it. There were things which she did not like. I drank. She let me drink. But I was a beast when I was drunk, and that happened not too seldom. Of course she accepted it. She had married me as a man of the world, but, nevertheless, she winced, and I, poor fool, although I understood, was selfish. There were other things too. I often had cause to regret my wild oats. Yes, there were connections I had made, which I blush to mention, which I was beginning to feel sorry for, and which I could not tell my wife.

Our social life was fair enough. Shanghai is not exciting at any time, but the community was interesting. I had my club, my races, and my business. I sometimes found myself longing for the old life, but I was satisfied. She seemed to enjoy the community. At least she did not make any complaints. Thinking of it now, I believe she was living on her love for me, in those first days . . . no, not because I had an attractive personality. She was merely a child, infatuated. As time passed and it was not a very long time, at that—I felt there was a change. I was not the kind of man to keep a woman's love. She found friends, women of her own class, women, some of whom I liked, some I detested. One day I returned from business, and found Elsie in tears.

"Oh, William, I feel so unhappy. Mrs. Wilkins was here this afternoon, and she does say such beastly things. I won't believe them, I won't believe them. I trust you, William."

There was nothing for me to do. Mrs. Wilkins was one of the women whom I detested. She knew and spoke a great deal. However, she did not know the worst. She merely picked up casual gossip.

Elsie tried her best not to let such things make any difference. She persuaded herself that she did not believe them. She began to analyze me favorably, as much as possible, starting to dwell upon my romantic side, and to compare with other men.

"William, I'm so glad you are not like Mr. Wilkins. He's so dreadfully narrow-minded and selfish. Do you know, he refuses to let Mrs. Wilkins go to Japan at attend Mary Burton's wedding, and Mary Burton is her best friend? You wouldn't be so mean, would you?"

She was trying consciously to make me appear perfect. She had to, poor soul, or she would not have been happy. She was a good woman.

"Here's a frightful story in the *Press*." She was reading the paper. "It's all about a man's being tried for bigamy, in London."

"What about it?" I asked, lighting my pipe.

"The first wife came around just after his second marriage, and claimed him. Of course, the second wife is not married at all. It says that she is going crazy. Oh, William, I'm glad I'm married to you."

But, in spite of these attempts, our married life was not growing

overly happy. She found it harder and harder to admire me, for I was not the kind of man that she should naturally admire. I was from the world. She was from the convent. There is no need of further detail. I said that she was growing to associate with other women, but she soon found that she could not enjoy them. They were too nasty, too prone to talk of other people. I'm sure that they were not at all nice about me.

"I think I shall work spare times in the Methodist hospital, William. They are very short of workers, and, you know, I don't have much to do. I should enjoy it more than the teas I go to; besides they gave me some of that training in the convent."

Good woman, she felt that she could escape by work. She did work, hard, and I am sure that it saved her from being lonely. She seemed to take on a new spirit. But I noticed that she still felt strained when with me.

One day, at the office, my native boy announced Mrs. Freedworth. I told him to show her in, but when he did so she was not Elsie. But, I must confess, she was Mrs. Freedworth. I had fled from her in New York where I had met her, a chorus girl. I admit feeling jolted, for there was no reason under the sun for me to expect to see her in Shanghai. She sat down and—well, blackmailed me. I should hardly call it blackmailing, for I owed her whatever she desired. She was sick, too. She told me what a time she had had since I left her, how she had tried to earn her living, but had broken down in health, how she had drifted about until, finding where I lived, had decided to come to me for help. I sat there and listened, and, when she was through, bought her off. I wonder that her story did not make more of an impression on me. Undoubtedly I was not as changed as I had thought I was. My only worry was that Elsie should know nothing of the other woman. I made her promise not to speak, and to change her name to Mrs. Smith. I even asked her to leave Shanghai, but she refused, saying that she could not trust me. I do not blame her for not trusting me.

Such agonies I went through in those next few weeks, such mental torments. What if Elsie should hear of the affair? What if she should merely suspect? I wondered what would become of her flickering trust in me. Elsie was a good woman. I remembered how she had spoken of the story in the *Press*. I wonder how I must have acted at home. I did not see Elsie very much, because she was so busy with her hospital work and, when she did come home, she was always so tired that she could give me but little time. She was still trying to keep up the old farce. Still she would bring up my good points, still compare me with other men, still make the statement, "William, I am glad I am married to you." She was doing her best by keeping up pretensions, while each pretension made me feel more like a cad. But, good woman, she could



not altogether conceal her feelings. I was glad she could not, for it made me feel a little more comfortable when she revealed herself. Besides, she did not know the worst.

The other woman found lodgings in the French concession,—at least she said she did—and did not bother me very much. There were times, when Elsie and I would be passing along the Bund in our rickshaws, I would see her drooping, haggard, sick, threading her way feebly through the crowd. Then she would look up at me in a kind of longing look of recognition, and I must needs look away, or be caught, shuddering, by Elsie. Once Elsie did notice the other woman.

"Who is that woman looking at us so? She has the saddest expression on her face that I have ever seen in my life."

"I am sure I do not know." I answered her question as best I could—a little unnaturally perhaps, for I could see that she was not particularly satisfied.

The other woman came to me about once a month. She came to the office and always under the name, "Mrs. Smith". Every time I gave her a little money to keep her quiet—merely to keep her quiet—I am sure that I had no pity for her. She seemed still to love me a little. Often she would become crazed and threaten to tell Elsie.

"I'll tell her yet. I'll tell that woman that she isn't your wife. She'll like that, won't she? Then you'll come back to your 'Mrs. Smith', eh?"

This did not affect me very much. I knew that she would keep quiet so long as I supplied her with enough money. Besides, I counted on her poor health. Yes, I actually reckoned that she could not live much longer, for each time I saw her she seemed weaker, more haggard. To be sure I might have had her taken to a doctor, I might have had her cared for better, but I did not want her to live. Do not blame me too much. I was in a terrible situation. I clutched at every straw like a drowning man. I hoped she would die. She lasted six months. Two weeks ago I was called to the telephone.

"Mr. Freedworth? This is the Methodist hospital. A woman has been brought into our charity ward, who calls herself Mrs. Smith. She is dying and is calling for you."

I can hardly describe with what feelings I went to the Methodist hospital. Elsie was nursing there. Would there be a revelation? When I arrived I presented myself at the office and asked to see Mrs. Smith.

"I am very sorry, but she died on the operating table about fifteen minutes ago. Would you care to see the body?"

"No, thank you." I excused myself as best I could, and fled.

Returning home after business that evening, I found Elsie waiting for me. She hurried up to me and kissed me—the first time in six months,

and then helped me off with my coat.

"William, do you know what I've done? I've resigned my position in the Methodist hospital. I want to be a better wife to you. I don't want to be so tired out when you come home that I can't make you comfortable and happy. Miss Moon, the head nurse, said she was very sorry to lose me, when I told her about it, this afternoon."

What could this mean? Why was her manner so changed from what it had been these last few months? I told her that I was glad to hear of her resignation.

Dinner went off very smoothly, indeed. Elsie was bright and happy. She talked a great deal, and seemed trying to please me. In fact, on her part, it was the best dinner we had had for a good many months. I tried to react to her mood as much as possible, but I am afraid I failed miserably. I could not understand. After we were through, she even brought me my cigars.

"You know, William, we had a very sad case at the hospital this morning. A Mrs. Fr—Smith was brought to us this morning, and died very soon afterward. The doctors aren't sure what was the matter with her. It seemed to be mostly fatigue and lack of nourishment."

Elsie did not seem to notice that I started when she spoke. She also did not seem to notice that I was silent for a considerable time following. She had changed the subject, and was starting to tell me all about how much fun it was going to be to make the house comfortable for me. It was a queer situation for me. Still I could not understand.

It was not for several days that I understood. She was always the same. She was always looking out for my comfort, always saying that she wanted to be a perfect wife, and she succeeded too—she had never been such a wonderful companion before. But I could not return it. I was beginning to understand. Good woman! did I ever say that she was a good woman? I must repeat it ten-fold now. *Yes she knew the whole truth.* How can people return good for evil? It was something which, my whole life has refused to let me understand.

My inward reaction has been frightful. If I was miserable a month ago, I am twice as miserable now. If I could only return her kisses with a full heart, if I could only embrace her unrestrainedly, if I could only converse with her lightly, without the feeling that there is an insurmountable barrier! What would I not give to have all memory of myself wiped from my own consciousness? I am sure I cannot stand it. Do you think that, if I should take out an insurance policy without any suicide clause, she would take the money?

Dudley Pruitt, '23.



## Two Poems

### I

#### *Man Triumphant*

*Three days, I, restless, paced my crowded den  
Or walked the length of our narrow hall.  
Three days!  
They seemed eternities  
Without the soothing whiff of fragrant tobacco smoke!  
I tramped and tramped in agony of self-denial,  
Munched apple upon apple in a vain endeavor to fill the gap situated  
in the region of my solar plexus.  
My pen would sputter and refuse to write,  
My brain seemed scattered into tiny useless fragments.  
And then——  
The spirit was willing but the flesh, ah——  
With nervous fingers I grasped once more the blackened sooty briar,  
filled it, and touching a match to the bowl drew in deep breaths  
of satisfying blue tinged smoke.*

*Nor did I quail  
When my beloved came into the room.  
Instead I settled in my favorite chair  
And met her eye with a bland smile of utter satisfaction.*

*"At it again!"*

*"I am."*

*"Man, made in God's own image, making himself a human smoke-stack!"*

*"Aye, a human chimney, that I am."*

*"Smoking yourself to death."*

*"I should not hesitate to meet my fate,  
If I had a pipe to smoke."*

*"Well, I must admit that you are much better natured now than you  
have been these last three days."*

*"You think so? I know it!"*

*"You really shouldn't smoke so much."*

*"Yes, my dear, I should cut down.*

*I will cut down!*

*But please, before you go, just toss me my tobacco pouch.*

*There's nothing here but ashes.*

*Thank you, my dear."*

---

## II

### *Valley Mist*

*Fall mist,  
Silent and gray, across the valley spread,  
Has kissed  
Each child of Nature, brown and almost dead,  
A sweet good-night;  
In the waning light  
Prepared for each a cozy winter bed;  
Covers all, after thousand, drowsy good-nights said,  
With a downy quilt of million dewdrops spun.*

*Warm, white,  
Spring mist across the sleeping valley lies.  
Though slight  
The rift, it shows the sun, who calls: "Arise!  
Arise, be gay!  
Here's a bright spring day!"  
Crocus and violet open wide their eyes  
And turn their smiling faces to the skies,  
As the spring mist melts slowly in the rising sun.*

*T. L. Fansler, Jr., '22.*



## Mrs. Gerould: Radical Conservative

**I**N ORDER to gain the attention of any considerable audience in these times it is usually necessary for the author to adopt certain methods whether or not he likes them. He is governed by them no matter to what class of audience he appeals. They are the same methods that would govern a man who tried to make a speech to the workers in a boiler factory at full blast. He would have to startle them into attention and, when he succeeded in getting it, he would need to put his speech over with a vocal thunder that could be heard above the din of the plant.

So must the writer first attract his blasé readers by something that is striking and then hold it by giving his subject a measure of original treatment. We, the public, demand that sort of thing for our jaded mental palates. No great degree of quality is demanded, nor is much obtained.

It is rather remarkable in view of this tendency of human nature to find that one of our most noteworthy essayists has not gained attention by yellow journal methods. It is even more remarkable to find that this essayist is a woman. To be sure the name, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, signed to an article might attract no more than casual notice. Certainly women congressmen or women street-car conductors might seem more out of place. But what we do expect when a woman puts her hand to the plow is that she turn up some new kind of furrow. So we have expected from this pioneer woman essayist something new in the field of constructive criticism. We hoped for women to put something into our politics that was heretofore lacking, and it is natural for us to expect the same results in the field of literature. It is rather disappointing therefore to find that Mrs. Gerould is extreme in her ultra-conservatism.

Though a newcomer as a critic she has for some time been doing work of literary merit in the field of fiction. At this difficult art she has shown herself to be a worker of no mean constructive genius. Perhaps the plaudits she gained there tempted her to realms of more serious thought. At all events for the past several years she has been setting forth in various magazines compact little sermonettes over a subject range that touches upon "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling" and skips to the "Extirpation of Culture".

To no especial degree has this champion of normalcy become the especial pleader for the cause of New England Puritanism. In her more serious vein we can detect the attitude of an heir to Milton and

Bunyan frowning upon the actions of a degenerate age. This position, however, absolutely meets the approval of so esteemed a critic as Professor Brander Matthews. He finds himself sympathetic with one who does jar his sensibilities with crudely molded innovations but is content to extol the past in a tone that is soft and low.

Lawrence Gilmore finds himself quite at variance with this opinion. He interprets her conservatism as a most distasteful reactionaryism. He cannot tolerate her attitude when she says, "It is well that we should take thought of the lower strata of society." He is displeased that literary talent of such a nature should be wasted on trite thoughts. For several pages he boils and bubbles with adverse criticism. Finally he lets out a blast that is worthy of quotation. "A mind which creates with brilliance and force is often feeble and unrewarding in ratiocination." Taken all in all what he has to say about her ought to be printed on asbestos.

Mrs. Gerould has been rather severe in her judgment of those who have led in the van of human thought. I could imagine even the most reactionary old political boss hesitating to endorse her characterization of Thomas Jefferson as an "inspired charlatan". At that rate it might tax her powers of expression in the King's English to tell what she thought of Andrew Jackson or Theodore Roosevelt.

It is to be expected therefore that Mrs. Gerould does not wax enthusiastic over the emancipation of the gentler sex, or over woman's new place in the world. She seems to be expressing her utmost hope when she says, "I long for the day when a woman will be elected to a responsible public office not because she is the best woman but because she is the best man for the job." The fact that the world wonders when anything of man's ordinary routine is done by a woman shows that there is a wide gap between the tasks assigned to the sexes.

Mrs. Gerould sees the adoption of smoking by women as a foolish attempt to ape masculine manners. That a group of women who had never met before could get together in a smoking car and talk over matters of intimate interest seems a change that could hardly be wrought even by the wiles of King Nicotine.

As one who has been associated with both men's and women's colleges, she is a qualified authority on the subject chosen for one of her essays, "What Constitutes an Educated Person". But whether she was set at the task by some inward urge or by the request of an editor it does not seem to be one entirely to her liking. She concludes that the fact that a person is educated may not mean very much. An education, it seems, is something that is done to you, and your own reaction to it need not be considered in determining whether or not you are educated. A person may be dull and uninteresting, may lack the



power of reasoning logically, may possess a mind totally untrained, and yet be termed educated.

She does not allow her own little private prejudices to sway her. She frankly reveals them to her reader when she says, "I have been desperately trying to avoid the aforementioned temptation of making my own anthology. I should like to say you are not educated if you cannot spell,—but that is manifestly untrue. I should like to say you are not educated if you have never read Byron, if you really want to see America first, or if you subscribe for choice to the *New York Nation*."

She does state qualifications for an educated person. The first and the essential one is—to come from Boston! One must be able to use one's native tongue correctly. It is quite characteristic of New England tradition to hold the mother tongue in high regard. We barbarians who live west of the Connecticut River, in our ignorance, might think our English pure and undefiled, but the more highly developed Bostonians know it to be full of provincialisms, colloquialisms, and other crudities.

When the requirements of sufficient clarity and smoothness of expression have been met, the next essential, she believes, is a perception of the problems of the race. The highly specialized man is not necessarily excluded for this reason. So long as he has an adequate realization of the way in which his own task bears upon the rest of the work of the world he may be stamped and certified as educated. This may be a more severe requirement than appears at first thought.

Mrs. Gerould seems to take delight in coming to the defense of traits and manners that are attacked for being out of accord with modern ideals of progress. She does not, for instance, regard partizanship as an evil, *per se*. Not a little of the present troubled state of affairs she ascribes to the fact that there has been too much free thinking. Nowadays, John Smith makes up his mind relying on his own nicety of judgment. To follow the lead of someone else merely because you have implicit faith in his common sense and character is to commit the crime of partizanship. Thomas Jefferson is accused of being responsible for all this by daring to set forth in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created free and equal.

It is upon the standards of Modes and Morals that Mrs. Gerould writes with almost inspired sympathy. She indignantly scorns an age in which "the feminine young engage in a scientific discussion of sex". She does not spend her time trying to convince the reader that the present generation is decadent as compared with its predecessors. It has come to be a well accepted view that the present is as morally inferior to the past as it is materially superior. Some how there seems to be a sort of romantic halo spread about the days of high-wheeled bicy-

cles and hoop skirts. People were too dignified to be wicked.

Nor does any doubt arise in the author's mind as to the reason for the baseness of the present age. She cannot find any evidence to blame the war. Her New England conscience has made it very plain to her that it is due wholly to the breakdown of our religious standards. When people took church seriously they had more consideration for the difference between right and wrong.

She does not have much sympathy with the present policy of churches. They seem too subject to popular whim. The churches ought to lead the way and let whoever has sufficient moral backbone follow. Now the preachers lag behind and let the mob choose the easiest path. We have smoothed out the bumps on the religious highway, but we have weakened the foundation in doing so.

Mrs. Gerould's conception of heaven and hell are quite literal. If you fail to hold your course on the straight and narrow path in this world, you are destined to a mighty uncomfortable eternity, keeping the home fires burning down in Hades with His Satanic Majesty as your gang foreman.

Mrs. Gerould is not inclined to believe that our religious depression has passed the crisis and that we are in the midst of an upheaval. Progress along these lines has been almost entirely in the form of the foam and froth of spiritualism and humanitarianism. Our prim New England critic believes that they "are no more new forms of religion than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture". She regards the attention devoted to these faiths as worship paid to false gods. No wonder the age lacks moral fibre when religious zeal finds expression in these ways. How some people can conscientiously inscribe "Rest in Peace" on the tombstone of the dearly beloved and then pester his spirit to rap on tables at seances is something difficult to comprehend.

Most of us who have not become lost on the road to Endor with Conan Doyle or Sir Oliver Lodge can agree with her so far, but in her attack upon humanitarianism she again becomes radically conservative, if such a term may be compounded. She seems reluctant to sympathize with the social worker who would see that a man was properly fed and clothed before worrying about whether he went to church or not.

Mrs. Gerould would not regard it as hostile criticism to be called old-fashioned. She cheerfully confesses that she has not danced since the days of the waltz and the two step. The modern jazz hound would place her in about the smooth stone age of social development.

There are a great many people to whom her views would be abhorrent. But she is expressing the opinions of a vast number of citizens whose views have badly needed expression. They are the ones who believe the cure for present disorder is to go back to "Normalcy". They



are sick of listening to fads and fancies for social and political improvement. To them it seems certain that the trouble lies in the weakness of the moral structure of the present age. This kind of reactionary tendency is one that is wholesome, and if not carried to extremes, will assure us of a better basis for future advance.

Whether or not the reader sympathizes with Mrs. Gerould's love of old times, her delightfully familiar and unaffected style in dealing with subjects that demand serious and thoughtful attention must appeal. Most writers who have dealt with these subjects have treated them in a heavy and cumbersome style. Though their work has been at times more profound and more brilliant, they have not been nearly so effective as she has in managing to serve real food for thought made appetizing for her readers' mental palates. Since most people would as soon suffer physical pain as think, that essayist is most successful who can cause his readers' minds to react to his message with the least possible strain upon the mechanism. Style has always had and always will have a profound influence upon the written and the spoken word. It is a field in which feminine sympathy and grace should achieve new literary triumphs.

J. S. Carson, '24.

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### A TALE

*I knew a love as great as any  
That ever grew beneath the sun,  
And told my love—along with many—  
And found it done.*

*I planned to keep my next true love  
Silent though all the gods should fret:  
And I did—and Heavens above!  
I have it yet!*

William Reitzel, '22.



## The Streak of Red

IT WAS a month or two after the revocation of the edict, as I recall me, when the king sent me southward into the fair province of Gascony on a special commission dealing with the heretics of Lucigny. I was hot on the trail, *mes chers*; what young noble of five and twenty would not hasten with a king's bidding in his coat?

The road from Paris to Orleans was fair enough, but after Limoges—*parbleu!* The sunny southlands belied themselves with heavy showers, and ofttimes my charger's feet would sink deep, deep into the ooze. My two drunken grooms had given me the slip at La Jonchere, and alone I faced the torrents from above. Even the Heavens were weeping upon the heretics!

Two nights after leaving the high road, I cantered into the village of Bergery, and it is there that the chief romance of my short tales lies. It is scarce a town—one inn, a chapel, three or four rich barns and as many white hovels, all belonging, I am told, to the estates of the Barons Bergery, from whom the town was named. The fierce rain had left my beast steaming; I threw my reins to a lad and hastened into the scurvy inn. Mine host was a sombre old fellow, with downcast eyes and a pair of fingers that formed a cross over the heart at each mention of Our Lady's name. He fawned, like all the rest—nothing unusual about him—and assured me of his goodwill and forthcoming attempts to please. His first commission was to find me a cloak and dry my own beside the fire. And by the saints, the fire was welcome.

I seemed to be the only guest that night, and no wonder. What a night! Each gust of wind slapped rivers of water against the illy-fitted door and through the windows, and my solemn innkeeper crossed and uncrossed himself at each shrill clap of thunder.

As the fire burned low, more candles appeared, and before many steaming flagons of ale had vanished, my stomach and a good meal united to buoy up my way-worn spirits. Heavens, what a night for travel! I sank back comfortably in my chair as Monsieur Stoupet, as he informed me was his name, produced a fresh log to add to the heat from the foyer. A table or so, some chairs, a crucifix, and two casks, one of ale and one of wine, were the only furnishings of the long, low room. Above, I could hear the chanting of a wench, no doubt Stoupet's daughter. His ale, by the way, was far better ale than the wine was wine. I called to him.

"Hola, what say you to a couch, my good man? It grows late." He curtsied.



"*Toute à l'heure, Monsieur.*" He bent before the cross on his way from the room, and scurried out, evidently to prepare the chamber.

He was gone, I think, a half hour, and I was beginning to be anxious and pace up and down the room. The fire was no longer sending forth a ruddy glow, the candles flickered. On a sudden there came a loud rapping at the door, and bellows for admittance. I strode to the door, and unbarred it.

Four men entered. They were all of the same type, rough fellows, cloaked, and wet to the skin. Stoupet minced into the room as the noisy quartet seated itself at the other table.

"Ale, Stoupet, and quick!" shouted the leader, an uncouth little beast, bearded, dirty, low-browed, and with sharp mouse eyes that pried this way and that into every move of those present. He arose and walked over to the fire. "And Stoupet, do take down that cursed crucifix—here—" and he gave it a knock with his cudgel—"we will pray nor gods nor men." That was too much, and I strode towards him.

"Fellow," I said, "what means this outrage, in His Majesty's name? Know you not I come from King Louis to punish all heretics and Protestants, such as you?" The fellow studied me slowly, starting at my toes and ending at my eyes, and ever with that contemptible glance of insolence. His comrades laughed, and when he had completed the rude gaze, he, too, joined in the merriment. Stoupet, cringing and trembling, was picking up the relic.

"Bah," he blustered, "we are no Calvinists. We be—" he winked at his comrades, and chuckled.

"*Sacré Nom*, you are under arrest, whoever you are," I cried. "This insolence is too much. Down, dog, in the King's name." He retreated a step still smiling.

"Good master, be not so angry. We are four to your one, but you are noble; therefore we are equal. But sport with me. We throw the dice—if I win, we go free, we four." Again he winked. "And if I lose, I pledge by all the hoary-pated saints in Purgatory, to disappear into mere air, to go, just as that smoke ascends and rises, to nothing." He pointed to the fireplace; in his eyes was the gleam of fiendish glory.

I spoke hoarsely. "Devil, who are you? I will not—but yes! Throw two dice. Either way, I lose nothing. But I would fain see what kind of spirit you are."

He threw; the dice came twice a five.

"There, good my lord. You will beat that by two. *I know!*" I threw. I threw twice six!

I chided the man, "Come now, old man of the mountain. *Alons Donc!* Begone, Appolyon. Vanish, Legion. Disappear, Beelzebub. *Sors!*"

He looked at me, grimly. His three fellows were standing, cudgels in hand, looking from one of us to the other. Stoupet was crouched in a corner, terrified. The stranger drew a goblet from behind the flask, and filled it with wine.

"Good master, I have lost. See this goblet of red wine? When I throw it into the fire, I will be with you no more, but instead will be a damsel. But touch her not—I warn you, *she is of Hell!*" The last word was uttered in a frenzied shriek. Even as he spoke, he flung the goblet from him and the ruddy wine hissed into the fire.

I rubbed my eyes. Where he had stood, stood no man; but from out the fire arose the most beauteous lady in Christendom. Her comely form was clothed in some filmy, silky stuff; too true, it was not enough for such a night, or any other. *Mais quels yeux!* And what hair! And with what an appealing look of sadness did she stretch out her arms toward me! Oh she was sweet, sweet!

My three unwelcome companions licked their chops. One made towards her, but she was mine! Ye gods, did such beauty belong to swine? I spitted the fellow on my sword, and the others ran shrieking to the door. She was mine!

"Go!" I said to Stoupet. Stoupet left. I turned toward the lady. How I could have done so after all that passed, I do not know. But she had fascinated me. Her face was fair, and of a beauty to send the court favorites into convents from jealousy. Her bare breast was pure white, all but a vivid red streak, of wine. Again she stretched out her arms toward me. She was mine!

I smiled, and stepped to her side. I closed my eyes. I seemed to feel her lips on mine; perhaps it was a dream. I passed my arm around her and tried to draw her closer. *Cieux! My arm went straight through her!*

I broke out in a cold sweat of fear. This apparition came to me, and planted its cold lips against mine. Crash—the vision disappeared, something struck me somewhere, I know not where, and I fell. Everything was black, so black and yet it was all so bright, like fire.

I did not wake until the next morning. I found myself lying wet and stiff on the knoll where the inn should have been. I looked around; there was no village, no church. My horse lay dead at my feet, and my breast was pure white, all but a *vivid red streak*.

They will tell you that I was struck by lightning, and that I am mad. But they do not know. Aha! I have seen the devil, and kissed his mistress.

N. A. White, '23.

# Hope

*Without delaying for farewell  
To us, who wished him our good-bye,  
He goes whither no man can tell,  
And never stops to answer why.*

*Perchance he hears a voice that sings  
Some stirring ballad, some strange song,  
And feels the check of common things  
On him too heavily and long.*

*Familiar cries and calls of birds,  
Dull faces, eyes that never fire,  
The clumsy catch of common words  
Affront his eagerness, and tire.*

*Perhaps it is that he foresees  
Beyond white wastes of shifting sand  
The palm marked outpost oases  
Of some unknown serener land,*

*Where purple mountain peaks confine  
Low meadows murmurous with rills,  
And slanting under brakes of pine  
Towers the haughtiness of hills.*

*But he will find there sun and rain  
Make no more of reluctant soil  
Than here, and always will remain  
Mere common things and common toil;*

*Nor will he cease to think some debtor  
Owes something different yet, and better.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*



## Ins and Outs

HAVE you ever noticed the great variety of ways in which it is possible, and not only possible, but necessary, to go in and out of places in the city? In fact, city life may be said to be one dreary round of *ins* and *outs*. As a rule, most *ins* are also *outs*, but in such cases, seldom is the reverse true. How fortunate that we are all well aware of this. Take, for example, Broad Street Station or the Reading Terminal. At track sixteen, the signs "New York Express" have just been put up, and the lights turned on. Instantly a crowd gathers around the gate. On the next track, a Doylestown train has arrived, and by an oversight, the exit gate remains wide open after the last suburban straggler has passed through. By this time, the New York crowd has swelled to such proportions that it forms a solid wall across the open gate of track fifteen. "How stupid of them not to go in," remarks a bystander, "there's only twelve minutes until train-time." Very true, but remember, sir, that the gate is an "exit", a one-way gate. No matter how eager they may be to get back to the "great city", not one would think of taking advantage of his entrance-gate-neighbor, who has to have his ticket punched. Can't you see that the exit is for the crowd which is just now passing out through that open entrance?

But this well-trained public occasionally makes a mistake. It may be because it does not always have its New York relation along to act as guide, or simply on account of its perpetual state of worried abstraction. Perhaps there are many causes, and it strikes you that there *must* be many, when you see a large lady, intent upon beating her neighbor to a bargain, make straight for a door plainly marked "TUO". The impending calamity is all too evident. Firmly resolving to avert your eyes, you stand and gaze, spellbound. And then you catch sight of a friend inside the store. He also is making for the door marked "TUO". It is only a matter of which one will—Ah! He smites the door with his free hand. It gives way slowly, and then more easily, for it has deflected the large lady in her rush, and she falls most accurately upon the next door and is inside in no time.

"Why, what's the matter? Are you ill?" queries the friend as he comes up.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," you keep repeating to him, as, with staring eyes, you watch the lady, apparently dissatisfied with the articles inside, start for the door upon which the letters "NI" stare her in the face.

There are many other kinds of *ins* and *outs* in the city, but none are

so popular, perhaps, in the late afternoon as those of the subway. Here there is a continual stream of people, each one, ticket in hand, intent on securing a few square inches on the floor of the subway car. Now comes a whiskered gentleman in a derby hat, whose eyes light up as he sees a train pulling in. He exerts all possible pressure on the little fellow in front of him, and as he nears the cashier's window, he sails his ticket merrily through it, and makes a lunge in the direction of the platform. "Ugh!" The iron bar of the turnstile checks him, and he gasps helplessly as he tries to recover his balance. Expostulation with the cashier follows, while in the line behind, the shock is transmitted with appropriate grunts and stifled exclamations from one person to the next. Finally the whiskered gentleman's ticket is discovered on the floor at the cashier's feet, and he is allowed to pass. Greatly relieved, he proceeds on to the platform and hides behind the news-stand to take refuge from the black looks which follow him.

Occasionally, disasters occur at the turn-gates of the subway exits. These are marked "exit only" and the public is too well trained to attempt to enter by them. Everyone knows that the gates turn only one way and few desire to be sliced into cross-sections by trying to go through the side from which the wooden bars project. But now and then, in rush hours a lively girl will dash around through the gate, speeding it up just enough so that the corpulent old man following——

Such scenes are too painful to dwell upon. It is a wonder that nobody ever thought up a practical plan whereby all entrances and exits would be standardized. The present labels "push" and "pull" are cheerfully disregarded by the average person, who naturally expects the doors of all public buildings to open outwards, and those of private houses, inwards. In order not to cast any reflections upon public intelligence, these labels are often disguised, worked into the handle-base, or carefully sheltered beneath oval glass plates on the framework of the door. But seldom is the subtle hint taken, for rather than dull shiny brass, most people prefer to put up their good right hands against the safest varieties of plate glass.

The problem of *ins* and *outs* has been by no means solved. It is said that a well-known brewer, shortly after the passage of the eighteenth amendment, advocated the universal application of the saloon-type of swinging door as a possible solution, claiming that both *ins* and *outs* with ample observation space at top and bottom would thus be provided. How the country's morale would have been affected by such an innovation is difficult to imagine. Others have recommended vertical curtains formed by a continuous discharge of compressed air from above the door, through which the public might pass with ease, leaving rain, dust and other objectionable substances safely outside. All these

brilliant suggestions have gone for nought. The brewer was escorted hastily out of the Patent Office, the compressed air specialists are laughed to scorn, and the public continues to supply daily employment to thousands of door-boys.

*M. C. Morris, Jr, '23.*

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## *Toil of Life*

*This morning there was just one patch of snow  
Beneath my window. And tonight, in vain,  
I looked to find that patch of snow again,  
But it had gone, leaving no mark to show  
That it had ever been there. Did it go  
Because it feared to mingle with the rain?  
Because with springtime it could not remain?  
I pray for winter then, if that be so.*

*This morning's mail contained a little card  
Bearing these words, "In loving memory  
Of J. F. A." He found life very hard;  
Existence was not made for such as he.  
I hope that he has found another place  
Where seasons show to him a kinder face.*

*Dudley Pruitt, '23.*



## A Dollar and Eighty-nine Cents

“**H**E SAID that, did 'e? Well, I'll pay 'im w'en I pass 'im goin' up t'night. M-m! T' think 'e'd say I was tryin' t' skin 'im outa it! Thank y' f'r tellin' me, Bill. I'll borrow it on th' next pay from Mr. Murphy. . . . A man don't like t' have a fellow say things like that about 'im, t'ain't right!” Young Nelling headed for his boarding-house supper and preparation for his nightly drive. He was one of the dozen truck drivers who take heavy loads of produce to Philadelphia from the South Jersey farming center. Strangely enough, he met Mr. Murphy as he swung around “Star” corner.

“Say! —er—excuse me, Mr. Murphy,—er—could I speak t' you a minute? . . . Why, I just wondered if you'd let me have a coupla dollars on this week's pay? . . . Why—er—yeah, 't makes five dollars all together, but—er—I owe a guy one eighty-nine an' he wants it bad. . . . Yeah t' morrow's payday, yeah, I know, but he wants it t'night, an' if y' c'd lemme have it, it 'ud make it easier. He needs it. . . . No, 'twon't happen again! . . . Well, . . . Thanks! . . . I been runnin' 'em all right so far, ain't I? G' night!”

Embarrassedly stuffing the two bills in his trousers pocket, he touched his forehead with a finger of his other hand, an instinct of his army training, and walked with long strides to his corner boarding-house.

At eight-ten that evening, Nelling, with the two dollars safe in the lining of his hat, left to take out his truck for the night's trip. It was ready loaded when he came, all he had to do was fill up with water, gasoline, oil, look to his tires, and start.

At eight-forty, he was guiding his twenty-ton baby over the railroad tracks at the north end of town.

\* \* \*

“Dr. Melvin!” . . . “Dr. Melvin!” The boy had been paging him for half an hour through the busy Philadelphia hotel. At last he turned to a group of three men and two women who had just entered the lobby.

“Phone for Dr. Kenneth Melvin! !”

The short, broad-shouldered man, with a lady on each arm, excused himself, and went to the boy.

“Phone for Dr. Melvin?”

“Yes, sir, right this way.”

In five minutes he was with them again, explaining: "Awfully sorry I've got to leave you, but I just received word that Sue has taken pneumonia in some beastly Jersey town, and seems to want to tell me something important, possibly about the Reynolds case, you know, Jack. Well, I've got to run along, and leave you. . . . I always said Sue knew more about Reynolds than she let on. So long! You children have a good time, now—you really don't need a chaperone, you know!"

The aspirant to Sue's late position as Mrs. Dr. Melvin, was not so easily discarded, however, and, since she mustn't go alone yet, they all finally piled into the doctor's new Packard, and decided to make a trip of it together. The Doctor insisted that Jack sit in front with him, but the girl slipped in between them somehow, and the other man and woman got quietly in back.

They bought pretzels, figs, hot dogs and ham sandwiches as they crossed the ferry. After they had successfully overcome the hills and precipices between Camden and Woodbury, they felt safer, and the new car thought it had added years to its three days of road life. When they took the right fork at Woodbury and struck the new concrete road to Woodstown, hot-dogs and sandwiches began daintily to disappear.

"I didn't quite catch his name," said the girl on the back seat to the man with her.

"Who,—the doctor's? Dr. Kenneth Melvin—Melvin! . . . Knew him at Yale, while I was in Law school. Bright fellow in his way, I guess, but always running around with common people. You'd never know he was well educated to hear him talk."

"Oh I don't know, I've heard worse—But this—Sue, he called her,—Who is she?"

"From all accounts she's a mighty fine woman; never met her, but that's what they say. Guess he studied medicine to be as cultured as she is. Loved her from a kid, you know. And after they got married, couldn't quite jibe, somehow. I don't see how any woman could stand him, anyway. She'd have to love him like the dickens to bear him. I know! Nobody'd room with him at college. Well, after they'd been married a year or two they suddenly broke it off, and were divorced before anybody knew what happened. And now this chap Reynolds, who seems to have been party to the break, gets into some legal trouble, and some letters are uncovered and lost immediately, and—well, they may re-marry if all turns out well."

"I see," she murmured knowingly. "Sort of soul-mates out of tune. And she—" indicating the woman in the middle of the front seat—"trying to sink an anchor, eh!"

"Oh yes, but I think he really loves the other. You saw how eager he was."

"Oh-h," commented the lady to herself. "So Flo's going to get fooled again."

They leaned back and watched the large spring stars shoot through the trees, and talked disjointedly about the car, and the stars, and fortune-telling, and—anything. Pairs of white lights and single red ones drifted dreamily behind them. The doctor has driven in auto races in his time, and the sense of hovering over a good road at seventy-five in a new machine was one of his infrequently indulged passions. Besides, it was time he was finding out what the car could do.

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Nelling had had two blow-outs since he left town, and it took him two hours of driving time to get going again. Not much difference to him, anyway, he mused. He didn't like to run around Front Street among a lot of trucks very much, and he'd be sure, now, to meet the man who talked about a debt of a dollar and eighty-nine cents, returning. The fellow lived nearer the market (at Woodstown) and so was always finished before Nelling came. About three miles beyond Woodstown he saw the headlights of the man he wanted. He held out his hand, dimmed his lights, and stopped. A big thirty-ton truck drew up cumbersomely alongside. Nelling brightened his lights again, unconsciously, as he jumped out, and went back to the cab of the bigger truck. The door swung open, and he climbed up.

"Gosh, those lights of yours are bright!" said the man inside, by way of greeting. "How do you get away with it?"

\* \* \*

"You really have won a cup in an auto race! *I'd* think you'd show it oftener; why *I'd* show it every time I got a chance, if *I'd* won a cup! How fast did you go, doctor?"

He slid farther down in his seat, and answered nonchalantly, "Oh—'bout a hundred and one or two, maybe. It was a peach of a car an' . . ."

The one beside him sighed ecstatically, and Jack, possibly because he was cold, grunted. The girl, quite the contrary, was nothing if not congenial. A warm, gloved arm pressed slowly and snugly across the doctor's shoulders. To think Sue couldn't get along with a man like this! and a rich doctor, too!

A pair of lights drifted by within a hand's breadth just then, and the doctor sat up a little straighter. The engine missed twice, unusual on night rides.

"How's the mixture?" asked the man in the cold.

"Mixture's all right, guess she's a trifle warm."



"Hadn't we better slow down?" said the one between them, hoping he would go faster, so she could be scared.

"No, guess not," mumbled the doctor. "'Sonly 'bout five miles from Woodstown, 'n' th' good road ends there."

Another pair of lights floated by, a little closer than the last. They were the characteristically bright headlights of a truck.

"Drat those trucks! . . . There's 'nother one, stopped. . . . Damn those lights! Didn't know they'd get away with them in Jersey. I'll give 'im plenty room, prob'ly got a tire spread all over the road. Say, Jack!"

"Uh?" answered the other, only partly frozen.

"I been thinking. Sue may not be sick. Maybe she'll tell me something about Reynolds, though, and—well, damn it, Jack, if she'd *only* tell about those letters!"

"If y' c'd only clear it up," echoed the other sympathetically but interested in the truck ahead.

The girl's breath was tantalizingly close,—to the doctor. He turned and kissed her. A neat thing to do properly, at sixty-five miles an hour and drive a car. But then her arm steadied him some.

The man in the cold yelled something, but he couldn't hear. He ought to shut up and look the other way, anyway!

\* \* \*

"Oh they are, are they! Well you're just under arrest f'r drivin' minus yer tail-light!" grinned Nelling, as he climbed up into the cab. "What's the load?"

Return loads are uncommon. The other driver grinned with importance as he reached under the seat after the kerosene for the lamp.

"Water for the boss. He's a crank, 'n' says Woodstown water ain't fit t' drink." He opened the door, knocked the ashes from his pipe against the sill, and slid one long, skinny leg outside.

A terrific something hit the truck from behind. It skidded forward thirty feet in spite of brakes. The back lifted, and it stood on its nose for a long, long second: then the driver's cab collapsed, covering Nelling, and barrels began to drop on the tiny heap of boards and roll over them, while the truck fell back again on the car that had turned over underneath it. . . .

Early in the morning, the wreck was reported to the Woodstown authorities. When the ambulance arrived, they found Nelling shattered and bruised, but with a chance to recover—consciousness. The other driver hadn't that much show, and the Packard was smashed flat.

*C. B. Acton, '25.*

# Alumni Notes

1885

In the April number of *Bookman* there is a short article about a dinner recently given in honor of Logan Pearsall Smith in New York, with a caricature of him. Mr. Smith has a short sketch entitled *Trivia* in the *March Dial*, and in the *Literary Review* an essay in review of *The Craft of Fiction* by Percy Lubbock.

1903

An address delivered at the opening of Andover Theological Seminary and the Harvard Divinity School by Dr. Henry Joel Cadbury on September 27, 1921, is published in the last number of the *Harvard Theological Review*. It is entitled *The Social Translation of the Gospel*.

1904

Takero Arishima, we learn from a newspaper clipping, has renounced his personal estate, valued at more than half a million yen, in accordance with his Socialist beliefs. Mr. Arishima, who is called one of Japan's greatest contemporary novelists, is at present writing a novel dealing with the Socialist movement in Japan during the Meiji Era.

1910

John French Wilson has a little poem called *In the Night* in the April *Contemporary Verse*.

In March Christopher Morley published *Thursday Night*, a play.

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After a lapse of twenty-nine years another *Haverford Classic* has been published: *Cazenova Journal, 1794*, edited by Prof. Rayner Wickersham Kelsey.

115 BROADWAY

GEORGE W. HUNT, '23

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# The Future of Student Government at Haverford College

**S**TUDENT GOVERNMENT is a term which is not easy to define since its meaning varies with the institution in which it is used. In a general way it is used to designate the direction of extra-curriculum activities and student conduct by a representative body. Its scope varies from a complete control of all activities and conduct by a highly complex administrative system such as is used at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to a merely nominal control at many institutions. At Haverford there are two aspects to student government—first, the Council's control over a certain specific field of conduct, and second, its supervision of student activities in a general way. Its supervision over the four most important organizations in college—the Y. M. C. A., the Cap and Bells, the News, and the Athletic Association—each of which sends one representative to the Council, is indirect, while its control is direct over such enterprises as student extension work and the Co-operative Store. Through sub-committees it supervises the social life of the college, formation of the college calendar, hazing, etc.

The development of student government at Haverford has been similar in a general way to that in other institutions. Prior to 1911 a Constitution was drawn up wherein a representative Council was created, responsible to the Association but having legislative power equal to it. The Council also had by the constitution the final judicial power, subject to co-operation with the Faculty,—but the judicial power was supported by a limited sense of responsibility on the part of the students. No attempt was made, moreover, to correlate the activities in the college. The responsibility for conduct did not grow during the years 1918 to 1920 when the reaction from the strict discipline of wartime was most noticeable in the collegiate world. In 1920-1921 this responsibility assumed larger proportions and it became evident that the governing body should take the burden of the administration of some of the important activities, such as student extension work and the operation of the students' store, which had up to that time been taken care of by self-appointed students. Thus the administrative apparatus of the Council was set in motion, activities were correlated, and a definite field of undivided jurisdiction over student conduct was established.

There is an important principle of government involved at Haverford which should be stated here in order to clarify the situation. This principle is the one of ultimate authority in all matters of student government. It is one upon which the success of the experiment depends, for in its present embryonic stage student government in college life is assuredly as much an experiment as democracy is in our national government today.



The ultimate responsibility for the actions of all the students who are enrolled in the college rests with the officers of the college, the Faculty and the Board of Managers. Consequently the faculty have been wont, and with good reason, to desire real assurance of a full sense of responsibility on the part of the students before they wish to see the experiment tried. The students, therefore, have always considered that their jurisdiction was not so complete as it should be, and indeed from 1911 to 1921 student conduct was controlled by both the Faculty and the students. The nature of the jurisdiction of the Council was thus a matter of dispute and accordingly in 1921-1922 a very specific field of jurisdiction was established with the approval of the President of the college. This practically means that, if the Faculty should revoke a decision of the Council, student government would go by the board, and this is something that the Faculty would be loath to see for many reasons. As a result, the student governing body occupies a very important position in the relation of the Faculty, students, and their parents. The Council may thus lead public opinion in the passage of legislation benefiting all, and it may act as a lever for public opinion.

The future of student government at Haverford is dependent entirely upon its reception by the people whom it affects. The Faculty and the students must co-operate to insure the future success of an institution which is invaluable to both. To the student the advantages obtained are numerous. Chief among these are the right of every student to voice his opinion on all matters of government, and the right to be judged by one's peers in a large field of conduct. The Faculty, on the other hand, delegates a field of undivided jurisdiction to the accredited representatives of the student body because they appreciate that the administration of such duties will probably be more effective by the students than by themselves. Then too, the Faculty cannot help appreciating the sense of individual and corporate responsibility that student government fosters. They recognize this as one of the great character-building steps in a young man's life and they welcome it.

If so many advantages are to be gained by all parties concerned from the successful administration of student government, then it is fitting that these interested parties should do all in their power to encourage this institution. Probably the biggest aid that can be given to student government is the fostering of the *esprit de corps* which is evident to a certain extent today. The machinery of administration is in operation at the present time, but this machinery will be of no avail unless there is a constantly increasing appreciation of the value and the importance of the services rendered. Insistence by the entire student body in seeing the very best men elected to the Council, and continued insistence that these elected men carry on a strong progressive policy will work wonders.

When each man in college generously contributes his unit of power to keep this machinery running then and then only shall we have student government that is fully efficient.

Improvements can be brought about in both branches of the activities of the Council as it works today. The efficiency of administration of the sub-committees can be increased with benefit to all. The apparatus of six sub-committees is still in an elementary stage but it can be perfected in business-like fashion. It has been suggested that the Co-operative Store extend its scope until it includes all the book and stationery business now carried on by the college office. The extremely valuable student extension work can be expanded and with the aid of the Publicity Committee the peculiar advantages of Haverford can in a dignified way be brought to the attention of a greater number of people. Some believe that the Council should directly control hazing and that the Sophomore Hazing Committee should be the instrument that carries out the policy of the Council. In the formation of the college calendar in future years the Campus Events Committee can eliminate more conflicts. The Records Committee can complete the cataloguing of all trophies, records, awards, and prizes in the college history and also see to it that the number of athletes annually disqualified for failure in academic work is decreased. The Promotion Committee may continue to make suggestions for the improvement of student government in all its activities. All these committees may serve in still another capacity than the performance of their routine duties. They may serve as important nuclei for the fostering of the *esprit de corps* upon which the success of student government so largely depends.

An increase in the scope of the jurisdiction of the Council is also a possibility of the near future. It is conceivable that the Council could regulate all conduct of the student body and that the Dean would have charge of the curriculum only. This system has been worked with great success at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The increase in the scope of jurisdiction will not be brought, however, by adding numerous rules to our lists but by increasing the responsibility of the entire student body to see that what laws we have are enforced. Recent events seem to point in this direction at Haverford. On the other hand, an entirely different method of student government is suggested by the University of North Carolina where there are no rules or proctors but a strong public sentiment censures all violations of the traditions of the spirit of the college. In any event, the greater the number of law-abiding citizens the greater the privileges they will enjoy and when the Faculty judges that they have sufficient guarantee that new privileges will be respected, these increases in power cannot but come.

C. M. Snader, '22.

## Philosophers' Stone

**H**ENRY ALLEDYCE FISH was twenty-five; Henry was also a philosopher. The mere fact that a man should be twenty-five is not very unusual. Unfortunately, all poor mortals who have the felicity of enjoying their three score and ten have to pass that dangerous milestone in life. Nor indeed need we be alarmed by the knowledge that a philosopher is in our midst. The least of us, possibly even the greatest of us, are often philosophers in secret. Yet it must be remembered, clearly and permanently, that Henry Alledyce Fish was twenty-five and also a philosopher, for thereby hangs a remnant of the age-long tale.

Henry was an orphan; a confirmed and well-established orphan. Not that he, with his philosophical outlook on life, regretted it. Aunt Sophia Halidane Fish, sixty-five, expansive and comfortable, was perfectly suited to see to such physical wants as Henry would require. Alledyce Hall was of that size as to be able to run on its own momentum, and the vaults of the Bank of England seemed quite capable of administering, and at times, disgorging, Henry's ample share of mundane wealth.

Henry was a modest youth. In the eyes of many matrimonially minded matrons, a model youth. Where was there a garden tea to which Henry was not invited or tennis party to which he was not hailed? What a flutter would spread through the bosoms of despairing mothers when Henry, sleek, cool and unconscious, strolled around the dainty traps so cunningly set before him! But Henry was a philosopher and sentiment was foreign to his creed.

"Love, rubbish!" This foolish obsession which seems to be ruling the world was, to Henry's enlightened mind, ridiculous and disgraceful. His Aunt Emily, who was forever suggesting the joys of married life to him, had once been horrified to have heard him say, "My dear aunt, all this talk about love is foolish. My mother and father never loved each other and a very good thing too. Love, my dear aunt, is the ruination of the present generation." She had been forced to acknowledge the first part of the statement but the last part of it she swallowed in silence. Nobody ever tried to argue with Henry.

"The fulfillment of duty should be a man's first consideration," he had declared at the time of Lord Kitchener's death. Thereupon he had bravely stepped into the vacant shoes and most nobly acquitted himself in the necessary distribution of sardines and canned soup to the "rest of the army".

"It is such a shame that poor Henry's heart should be so weak," Aunt Sophia had been overheard once saying to the vicar's wife. "I am sure he would make a perfectly wonderful cavalry officer, but then the



poor boy's dear father's mother —" The rest was lost in the clatter of tea-cups, but Aunt Sophia must certainly have been justified in her opinions concerning his health seeing that she was more than closely intimate with every inherited ailment the family enjoyed. Now, with peace restored, duty no longer called Henry and once more he was resting in the shade of his family grape-vine.

"Henry, my dear," exclaimed Aunt Sophia at lunch, one day in early spring, "here is a most delightful letter from dear Aunt Emily. She inquires so tenderly after your health—but there, you must read it yourself!"

Henry laid down his fork and stroked his beautiful blond moustache. ("It makes him look so *distingué*. Just the image of his poor, dear father," his aunts always remarked.)

"Won't you just tell me what she says? My eyes are not very good, I mean I never could handle Aunt Em's writing, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes indeed, my dear boy. She does have an atrocious hand for writing. It's the typical Fish fault. Now your poor dear Uncle Andrew's writing was positively il-ileligible. But to be sure, yes, Aunt Emily wants you to come and visit her for a couple of weeks. Let me see, how did she put it, her phrase was so charming. Well never mind. I can't find the place just now but as ——"

"She wants me to visit her!" Henry was alarmed. Aunt Emily was most certainly an excellent aunt but —— He groaned inwardly at the thought of what she would couple him up with this time. Her matchmakings were notorious.

"Why yes, Henry dear. Don't you remember that you promised her last Christmas to go over to visit her soon? Ah, here it is, listen. '——— and tell the darling boy that I haven't forgotten his promise. I will be expecting him on Wednesday and he must come for at least two weeks. The Green Room is all ready for him ——!'"

"Wednesday—tomorrow, for two weeks!" Poor Henry perspired gently.

"Isn't that perfectly lovely of her and listen to this. 'I have a wonderful surprise waiting for him but you mustn't let him know.' Oh goodness, now I have! But then she meant you to see the letter too. Let me see. If you pack this afternoon, Robert can take your trunk to the station and you can motor over tomorrow morning." Aunt Sophia beamed across the table and sighed. If the good lady had a fault, it lay in her attachment to "the dear boy".

"How we shall all miss you, Henry dear, but I mustn't be selfish. Aunt Emily has her claims too."

Henry choked down his tea and hastened to his room. Here was need of philosophical thought.

It was a beautiful spring noon when a gleaming roadster halted before the venerable portals of Thorley Oaks, country seat of Aunt Emily Fish Greenaway. Henry, resolution stamped upon his face, stepped out and, with the decorous assistance of the portly William Jinks, butler *par excellence*, walked, or rather stumbled, into his aunt's affectionate arms. Aunt Emily Fish Greenaway was long where her sister was broad, thin where her sister was buxom, and angular where her sister was round. After many agonizing endearments Henry tore himself away. His philosophical mind failed absolutely to combine Aunt Emily with kisses.

"William will show you your room, dear boy, and you will find me in the drawing room when you come down. By the way, darling boy, there is another visitor here. You will meet her at lunch in a half an hour."

"You will meet her at lunch in a half an hour!" Henry quailed and fled up the stairs in the wake of the departing William.

"Arabella, dear, let me introduce you to my nephew, Henry. You are some sort of cousins to each other, my dears. Arabella, you know all about the connection. Henry must get you to explain it to him." Henry only scowled. Arabella frowned.

Arabella Martin was twenty-four and plain; plain in every respect. Her speech was plain, her dresses were plain and her features were plain, very plain, to Henry. Green eyes and straight black hair perched on top of a barber's pole was the best approximation he could arrive at as a comparison. Her mouth was large, unduly large, and when she shut it, it was shut, tight and decisively.

"Did you say a first cousin, Aunt Em?" said Henry with a hopeful inflexion in his voice.

"Oh no, my dear. Just how is it, Arabella?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Her answer was at least definite. Aunt Emily passed her hand over her face and thought.

"Now let me think. Your mother's half-sister, Aunt Catherine, Henry, well her first husband's second cousin who was a Ffolleyet married a Martin and Arabella is their daughter. That's right, isn't it, my dear?"

"I have no idea," said Arabella. That too was definite.

"Well perhaps it was Aunt Catherine's first husband's step-sister who married into the Martin family and her mother had been a Ffolleyet. It's all in the library and you can find it behind the door on the bottom shelf, I think."

The lunch was begun and mercifully ended.

To Henry attention had always come as his due. Deeply rooted within him was the theory of his own divine rights, and his entire existence

had been passed as a justification of that idea. He lived for Henry and everybody else for him. Aunt Sophia saw to his comfort, the world to his pleasures, and he to himself. That anyone should not be interested in him was an impossibility, unheard of and unforeseen.

Arabella Martin most forcibly presented a new field for his philosophical research. Why in the world had she not smiled at him? Why had she not, at least, offered him her hand? Henry placed great stock on his knowledge of the weaker sex and felt sure that he was on the verge of the solution. She was shy. Yes, she must be shy.

"Henry dear," exclaimed Aunt Emily as they rose from the dining table, "I'm so sorry that I have to run off immediately, but I have to do a little visiting. Arabella, I know, will be glad to entertain you, won't you dear?"

Arabella tapped the floor with her shoe and mumbled.

"There, you two can have a far better time than with me, and Henry, if you want to smoke you can use the library."

Henry looked astounded. "Why, you know I never do *that*, Aunt Em!" Suddenly he felt he was blushing. Ha, this must be investigated and he jotted down in his mental note-book, "Smoking and its Effect upon the Social Status."

"Well, well, I must be off. Take care of yourselves," and Aunt Emily disappeared. Henry, left alone with his fate, felt the need of a little reconnoitering. He needed to establish his ground.

"Oh, ah, Miss Martin. You—your—I mean don't you live down in Berkshire?"

Miss Martin was making for the door. "No, I live in Wilts."

"Oh!" The situation was becoming desperate. Henry felt hurt. "Supposing we go look at that family tree in the library?"

"Just as you like, Mr. Fish."

Now if there was one thing that Henry objected to, it was to be called "Mr. Fish." "Mr. Henry Alledyce Fish" was satisfactory. "Sir" was acceptable but "Mr. Fish" was unbearable. Why his father's name should have been "Fish" he could never understand. He had a lurking fear that there was something distinctly plebeian in such a name.

"Miss Martin," they were crossing the hall on the way to the library, "since we are cousins, mayn't I call you Arabella?"

"'Miss Martin' will be all right."

"Well, you'll call me Henry, won't you. I detest 'Mr. Fish'!"

"That's too bad. It's your name, isn't it?" This was maddening. He bit his lip.

The search for the genealogical table proved barren and Henry was beginning to despair. Arabella, however, found some musty, old book



and seemed perfectly content. Suddenly the truth burst upon him and he turned to her with a gleam of victory in his eyes.

"Oh, Miss Martin, you are engaged, aren't you?"

"No indeed!" It was the last straw and he fled.

A long week elapsed and Henry was no nearer the solution of the enigma. Arabella wasn't shy. She talked with Aunt Em enough. She wasn't engaged, he had learned that much. She wasn't morbid for she could laugh as well as he could—when he was not around. No, she simply ignored him and he was hurt. Arabella, plain and unaccomplished, ignored him, Henry Alledyce Fish. It was preposterous!

Sunday was a rainy day and time was hanging heavily on Henry's hands. Aunt Em was taking her Sabbath nap and Arabella was reading in the library. It was atrocious, the amount she read and knew. Drifting aimlessly through the house, he came across her, buried in her book. She didn't even look up. Dropping into a chair, Henry entered upon a train of thoughts, but Arabella stirred and his dreams vanished.

She appeared almost pretty, sitting there by the window. "Not so frightfully ugly," he thought. Her straight black hair was coiled low over a white neck and her ankles were slim. "Silk stockings," he remarked to himself. Something prompted him to speak, of what, he had no idea. He cleared his throat but she went on reading. He cleared his throat again. She still kept her eyes on the book.

"Arabella, why don't you like me?" A peculiar prickly sensation ran up and down his back as he spoke. Arabella laid down her book.

"Who said that I don't like you, Mr. Fish?"

"Well you don't, do you?" He was amazed at such temerity on his part.

"I think I do. At any rate, I have nothing against you." She made a motion as if to go on reading. Henry's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused and he was determined to sift the mystery to the bottom.

"You always act so funny to me," he declared. "I'm positive that you must be engaged."

"I think I once told you that I was not, Mr. Fish. I never was and, for all I know, never shall be." Henry raised his eyebrows. What was this? Surely every girl wants to get married! It was a matter of great pride to him that he should be individual in preferring celibacy.

"Don't you believe in marriage, then?"

"Oh, yes indeed, I've nothing against that!"

"Then you do intend to marry some day?"

Arabella smiled grimly. "Oh yes, I suppose so."

"Then why in the world do you object to being thought of as engaged?" Arabella looked straight at him with her green-grey eyes.

"Pretty eyes," Henry thought.

"My dear Mr. Fish, is there any need of going into that? I, for one, have no belief in this so called 'love.' That's all."

The bomb-shell had burst. Henry was stunned.

"What? Do you mean to tell me that you don't approve of love?" Henry felt suddenly weary. "Arabella, you—you are a person after my own heart!" Such tribute from him was unprecedented. He escaped to reconstruct his shattered philosophy.

From that point on Henry began to take a lively interest in his startling companion. Here was a real person who had his own opinions. She was a jewel, a *rara avis*, a philosopher! Time and again he would catch himself gazing at her with a look of perplexity and meals were becoming positively impossible with her sitting opposite him. Aunt Emily was making herself more and more invisible. Henry felt something terrible was going to happen.

Two days remained to his visit and Arabella was as distant as ever. Only too well did Henry realize that in leaving he would never see her any more. She would never come around his way again. It was unfair that two people with so much in common should be such strangers. Henry rebelled.

That evening, catching her alone at the piano, he said, "Arabella, are you going to write to me after I leave?" She frowned at the use of her first name.

"I certainly had no such intention, Mr. Fish." Henry retired in disorder.

The next day, he again made a stand. He had decided that, as persuasion had failed, logic might possibly succeed. "Miss Martin, do you realize that we are very much alike, in many respects?"

"So?" That can be a most aggravating syllable at times.

"Yes. I think we would make excellent friends."

"Indeed," said Arabella with a lift of an eyebrow. Again Henry broke ranks and retreated.

The last day dawned. On the morrow morning, Henry had to return to Alledyce Hall and, much to his amazement, he was not so anxious to leave as he tried to think he was. This Arabella situation needed to be settled and he was the man to do it.

Summoning every ounce of naturalness, he boldly offered to drive her over to Lewes. Arabella cleverly excused herself, Henry was check-mated. It was Aunt Emily who saved the day by asking Arabella to get her some yarn. At last she condescended to go.

Not a word was exchanged as the car sped through the leafy lanes, flashing through sleepy, rustic villages and skimming out onto the rolling downs. Not a word was said by either as they started on the return trip, the setting sun flinging long shadows before them as they flitted between

the flowering hedgerows. Henry's heart thumped, his tongue clove to his palate.

"Arabella," he shouted in her ear, "you simply have to write to me." The car swung violently into a deep lane.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Fish."

"Yes you do!" His face was almost apoplectic and his heart—his family heart—was living up to its reputation.

"I'm sure I'll have nothing to say, Mr. Fish."

"Say that then. You are the first girl I've met with any sense in her head and I'm not going to lose you."

"Regardless of the girl's opinion?" Arabella seemed quite cool.

"Yes!" he said savagely and the car stopped with a lurch.

"Well I'm sorry."

Henry was angry, puzzled, and excited. He felt the situation was slipping away from him again but he was determined to get his way.

"Why won't you be reasonable, Arabella? Let me explain my point. We two are the only two people in the world with any sense, so why not share it equally between us?"

"I don't see how letters will help." How stubborn Arabella could be!

"What will then? I'm not in love, you know." Henry was almost plaintive.

"Oh, I know that," said Arabella calmly. "Suppose we move on."

"No!"

"Don't then."

Henry sat silent, thinking hard and chewing his moustache. Internally, dynasties were being shaken and startling truths revealed. "Look here, Miss Martin," he at last said, "since you won't write to me, or speak to me, or be decent to me, will you marry me?"

"Well, that's a different question altogether, Mr. —Henry," said Arabella in a whisper.

*John F. Reich, '24.*





# Pragmatist and Idealist

## I

*The world is spread before our searching eyes—  
You lower yours and I turn mine aside:  
I, to breathe sweet nothings that abide  
For men to call, "Philosophy", and rise  
And follow past the margins of the skies;  
You, to take men's hands and, eager, guide  
Them on the laborous shores where each new tide  
Casts up the froth of Life in varying guise.*

*No harm in either course perhaps; but then  
Why trouble with our quarrels a few short hours—  
You loudly shouting, "Useless dreamer" when  
I sneer at your "materialistic powers"?  
Why cramp our lives, our world with swaddling bands  
When we have only half-truths in our hands?*

## II

*All the beauty in the world, though lovingly  
Laid down across the hills and thru the fields,  
Though painted broadly where the gray dawn yields  
Its quiet to the sun, we cannot see  
Through my dim eyes, the dreamer's eyes, nor be  
Led to the Cause by your hard hand that wields  
The heavy tool, O Friend! Some Being shields  
The whole from both our faults perpetually.*

*Add my thoughts to your now-groping power,  
And let me join my dreams to your strong hands—  
It may be then, that in some distant hour,  
Worn and breathless, we and the wandering bands  
Of seekers may attain the Mystic flower,  
The Rose of Dawn and light of Promised Lands.*

*William Reitzel, '22.*

## Selling—or Sold?

DOWN in the peaceful valleys and high on the forest-clad hills of the sleepy countryside, a battle-royal rages summer long. Though unrecorded by history and unnoticed by the world in general, far and wide over the land are conflicts waged, victories won and defeats sustained by the host of student-salesmen who, armed to the teeth with polished canvass and after-talk, march out to seize the artful farmer in his lair. It is when the smoke of battle clears away and studies call the students from the field that the tally is made and the losses counted. Then comes the question, "Selling—or sold?"

Many were the agents who begged the privilege of allowing me to make my fortune, before I fell. All winter long they flocked around college, flashing records and quoting fabulous incomes to be made. Maps, books, tin-ware and a dozen other alluring articles were scornfully rejected by me, but at last I met my match.

Harley Sebert, general agent for a middle-west subscription book company, knew his line by rote. He was a sleek man with a small black moustache and a smoothness of manner so confidential as to lead to mistrust. Glowing descriptions and astounding figures rolled off his tongue unceasingly. He asked us, as man to man, with a soulful gesture, if we could imagine a more healthful, pleasing and profitable summer than one spent walking on the beautiful country roads, talking with the cheery, kind-hearted, and enlightened farmers and luxuriating on the fat of the smiling land. Two and three thousand dollar records he flaunted in our faces, convincing us that we could do the same and better. We were to be missionaries of health and better living but more especially, we were to *succeed*. I, for one, agreed and signed.

"You ought to make a two thousand dollar record, Morton," Sebert declared when I had finished my training and was eager for the fray. "You give a better canvass than any man I have ever trained." Curiously, others had had the same encouragement!

And how did the farmers accept the well-organized canvass that I had learned so thoroughly? An example or two will illustrate *his* logic. About mid-summer, I was trudging a dusty hillside, hungry, disappointed and far from my promised fortune. A little, black shack hove into sight. Behind the tottering building was a rickety barn with a weedy pasture sloping from its doors to a muddy creek. An old and battered mail-box bore the almost illegible name, "H. Knepp." Boldly I strode forward, pushing through the broken gate, and entered the open door without knocking.

"Good-morning," I exclaimed, greeting with a sweeping glance all the occupants of the dingy little kitchen that I had entered; and then, speaking directly to a man bending over a blue agate wash-bowl on a wooden bench, "Are you Mr. Knepp?"

A lean face, hiding behind a month's growth of black beard, turned up from the basin into which it had just been plunged; and the man looked searchingly at me. "Yep that's me. Who are you?"

"My name's Morton," I answered, getting into the confidential tone that my sales trainer had taught me to use. "I'm a student from Lafayette College, out here selling amongst the farmers; and I wondered if you could give me a little lunch."

He scrutinized me still more carefully; running his tongue in and out of the holes between his scattered brown teeth, as if scrubbing them for the coming meal. "We're jest a settin' down now," he said after thinking it over; and then called to his wife across the room, "Sary, can this young feller git some lunch?"

A short, thin woman turned around from the fire, where she was frying potatoes. She was shabbily dressed and her hair was done up in a straggly knot on the top of her head. She also looked me over, then shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "He can have what we got, but it tain't much today," she replied, turning the pan of potatoes out on a large tin platter. "We're all ready."

I thanked them for the favor, and followed the farmer into the next room, where I removed my coat and dropped my books from my back. This was the dining room, dark and dingy; old green shades were drawn down tightly, a little light penetrating through their numerous holes. The table, spread with a dirty white cloth, contained the usual farmer's August noon meal—ham, fried potatoes, onions, large, thick slices of bread, jelly, soft white butter, coffee, and flies. Three children, clad in dirty, ragged clothes were already plunging into their food; and their mother shoved one of them over to set a place for me. I sat down on a three-legged stool that was pulled up for me, and found the farmer himself seated next at the head of the table. His first act was to drain with several successive gulps his large glass of water, then,—Bang!—he thumped the empty glass down hard on the table in front of the nearest child, who without speaking a word grabbed the glass and raced barefoot for the pump. The children appeared to know better than to allow father's glass to stand empty.

"Whach-yuh sellin'?" asked the farmer, as he skillfully poured his coffee into his saucer, and blew at it softly through his beard.

"A new Medical, Cooking, and Stock Book, one that we're putting out widely through——"

"Shut up!" snapped the mother, causing me to stop abruptly, though



I discovered that the remark was being made to the two children opposite me, who had started a row over something. Her tones carried authority; the children spoke no more throughout the meal. I went on explaining a little more about the book that I was selling, talked about the heat, dusty roads, and everything else; anything to keep my mind from the horrible black coffee I was trying to swallow, the same coffee which my host was then revelling in to the "tune" of his third cup.

"Well, Mr. Knepp, I'll show you that book of mine," I said when the lunch was finished. "It won't take long."

"Aw, don't bother to take the time with me, I don't need no books," he drawled out, lighting a yellow corn-cob pipe, and fitting it in a hole it had worn in his parched gums, "I got 'nough to do to run this 'ere farm, without readin'."

I assured him I would only be too glad to show him the prospectus, and quickly started my well learned canvass on the stock book planned to grasp the keen interest of the farmer at once. "Any of these easy receipts might save you a cow or some chickens some day," I told him with conviction.

"Stock ain't hardly worth savin' nowadays," was all the response I got; "I can't sell a cow nohow; it's cheaper to kill 'em than cure 'em."

I was a bit discouraged, but turned to my cook book. "Here's a department that your wife will appreciate more than——" I started off, but the lines I had learned from my trainer at college did not interest my listener.

"I wouldn't keep no woman around that couldn't cook," he broke in at once. "What 're the women fer, anyhow?"

"Well of course your wife is a good cook, but this might suggest something new to her. Anyway, Mr. Knepp, when you're far out from the town you can't afford to be without a good home medical book, can you?"

Knepp smoked on, not deigning to answer. As a last resort I turned to the pages which I had been told would touch the heart, and the pocketbook, of every back-woods farmer. "Mr. Knepp," I said, leaning over and endeavoring to get even more confidential than before, "here are a few pages which might save you the life of your wife, or of a baby some day. It tells you all about the care of the mother and her baby, and——"

"Young feller," broke in the farmer, rising indignantly, "a woman that don't know how ter take care of a baby ain't fit to have none. I don't want none of yer books, and I ain't got no more time to listen ta yer gabble."

I thanked him for his time, paid his wife for the lunch, and departed. As I walked down the road, I came across a tall, thin man leaning over

a broken gate and sucking a long straw.

"Good-morning, sir," I said, trying to force a smile to my lips.

"Mornin'," was all the response I got.

"Your neighbors all tell me I've got the most wonderful collection of money-saving ideas they've ever seen, and I know you'll want to look at them."

"Yeh?"

"Right here is a fine medical book, over four thousand home remedies for colds, coughs, neur——"

"Have yuh got a remedy in that book fur ivy pison?" broke in the farmer enthusiastically, "I'm always gittin' in pison ivy, and I can't git rid of it. I'd like to git a book with a good remedy."

"Yes, of course, in the complete book we have several first-class remedies for ivy poison."

"How much is yer book?"

"Ten-fifty."

"I'd give yuh ten-fifty fur a book with a good remedy for pison ivy in it. Are yuh sure it's in it?"

"Yes, I'll bring it to you in September. What is your name?"

"Knepp, D. M. Knepp."

Another Knepp! Once you meet a name in a farm county, you meet it at every sign post. "I suppose it will be Knepps, Knepps, Knepps," I thought, as I wandered happily down the road, after signing up this man's order. "Well, I'm one to the good. What a difference in the Knepps!"

But then after all, they were *not* so different. Farmers will be farmers. One simply won't *order* the book—you can't make him; the other is glad to order the book, he'll help you out, but he simply won't *take* the book when you bring it to him in the fall—you can't make him take it. Is there much difference? One gives you encouragement as you go on until you *think* you are selling; the other does not. One makes you order the book, pay for it, pay expressage on it, pay expenses of bringing it to him, and then makes you send it back at a discount; the other does not. There were exceptions, of course, but these two Knepps represent the commonest types of farmers that I encountered. Where were those gems of intellect, those charming hosts, those good old country meals, that Mr. Sebert had told of? Where was my two thousand dollar record? My expenses amounted to \$125.52, my total earnings reached the large amount of \$125.54. I had as my summer's profit a wealth of rich experience, and two lonely cents. Was I *selling*, or was I myself *sold*?

F. C. Morss, Jr., '23.

## The Inferiority Complex

DINNER that night was a dismal affair; it was not well cooked nor well served. Besides both Ann and Dick seemed to have something on their minds. Conversation started out well enough with the soup but lagged as each struggled with a bit of too hastily cooked steak, and ceased altogether at the appearance of a miserable pie.

Ann Gardiner looked at her husband. What had gone wrong today? Dick's dinners were usually excellent.

"Did you get much writing done today?"

Dick looked at her vaguely for a moment. "Oh yes, a little." And he was lost again. He came to himself with a start.

"Everything go all right at the office, dear?"

"Yes," replied Ann. Her face brightened as she looked at him. "Oh, Dick, we heard the most wonderful talk today. It was at a little luncheon we gave to Miss Strong. She's the national head of our organization and she also has a lot to do with the New York Welfare branch, you know. Oh she's wonderful! She is tall and commanding, not yet forty, I imagine, with hair that is just beginning to turn gray, and she dresses in the severest, plainest suits imaginable. She talked about the progress of the Welfare League over the country and told of the necessity for more workers. One thing she said impressed me tremendously. She said: 'There's too much work to be done in the world for a woman to devote herself entirely to making a home.' And she's right, there *is* so much work to be done—Why Dick, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear, I was just thinking."

Ann finished her coffee and folded her napkin. "I have lots of reports to finish up tonight. Please forgive me if I don't help you," she said as she arose.

"That's all right, I don't mind doing the dishes myself. You run along and write your reports." And with an abstracted air he set about clearing the table.

With his hands in the soapy water of the dish-pan Dick stood and gazed with unseeing eyes at the blue painted wall. "I wish Ann wouldn't have so much to do with these Miss Strong's and these Miss Tall-and-commandings and these Miss Plain-mannish-suits," he said to the wall.

But the wall, true to its character of expert listener answered not a word, but waited patiently for him to continue.

"She'll wear herself out. She's so capable and so energetic and the rest of them, glad enough to find someone to do the work, just pile more and more of the burden on her."



"Ann's a peach," he continued, addressing this remark to a spoon which he was drying. "She's a wonderful, adorable woman, and you ought to be proud to be touched by her fingers." He rubbed the spoon briskly. "But she's so darned impressionable! All the *strong* women influence her so! They bend her just like this." But the spoon being bent, snapped in two.

"Dick, Dick, come here a minute!"

Dick started guiltily. He hastily hid the broken spoon and went to Ann. She was in "the study" as they called it—a small room, furnished with two desks, each with its own desk-light, two chairs and tiny rug.

"Dick, what's this letter from the *Sad Story Magazine*? I was looking for the ink and saw the letter on your desk. I'm sorry if you didn't want me to see it."

"That's all right, my dear, you may read it."

"Please forward without delay the first instalment of your story.' Why Dick, you promised them you'd have it a month ago."

"I know it, honey, but I couldn't do it. I spent a miserable day on it." He glanced at his desk where a litter of papers full of writing, crossed out and scribbled on, lay in a crumpled and confused mass.

"Haven't you even started on it?"

"No."

"Maybe we had better try to get someone to come in and do the housework. That would give you more time, dear."

"You know we can't afford a maid yet, Ann, that is, unless you—unless you could do without your car."

"I couldn't possibly do without it. My visiting takes me all over the city. I shouldn't be able to do anything without the car."

"Of course not, my dear. Your work is more important than mine. You go right ahead and don't worry about me." With this he returned to the tiny kitchen.

Ann was already in bed when Dick came upstairs. He tiptoed into the bedroom, turned on the light and adjusted the shade so that the light would not shine in her eyes. He undressed quickly and noiselessly, and crept into bed.

"Asleep, honey?" he said softly as he snapped out the light.

"No," was the drowsy answer.

"Would you like some biscuit for breakfast?"

"Um-hum."

"All right. Good-night, dear."

"Night."

## II

The Gardiners were very modern in their thoughts and actions.

They had talked everything over frankly before their marriage and had agreed that after marriage each would continue in his own line of work. They agreed that, as Dick's writing was not so important to the world as Ann's work with the Welfare League, Dick would remain at home and look after the house and Ann should be at the office every day. As Dick was a good cook and had been accustomed to prepare his own meals at his flat, the plan worked splendidly—for three months. Dick learned during that time, that if he did all the housework that was necessary, he had no time to devote to his novel, and that, if he spent a few hours each day at his writing, the result was a sadly neglected home.

Ann had called his attention one night to the dust on the victrola, the dust on the mantel, the dust on the shelves of the table. For the next two weeks the house was as clean as though a corps of servants were in charge, but during that time Dick had not touched his pen.

### III

One morning about a month later Dick showed Ann a letter he had received the night before. The editor of the *Sad Story Magazine* threatened to cancel the contract for Dick's new serial if the first instalment was not received at his office in a week.

"We need the money," said Ann with a troubled note in her voice. "Haven't you begun on it yet?"

"Oh, the outline is made but I can't seem to get started on it. I wrote some last week, but it was rotten. Threw it away. Can't seem to get it somehow." Dick was irritated and disgruntled. "Something seems to go wrong every time. I just can't get it!"

"But don't let that worry you, honey," he said as she arose to put on her things. "Your job is more important, with all the poor people down there, all the kids and everything. Don't let it worry you. Things will work out somehow."

But Ann was still troubled as she drove down to her office.

Without stopping to wash the dishes or even clear off the table, Dick went into the study and took up his fountain pen. He sat for a few minutes gazing at it as though curious as to how it were made. He dipped it carefully into the ink bottle and filled it, after which he as carefully wiped the nib with a blotter. He put a sheet of paper before him and idly traced vague, fantastic designs on the white surface. When he had filled one page he turned the sheet over and let his pen wander up and down the other side. His thoughts were as confused as the designs on the paper.

With an exclamatory "Oh, hell!" he brushed the paper into the scrap-basket and hurried out of doors.

"Maybe a walk in the park would help," he muttered as he slammed the door.

## IV

Ann returned late that evening. It had been a hard day and she was tired, very tired. The sight of the dining room with the breakfast things still on the table roused her to action.

"Dick," she called, "Dick!"

The house was silent and her words echoed in her ears.

"Dick!" There was a catch in her voice as she ran up the stairs. She found him in the study. He was writing at a furious rate.

"O Dick, darling, I was so frightened!" cried Ann as she ran to him, and caught him in a close embrace.

"Why honey! What's the matter?" he asked, giving her a little squeeze.

"You didn't answer when I called. I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought. But you're all right aren't you?"

"Surely, I'm all right. I've got it, Ann, I've got it!" His gaze wandered back to the pile of closely written sheets on the desk.

"Don't you want me to get you something to eat, darling?"

"Nope," he replied, "just make me a little coffee, if you don't mind."

A little later as he was sipping his coffee, he noticed a newspaper clipping which Ann had laid on the desk near his cup. It read:

The marriage of Miss Amelia Strong to Mr. Henry W. Yorke of Chicago was announced yesterday. Mrs. Yorke has resigned her position as president of the National Welfare League. It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Yorke will take an extended trip through the Orient.

He heard Ann's voice:

"Is this Miss Spencer? This ——— I'm sorry—unable to be at the office—rest of this week and probably———next week. At least not more than two afternoons. No, no trouble, but ——— yes, I'm sorry. Good-bye."

## V

Ann was wide awake when Dick crept into bed.

"Get much done, dear?"

"Made a good start. I'll finish up the first part tomorrow morning," he murmured sleepily.

"Would you like me to make biscuit for breakfast?"

"Um-hum." He was almost asleep by this time.

"And strawberry jam?"

"Um-hum."

"Goodnight, darling."

"'Night."

*T. L. Fansler, Jr., '22.*



## "All Things Come . . ."

### A KOREAN TALE

WHEN the farmer and his wife went to town that morning there was sadness in the hut upon the mountain. This sadness was focused within the hearts of Ee and Ho, the farmer's two young sons, for did not the old man call them to him as he was about to leave and set upon them a mighty task?

"My dear children," he said, patting them on the head. "I know that when we are gone you will be up to some mischief. Was it not the great Sage who said, 'When the cat has departed the young rats do act sportively'?" This the old man spoke in a kindly tone, fondly kissing each child. "Now my children I have some work for you to do. I have in the corner of the dwelling a great pile of grain done up in sacks. This I desire thee, Ee, and thee, Ho, to take and grind in the large mortar for me, so that it shall all be good wheat flour when I come back at sunset. Now, my children, you will have no great desire to work now, but in the years to come you will turn and thank your father for teaching you industrious habits. Besides if you played outside, a mountain tiger might eat you both, and your dear father would not like that."

After saying these words the old man and his wife departed for the market in the city.

The two children, although their beauty was as that of the moon and although their greatest delight was to recite passages from the compiled works of Confucius, nevertheless were as obedient as the great master taught that all children should be, and set to work with considerable promise of industry. But the day was hot, and the pestle heavy; also the young rabbit was making sport upon the mountain side in a most alluring way. It was Ee who spoke first.

"My dear brother, my dearest Ho, is not our father the most cruel man in the world? Behold the young goat! he toils not, and yet must we toil. Indeed I should desert this tedious labor were it not for the eternal dread of our father's cowhide."

"Fear not," said Ho, whose intelligence was as great as his beauty. "With the application of two or three rolls of the compiled works of Confucius beneath thy clothing, Ee, thou canst avoid an excess of pain. Come, let us enjoy the beauties of the noonday sun."

It was thus that the two children wandered from the hut on to the mountain side where the young rabbits sport with the mountain goat. Then the breeze rustled a song of delight, and the birds sang a welcome.

The children's hearts filled with the joy of love as they picked the lowly violet, and there was neither man nor spirit to say them nay in their happiness, but all was warmth and sunshine.

Thus the children were playing when they heard the mighty roar of a fierce tiger echoing from over the mountain. Then it was that they remembered the injunctions of their father and how he had feared for their lives in the clutch of the tiger. The young rabbits scampered into the thicket and the birds ascended into the heavens. The children, terrified, fled to the hut, and, on entering it, bolted the door after them. When the tiger arrived he found all means of access barred for him. Not even the chimney was of service, although he climbed upon the roof and made a serious attempt at entering by that means. It was too small, for the tiger was fat. The tiger, having constantly repeated to himself the following verse from the Sage, "Leave not the race until it is finished," made one more attempt to enter the hut and obtain a tasty meal. He climbed upon the roof again, and started to dig away the thatch of which it was made. Nor did he find it very difficult to remove a sizable piece of it from the roof, but, alas, again he found disappointment. The rafters were set so close together that he could not get his shoulders through. Sadness entered the heart of the tiger, but his appetite was good, and his fore-leg long. With his shoulder set deep between the rafter, he beat about with one paw in the midst of the hut. The beauty of the children's faces was wrenched with fear, so that the poor boys could do nothing but recite the passages on bravery in the compiled works of Confucius. Then it was that, above the deafening roar of the tiger, Ho, whose intelligence has been mentioned previously, spoke.

"It grieves me exceedingly, dearest brother Ee, that we should here be caged in like white mice in a box, and be so trembling with fear that it is impossible for us to carry on the duty which our father has set upon us. It is my remembrance of the laws of justice that, inasmuch as the tiger is responsible for our present state of affairs, the tiger should be made to do the work. Come, brother, I will direct thee."

Then, as the tiger was groping about in the emptiness of the hut, the boys fastened a strong noose upon his paw—the other end of the rope being attached to the pestle. After this they placed the mortar, filled with grain, beneath the pestle. The tiger, feeling an encumbrance upon his paw, withdrew it most rapidly, drawing the stone pestle after it; but the weight was too much for him and he was forced to let it drop again, the pestle dropping into the mortar as the children had desired. Again the tiger attempted to make his escape and again he found it necessary to drop his paw. This kept on, and thus it was that the ingenious boys fulfilled their father's will. The tiger being thus engaged, they felt it perfectly safe to go out and play upon the hillside again,

until towards sunset, expecting their father and mother soon, they returned to the hut and released the laboring tiger, who was so glad to have his freedom again that he fled over the top of the mountain. Then they greeted their approaching father.

"Have you fulfilled my every desire, my children, and is the grain all ground?"

"Yes, dear father, we have been grinding grain from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the sun, taking time neither for rest nor for meditation, but reciting from the compiled works of Confucius all the while in order to lighten our labors. Behold the flour all ground."

*Dudley Pruitt, '23.*

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## *The Egoist*

*"I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,"  
And felt the rain blow in my face  
And saw the storm clouds heap themselves  
And madly race.*

*When I saw the renascent sun come out  
And stalk among the winds on high  
I turned and shouted, "What are you?  
Why, I am I!"*

\* \* \* \*

*Bottles, glasses, pills, beside my bed:  
I move with care, for some queer twist  
Has gathered in the loins of me,  
The Egoist.*

*William Reitzel, '22.*



# The Old English Taverns

*"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE scratched this little verse on a window pane in the old "Red Lion" at Henley-on-the Thames. Not even his dearest friends could give him such a welcome as the old "Red Lion" gave him. It was a warm welcome indeed if the "Red Lion" lived up to the reputation of the old English inns and taverns. The landlord himself invariably welcomed his guest if he came a-horse or in a carriage, and supper was the first inquiry. Within, the bright fire, the smiling, obsequious waiters and perhaps a comely hostess bade the guest welcome in the best possible way—by offering him the very best the kitchen, the hen roost, and above all the cellar, contained. It is hard for one living in a country where taverns never reached much fame, and in a day when they are no more, to tell what it was that drew literary men so unanimously to the taverns. I think it was this hospitality. From the days of Chaucer, who declares,

*"Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,"*

to the journeys of Mr. Pickwick, the meeting place, the writing place' and even the living place of literary men was a tavern. Their works are permeated with the flavor of taverns, inns, and coffee houses. Even the most solemn of them seem to know a little more about taverns than they would have their readers think. Addison takes pains to tell his reader what a serious-minded man the Spectator is, and how he is always looking on and not participating, but old Dr. Johnson speaks out with vigorous frankness and gives his honest opinion of taverns:

There is no private house at which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. There is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do; who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

After all, the hospitality and sociability in themselves were not what drew these men most to the taverns, but the thing which followed this hospitality—the independence of life. Literary men from time im-

memorial have been insistent on their own personal independence and freedom from the trifling cares of existence—from the worry and anxiety of food and drink, shelter, keeping comfortable in that shelter, and taking care of the little annoyances that are sure to come in daily life. All these the tavern did. Whatever the guest wanted he had only to call for and it would be brought if humanly possible. Did he want meat and drink?—They were there for the asking in all kinds and varieties. Pen and paper?—On the instant. Money?—Borrowed at the bar. He could come and go as he pleased and when he pleased. His friends were always welcome, the more the merrier. Johnson hits the nail on the head when he says, “there is a general freedom from anxiety.” There was; and he sums it up at another time when he says:

As soon as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care and freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine then exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love: I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I delight.

Old Sam Johnson is not the only literary man who expressed this independence. William Harrison wrote in 1587:

Every man may use his inn as his own house in England, and have for his money how great or little variety of victuals, and such other service as himself shall think expedient to call for.

Over two hundred years later Washington Irving writes in his “Sketch Book”:

To a homeless man there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day’s travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire.

I do not know whether Irving ever sat before the fire of the “Red Lion” or not, but if I remember rightly it was here that the famous drinking bout between Pope and Addison took place, “which gave the crooked ugly little thing that asks questions so bad a headache that he went about for months denouncing the great essayist as a terrible and confirmed drunkard.” Perhaps there was some truth in it. I doubt not the two great men found the “Red Lion” equal to their demands and more too. Taverns were in the habit of being ready for almost everything. In “Tom Jones” the landlady offers to fry Sofia a chicken (then roosting peacefully in the stable) at twelve o’clock at night. The larder contained many cold dishes, but they were not good enough for the lady. Larders had been large for centuries. They must have been to supply some of the dinners ordered. On April 15, 1589, Wild Darrel ate his dinner with some friends at a London Tavern and paid 8s 9d for it; he had beef, mutton, chicken, bacon, pigeon, bread, and beer. He had wine besides

for which he paid extra. Supper the same day cost him 4s 10d. He must have been a good customer.

In Darrel's day "if the traveller have an horse, his bed doth cost him nothing but if he go on foot he is sure to pay a penny for the same." The beds were good beds too, Harrison says, "Each comer is sure to lie in clean sheets, wherein no man hath been lodged since they came from the laundress, or out of the water wherein they were last washed." Samuel Pepys exclaims in wonder at the silken beds in some of the coast town taverns, but growls when he sees the bill, which he protests in vain. Fynes Moryson in his *Itinerary*, 1617, gives a good description of the material part of the old English hospitality:

For assoone as a passenger comes to an Inne, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walkes him till he be cold, then rubs him and gives him meate, yet I must say they are not much to be trusted on this last point, without the eye of the Master or his servant to oversee them. Another servant gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fier, the third puls of his bootes and makes them cleane. Then the Host or Hostesse visits him, and if he will eate with the Host, or at a common table with others, his meal will cost him sixe pence, or in some places but foure pence; but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meate he will according to his appetite, and as much as he thinkes fit for him and his company, yea, the kitchin is open to him, to command the meat to be dressed as he best likes; while he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offred musicke, which he may freely take or refuse, and if he be solitary, the musitians will give him the goode day with musicke in the morning. It is the custome and no way disgraceful to set up part of supper for his breakfast.

This custom of not serving breakfast seems to have been peculiarly English; many taverns on the continent served breakfast without charge to guests who had eaten and drunk well the night before and had a good-sized bill. Sausages were even then a favorite breakfast dish in the low countries and some of the taverns around Paris were famous for their delicious breakfast rolls. Even the English private families ate very little breakfast, contenting themselves with a pint of home-brewed ale or a cup of sack after morning prayers. Samuel Pepys often worked all morning without any breakfast, although he once speaks of breakfasting on fresh red herring as a special rarity.

If the old taverns were excellent in their lodgings and victuals they were superexcellent in their drinks. Wine was imported in huge quantities from all parts of Europe and all sorts of spirits were distilled and ales brewed. The famous nut-brown home-brew need scarce be mentioned. The Vintners' was one of the richest guilds in London, tons of wine were stored in their cellars down by the river. The "Three Cranes in the Vintry," named after the three hoisting cranes on its wharf, is a tavern whose name is famous for good wine. There was much guild and municipal



legislation about wines and liquors: two kinds of wine could not be stored in the same cellar; two kinds must never be mixed; new wine must never be put in old barrels. The legislation against mixing the wine was very strict, nevertheless it was universally broken by the less reliable inn-keepers. This mixed wine came to be known as "bastard" and the call of "A pint of bastard!" was a common one in the seventeenth century. Whiskey was drunk in the seventeenth century in England, but it was not our grain whiskey—that was Scotch and Irish—it was a compound of plain spirit with saffron, nutmegs, sugar, and other spices and flavoring matter. The ale sold in taverns was also the subject of some legislation. Ale testers went about surprising inn-keepers and collecting fines. Their method was very curious. The ale tester always wore leather breeches. He came into the tavern, bought a pot of ale, poured it onto his bench, and sat down in it. There he sat for an hour or more, smoking his pipe and talking, but under no circumstances budging an inch, until he judged the time was enough. Then he would very gently try to get up. If the breeches stuck to the bench the ale was impure, that is, had sugar in it; but if they did not stick the tester went on his way without his fine and the ale was judged pure, for the only adulteration objected to was the addition of sugar.

The most important part of the drinks, however, was the drinking of them, and it is here that the essayist must step aside and point to the good cheer and jollity that the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist have portrayed. One of the ceremonies always going with drinking and good cheer has been the singing, and the drinking songs have been innumerable. I quote some stanzas from a few of the more famous ones:

*"Give me sacke, old sacke, boys,  
To make the muses merry,  
The life of mirth and the joy of the earth  
Is a cup of good old sherry."*

*"'Health, my lord king,' the sweet Rowena said;  
'Health' cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid;  
Then gaily rose and mid the concourse wide  
Kiss'd her pale lips and placed her by his side.  
At the soft scene, such gentle thoughts abound  
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests went round."*

*"Good liquor, good liquor,  
Makes the heart to beat quicker,  
And the blood to flow thicker,  
Good liquor, good liquor."*

*"From black-jack of leather,  
Cow-horn, cup, or mether,  
Let good men drink together  
Their liquor, their liquor.*

*"Though foot and tongue falter,  
Pock! why should I palter?  
For all shrinking a halier!  
No liquor, no liquor."*

*"Drink! drink!  
Drink away!  
Never think  
On what's to pay!  
What is man? A sigh, a vapour.  
What is woman? Whitey-brown paper!  
Waiter! Quick! Another lump  
Of sugar in my beaker plump!  
Pop it in my brimming cup!  
Bravo! Now I'll drink it up.  
Drink! drink!  
Drink away!" etc.*

The drinks were served in pewter or silver pots and the custom was to a call for pints. In some localities the pots had a row of little metal pegs projecting in the inside from top to bottom. The purpose was to pass it around and have each man drink enough to make the liquor stop even with the next peg. If it did not stop just at a peg when he set it down he was obliged to drink until it did, and in fact usually ended by finishing the pot. This custom of "taking the pot down a peg" is said to be the origin of our similar expression. The drinkers were served by drawers—those men of omniscient duties, who served the meals, made the beds, brushed the clothes, carried the water, and made themselves generally useful about the house. The only thing they did not do, it seems, was tend the horses. Some inns had barmaids to add to their attractions, but in the seventeenth century these were very rare. The drinks each man called for were scored behind the door in the bar, and as he got up to leave he was assailed with the cry, "Score at the bar!" He paid in cash; although some tavern keepers issued little tokens of brass, tin, or leather with which to pay for drinks at their tavern and incidentally to advertise a little.

The taverns themselves from a little distance often looked so nearly like private houses that the sign was very often half the business of a

good inn. In England the signs had to be constantly repainted on account of the dampness, so wrought iron signs were very popular when the tavern was prosperous enough to afford one. The old "Boar's Head," said to have been named by Shakspeare, had a stone sign. Many of the taverns, however, were content with the ancient sign of drinking-houses—the ale-stake. This was sometimes called also the ale-bush and was merely an ivy-bush tied to a pole. Here and there one might see a jug or two hung on the pole to emphasize the appeal. The English were very elaborate in their signs, indeed so much so that the Puritans condemned them along with the rest of the bright and cheerful things. Harrison, although not a Puritan says, "There is not so much omitted among them as the gorgeousness of their very signs at their doors, wherein some do consume thirty or forty pounds, a mere vanity in mine opinion." Every phase of wit, science, theology, and nature was called forth for these signs. A cynical inn-keeper put up as his sign the picture of a woman without a head and called it "La bonne Femme". A stranger in London has made an interminable jingle about inn signs, of which here are a few lines:

*"I'm amused at the signs  
As I pass through the town  
To see the odd mixture.  
A Magpie and Crown,  
The Whale and the Crow,  
The Razor and Hen,  
The Leg and Seven Stars,  
The Scissors and Pin, etc."*

After all, though, what was inside the tavern was the important part of the whole institution. An old versifier has summed it up pretty well in his little piece about the famous "Swan"—

*"The Swan, snug inn, good fare affords  
As table e'er was put on;  
And worthier quite of loftier boards  
Its poultry, fish, and mutton.  
And while sound wine mine host supplies  
With beer of Meux or Tritton,  
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes  
Invites to stay at Ditton."*

*Ames Johnston, '25.*





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November, 1922

Volume XLII

Number 3

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# Some Good Things of College Life

PRES. W. W. COMFORT

**D**IFFERENT individuals have different assets to show for four years of undergraduate study. At Haverford there are certain good things whose influence no intelligent person can well escape: the tradition of clean sport for sport's sake, and the natural beauty of the campus are in this class of blessings for which all Haverfordians give thanks. But there are three other good things which I got from four years of study at Haverford and which I value very highly. So I commend them to the new men as worthy objects of their diligent search during the years immediately before them.

First, the ability to feel and to practise with distinction between what is real and what is shoddy, especially in the domain of artistic and literary production. A healthy spirit of examination,—of criticism, if you will,—is begotten by exposure to good instruction, to good books and to other good models of human intellectual and artistic performance. You will find that this ability to discriminate between what is real and what is a cheap imitation is a very valuable asset in later life. This ability is not possessed by all persons in our contemporary society, and much is praised which has no permanent value, because it is flashed at us in large headlines or in showy advertisements. A college man should be able to take long views and place things in a proper perspective based upon his sense of permanent values.

Another lesson one may learn at Haverford is that of the value of regular conscientious work. Probably no accomplishment of our graduates is more generally remarked with favor in the professional schools than their steadiness of mental balance under the pressure of an exacting professional curriculum. Circumstances are peculiarly favorable here for the formation of habits of regularity. Intellectual tasks may be performed on time with little interruption from the outside world. This habit of regularity and of punctuality in the execution of duty is of great value all through life. It prevents confusion and embarrassment in one's relations with other men, and begets a dependable serenity which is very reassuring.

Finally, the close friendships based upon congeniality and upon common ideals which may be formed here and which last as long as life itself. There is a peculiar flavor in college friendships which does not always mark those formed later in life among mere business associates. Plenty of time should be taken during undergraduate days to form and deepen such friendships.

It takes time to get all the good things I have mentioned. You must not expect to be conscious of acquiring all these things in a few weeks or months. But when you approach your Commencement, you will have the sensation of having made some infinitely precious acquisitions which nothing can take from you.

---

## Two Sonnets

### "FOR THE DEED'S SAKE"

*His days were diligent with toil and song;  
His restless spirit vigilantly keen,  
Alert to grasp the unseen and the seen,  
Found no attempt, no unsuccess too long.  
He was too wise to stand aghast at wrong,  
Too quick to slight, too busy to be mean;  
The smutch and soil of living left him clean,  
The labor and the failure made him strong.  
He had no notion what his trust might be  
So held it waste to balance and reflect;  
The deeds were there—an ultimate intent  
In them he was forbidden to foresee;  
So, labored, knowing always to expect  
On the next street to meet the great event.*

---

### REQUEST FOR A CHARM

*Send me some essence cunningly distilled  
From rare herbs sought in tufts of scented grass  
On wide warm pastures, where the gruff bees pass  
Booming a drowsy hum; from simples filled  
With curious virtue found where long untilled  
The fence rows harbor thorn and sassafras;  
Some essence which no pedagogue can class  
With this or that, though he be wise and skilled.  
My tongue sours and my face scowls everywhere  
While fortune plays me many a scurvy trick.  
Life does not yield me all that I should like,  
So send to me some essence wrought with care  
From four-leafed clovers—Heavens! send it quick,  
My favorite horseshoe's gone upon a strike.*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

## The Faith

I LOVED William Hargraves. He had moved into our little suburban community from New England, with his wife and two daughters, and had immediately taken his place as the staunchest of the pillars of the church. His sincerity, his uprightness, his frank obstinacy, each made its discrete impression upon my affections. I was young, and not too closely sticking to the path until my new friend arrived to guide me.

William Hargraves was conservative. Through his sturdy form coursed the blood of the first Puritans. Those who had burned the witch, those who had oppressed the Quaker, those who had found love sinful, those were the forebears of my friend. Generations had failed to rid the blood of one corpuscle of its dogma; the looseness of the Twentieth Century in vain broke its frothy waves upon the rock of faith.

I seldom agreed with Elder Hargraves. With him, to dance was to sin; to become a seeker after wealth was sin, if wealth was sought for the sake of wealth. I was no pleasure seeker; I was too thoughtful for much levity, but I felt that each should be the interpreter of his own conscience in this enlightened age. The whole thing centered about Faith, and that is where Hargraves and I did succeed in agreeing. It was the basis of our friendship. I admired in him his courage, and rigidity, and his daring to fling the gauntlet of righteousness at us all, and he in turn admired in me the pensive and somewhat passive search for better things.

Hargraves regulated his household as he did his life, with a hand of iron. He was, one might say, a successful provider. His house was the finest in the locality, the furnishings were of the best. He was hospitable and very generous. In the long spring evenings I would often find him in his exquisite flower beds, and he really enjoyed himself a little. Any adornment that was beautification of natural objects he could endure, beautification of the body was different.

That is the reason his daughter Lu was so different from the other girls. Every step she took toward social recreation was promptly vetoed by her father, who loved her dearly, and yet could never allow himself to think of her as having a will or conscience of her own. He as a Christian and head of a family was responsible for the souls of his flock. Poor girl—I was not very enthusiastic over parties, but she liked them, and sometimes I would go to please her.

I remember her first dance; it was given at her high school. I could have wished to go with her as escort, but knowing her father would not hear of it, I gave up the proposal. Not so Lu! With her mother's

connivance she borrowed an evening dress from a neighbor and went off to the dance unattended.

I called that night for my weekly chat with father Hargraves. I was met at the door by Mrs. Hargraves, who placed her finger on her lips to indicate silence.

"Has she gone?" I whispered, incredulous.

Mrs. Hargraves nodded. I shook my head at her, reprovingly, and entered. The host was sitting close to the snug fireplace, reading Milton. He welcomed me eagerly, but I could see that his mood was that of *Il Penseroso*.

"Well, Anton, how are your law clients this week? Any new business?"

I answered in the negative, and soon we were engaged in a conversation about some legislation in which the old man was interested. The time slipped away most deceptively; I am sure this was doubly true for Lu. When she did not appear by eleven Mr. Hargraves started to inquire for her whereabouts. His wife answered evasively, and left the room, but the father of the family was not to be put off.

"Elsbeth," he called to his youngest daughter. She came into the room with a huge bouquet, which she gave to her father.

"Aren't they pretty, papa?"

"Where's Lu?"

"Out. They have such lovely odors when you pick them in the evening."

"Where did she go?"

"Who, mother?"

"No, Lucrece."

"Why, she went out somewhere."

"Elsbeth, if you don't tell me Lu's whereabouts, I'll punish you severely. Am I to be trifled with? Is my whole family to ally against me? Truly, the Bible says of ungrateful children—where's Lu?"

"Papa, I think she's up at the High School."

"What's she doing there?"

"She's at a dance." The father started as if he had been burned.

"What, Lu is at a dance?" He got up from his chair and put on his coat.

"Where are you going, papa?" He gave no answer, but left us. I heard next day that he walked into the center of the floor, grasped Lu's arm with a grip of iron, and practically dragged her from the room.

It was this constant humiliation which made Lu into one of the most un-human beings I ever met. After a time, the attempts to defy the paternal rulings gradually died out. Mrs. Hargraves always sided with her daughter as far as she dared, but I began to see what I had never



before seen, that harshness does not indicate a lack of love. With three females in one family lined up against the head of the house, each unable to see that it was love that prompted the very stiffness which seemed most galling, the old man nevertheless sustained a love for his family which even I could not comprehend.

Lu lost all interest in life. Her eyes—she was never pretty—took on a bitterness that well accompanied the hopeless tone of her voice.

"The times are too gay—do not be deceived," said her father. He took good care that she shouldn't be. The plainest dresses were good enough for his daughters; hadn't his mother worn them? The use of paint and powder were stringently forbidden; they were devilishly originated. Lu grew up as plain as her outlook on life.

Oh how I pitied her! I was not interested in life as she wanted it, but I was young enough to understand her. We had many a chat over it.

"Lu, are you going to the entertainment tonight?"

She smiled wistfully.

"I'd like to, Anton, but I can't go like this, and you know daddy!"

"But Lu, this ought to be acceptable to your father!"

The eyes flashed darkly.

"I am not going to be a wall flower any longer. I am through with it all. They all laugh at me, even at church parties. Imagine having to get back at eleven o'clock every night, no matter what goes on. It's—I've got no right to be talking to you about it." She sobbed a little. "But I can't stand it much longer."

I got to know Lu as well as her father, and with my knowledge came deep sympathy. I came to need a wife. Why not marry Lu? Not that I really loved her, but I loved her in a way—a sort of impersonal way. My decision was not affected by the heart. Lu had not come into my soul at all. I chose Lu for my *help-mate*, then asked her father's consent. I never thought of asking Lu.

I have never seen a happier man than William Hargraves when I asked for Lu's hand. Not that he wished to get rid of Lu; he loved her, but he loved me too.

"Anton, lad, I praise God for this day. To see the daughter I love married to the man I admire—surely God has blessed me more than I deserve. And it will be good for Lu, to have a husband of your faith. Alas, I'm afraid she hasn't much."

He called the girls and their mother into the room and told them. Lu said nothing; a big tear stole down her cheek, and I fancied for a minute that my Lucrece was pretty.

"Kiss him, dear," said her father.

Lu kissed me. She threw her arms around my neck and hung there, trembling.

"Oh Anton, I think I'm glad," she said.

As soon as the marriage was over, Lu insisted that we move to the city. I was willing enough, for that's where my office was, and I was nearer my work, but Lu's motive was a different one. For her, married life was a transitionless emancipation. It was a chance to enjoy the youth she had been robbed of. I still insist that Lu was not pretty, but she had a way of dressing that made her seem so anyhow. How she learned to dress as she did was a mystery to me, and is yet, but it must have been natural, for in a month the dull, listless, tired country girl had by some weird metamorphosis changed into a vivacious city butterfly. Before I knew it we had become acquainted with some of the giddiest people in the neighborhood.

I had no time for or interest in the parties they enjoyed, but it was the supreme essence of Lucrece's existence. At first I merely smiled when I found Lu dancing off with some youngster or other and leaving me to the tender graces of chaperon or patroness, nor did I object to Lu's becoming a sort of central figure about which the young men congregated. Her title of "Mrs." came in very handy to lend an air of respectability to some escapade of which the unmarried partook.

To tell the truth, I didn't much care what Lu did, so long as it was decent, of course. I didn't love her enough to be jealous. I agreed to anything that suited her. Naturally, she overstepped her novel liberty.

The occasion of her misstep was the advent of a young man by the name of John Galaway. He was a likable chap in spite of his shallowness, and I could see that he was sweeping Lu off her feet, and yet, man like, I said nothing and waited. A lawyer's convention called me to Boston, and since the convention lasted two days less than we thought it would, I arrived in the city that much earlier than Lu expected me. I called up, but received no answer, and concluded that my wife was dining at a friend's. It was nearly eight o'clock, so I hunted up my favorite restaurant.

I do not think that I can describe how I felt when I saw Lu there, in an evening dress, dining with Mr. Galaway.

I sat down at their table without speaking. Lu gave a little cry, and sat staring at the floor, but Galaway brazened it out.

"Will you order soup too, Mr. Sharp?"

"I think I shall," I said grimly. We sat through a nervous meal, Lu and I silent, Galaway chattering.

"I'm afraid you'll think Lu and I are bad children, to take in the opera, especially while you were out of town. Not conventional, but what's convention among friends?"

"I notice it isn't taken too seriously by *some* of Lu's friends."

"No. And I shouldn't take other things seriously, if I were you,

Mr. Sharp, particularly those done in a spirit of harmless fun and bravado." I wanted to choke him.

"Listen, Galaway! I've had enough! If you will be so kind as to excuse Mrs. Sharp and me, perhaps you can get some other man's wife to go to the opera."

The fellow's face was twitching with vexation, but he answered calmly enough, "Oh, very well," and, bowing to Lu, withdrew. Lu had not spoken a word, or lifted her head, except when she pretended to eat.

"We'd better go home, Lu," I said. We did not disturb the currents of each other's thought that night by conversation.

The next morning Lu feigned a headache, or really had one, I do not know which. I did not have to go to the office, however, and I waited for her to arise.

She looked entirely different from the way she had the previous evening. She had the old, hard, tired look about the eyes.

We both knew it was time for a settlement, and Lu spoke first.

"I suppose you cannot understand last night, Anton?"

"I can't."

"Well, if you're going to take that attitude, I can never tell you."

"What is there to be told, except that you hadn't decency enough to refuse an invitation to dinner and the opera with another man when your husband was away for a week! Not decency enough!"

"Oh, Anton dear, don't put it that way."

"It is true." It seemed like dire infidelity to me.

"Anton, listen! You do not trust my honor enough to allow me to go out with another man in your absence, and yet you do not love me, or the things I love, and you never have. You will regret it. You will wish you hadn't talked about my decency."

"Lu! To do such a thing!—I've thought it all over, and you're to go home to your father's for a couple of months until I can live without the thoughts of your deceit. Lu, Lu, I thought you were straight!"

The next two weeks I lived in constant hope of getting a letter from Lu saying she was sorry. If she would only repent! Day after day I waited, and at last the letter came. It was not from Lu's home, it was from a Trans-atlantic liner, but it was in her handwriting. Oh, it was so pitiful!

"My dear Anton:

Already I regret! Heavens, how could I have done it? I am aboard the *Hercules*, with John Galaway, and this letter will not be posted until we are on shore, so do not look for us. I pray God I shall never see a decent face again. Decent!

Oh Anton, forgive me for blighting your name like this, but I was

driven. I was in search of human love, and I find it a cold, mean thing.  
I have told father.

Your wretched Lucrece."

I read it over and over before I understood. I had said she was not decent.

Sadly I found my way to the homestead, as we had called it. I could picture the stern anger of her father. Mrs. Hargraves opened the door for me, and her expression was hard and cold.

"She has told us, Anton. We are so sorry for you. To feel that our girl should have turned out to be no better than a common street woman! But we will not talk of her."

Her sister showed no more interest than a stone.

"But where is Mr. Hargraves?" I asked.

Mrs. Hargraves frowned.

"Oh, he persists in crying about her—about it all, I mean. He calls her his little girl, poor little girl, innocent little girl! I tell him not to mention her, not to defile ourselves with the memory of her! She is not of us. She is a leper!" Her voice rose to a fierce cry as she spoke the last words, clenching her fists as though to strangle all thought of the wanderer.

I went up to see Hargraves. He was sitting at the window, reading the Bible.

"Dear friend," I cried, "this must have been a terrible shock for you!"

"Oh Absalom, my son Absalom!"

"And you love her yet? Oh Mr. Hargraves, the—your wife must not understand this hideous thing. She doesn't forgive the poor girl, but I love her more than ever, now."

"I did it, my boy. I sent her to Hell. And you didn't lighten her load. We are to blame, not she."

"Do you think she will repent?" He was not listening; he was praying.

"Let those without blame cast the first stone."

*N. A. White, '23.*





## *Knight Errant*

*Twice or thrice in a vision bare/y  
Marked with a sense of outline seen,  
When an Autumn eve descended, rarely  
Lit with a glow of pallid sheen;  
Twice or thrice by a vague dream broken  
Soon, too soon, by a breaking dawn;  
Twice or thrice in a low word spoken,  
Quick with a meaning quickly gone;  
Then in a flash like a dying ember  
I saw that which I half see yet,  
Which would I fully might remember,  
Or forget.*

*And this the vision:—a road unending  
Livid and bleak in hemlock shade,  
Then a rift in the hills with a night sky bending  
Low in the gap which steep slopes made,  
While up the cleft by tall trees bounded  
The rising highway dwindled far,  
Till, at its crest, by peaks surrounded  
Palely glimmered a single star;  
A gust of storm from a dead November  
Still with the rain of Autumn wet,  
And more (so much) that I can't remember  
Or forget.*

*Now ever a voice with hushed insistence  
Soundless seems to pledge and urge  
Some more glorious existence  
Hardly beyond that starlit verge.  
So ever and ever by height and hollow,  
Where towns lie silent or seas sink deep,  
Roads to the dark world's end, I follow  
By day, nor cease to search in sleep.  
June after June wheels to December,  
Sun after sun dawns but to set,  
Leaving unchanged what I remember,  
And forget.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*

## “Flappers and Philosophers”

JUST now I saw a student cross our campus with his eyes turned heavenward apparently intent upon something of considerable interest. Coming to a stop beneath a tree, he hailed a friend who came running. After a few hasty words and gesticulations the friend hurried to his room, presently returning with a pair of field glasses. The object of their attention apparently changed to another tree, and their attention with it. Now a Senegambian Captain of the College passed across the campus and registered interest. “There he goes, black and white warbler,” and they pursued him off across the lawn, joined by some likeminded with themselves.

No doubt this incident has sufficed to place these two youths in the minds of normal men as nature fakers of the most virulent type. Earth has not anything to show more fair than a purple grackle in the hand, unless it be two in the bush.

As I look out of my window on to the shade-patched lawn, I see an employee of a well-known telephone company stretched full length upon two benches, to all intents and purposes, asleep. His leather satchel, containing nickels, dimes, and, shall we say? pennies too, lies at his feet in an attitude of repose. There! he just readjusted his cap to keep the sun from his eyes. He’ll take off his coat in a minute. An inexpensive car of conventional design is also relaxing behind him, while the soft summer zephyr, murmuring through the noon sunlight transforms the hour into an idyll. Frankly, this life appeals to me, particularly on such a day as this.

But here come our friends back, *caterva comitante*, stalking relentlessly the unconscious bird as it flits from branch to bough. Entirely oblivious of the telephone man, they gather under his tree, and he, disturbed in the pursuit of his drowsy day dreams, cranks his charabanc and rattles off, *ventre-à-terre*. The unfortunate object of interest, in turn terrified by this strange clatter, f.o.b. Detroit, makes off. But he doesn’t escape, not much! Because they follow him.

That is a sample of what goes on every day in the most extreme cases. You’d think they’d get tired of it, wouldn’t you? But they don’t. In the morning, in the evening, in the meantime, in between time, they can always be seen with bird glasses and pocket handbook hastily turning pages or maneuvering for a better position to look at the spots on the breast and the markings on the cheek and head. Then when they’ve viewed the beast sufficiently, the big fight begins. They can’t agree whether it’s a scarlet tanager, yellow warbler, blackbird, blue jay, or red, white, and blue yellowthroat.

But the vireo! Here let me celebrate him. I know he has red eyes, from seeing the name in the bird book, but why the prejudice against blue eyes? Why, I know a girl who—but that, as Kipling says, is another story. However, considering all the nice blue eyes there are, why not have a vireo with different colored eyes from red, of all tints, or even brown, or black, green, purple, yellow—anything but red? And why all the enthusiasm about vireos anyway? They look just like any other bird. But when these people who call themselves by an unpronounceable name which means bird hunter hear any slightest noise, it's only a question of time until someone will risk a guess, "That's a red-eyed vireo." Now how can they tell? I can't even hear the darn bird, much less see it, and as for the color of its eyes! Now can you imagine a little bird man with, say, a very classical moustache, golf pants and an old green hat, whose avocation is, let us say, rising at the untimely hour of five-thirty, daylight saving time, Wednesdays and Saturdays, to talk to his *amici sylvani*,—can you imagine him, I say, holding the following colloquy with a bird of undetermined nationality in well modulated grunts, whistlings, and swishes, the last effected through the moustache? "Hello, up there; I hear you. I know you're there, so you may just as well show yourself. I know just as well as you do what your name is." (The bird now whistles back insultingly, thus giving away his presence and species.) "Why, you're a red-eyed vireo" (marks "red-eyed vireo" down on list. The bird gives up and comes out of hiding, rather shamefacedly). "That's fine, just hold it. But wait a minute. Turn your face and let me see your eyes. You little fox, you can't fool me. They're lilac" (marks "lilac-eyed vireo" without erasing previous inscription), "though when you turn your head you look more like a Wabash Blue" (adds "Wabash Blue" to list). "Now let's see your back" (bird loops the loop, ending with giant swing). "You remind me of a magenta heron I once saw" ("magenta heron") "or you resemble in some respects an evening nighthawk, crested flycatcher, and mosquito-eating gnatchaser" (places e.n., c.f., and m.e.g.c. on his *tabella*). "Now you know I've just been calling you names to get a rise. Would you mind telling me your real name?" At this the bird flies away in utmost disgust, and catching sight of the stripes on its breast, our naturalist marks down "English sparrow". But it's all the same to the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, and our gentleman reports all he has seen.

Well, it's the same with all of them. This March madness comes on with the first bird, and its devastating effects deprive many a well-earned sleep of an extra two hours. The passive cases are not as serious, but more amusing. The scientific researcher uses bird glasses and the bird walk method, while the elderly ladies who take an interest do so from conscientious reasons: they couldn't sleep if they didn't think the

nighthawks and bluebirds didn't have their little bathtubs and suet for breakfast. They subscribe to *Bird Lore*, and are naively inexact about their bathers, whom they shamelessly watch in action. They probably don't even know a Swarthmore Township warbler from a Bald Eagle, but if a purple finch, for instance, were to drown while bathing, no end of suet and bread crumbs could make atonement. Sparrows, of course, are *the* exception. They are not allowed to eat suet and bread crumbs, to bathe, or, for that matter, even to drink the other birds' bath water. They are anathema to these kindly ladies, and must be exterminated. The common *felis domesticus* is obviously the incarnation of all evil to these good souls, and John the gardener is instructed to chase away all stray cats. Pussies belonging to the establishment, by the way, are naturally very kind-hearted, never capturing anything but sparrows. But really it's *all* a snare and a delusion.

Another form that bird study takes is seeing who can find the first robin. One late April day, thinking I would show off a little, I said to a gentleman, "I saw five robins at once on the cricket field today," hoping he would wring my hand and go see if they weren't scarlet and black buntings, or something. But no such thing! He took it quite calmly, remarking there were lots of worms out there. But I was talking about robins, not freshmen. I suppose he'd seen so many the novelty had worn off, but I hadn't. As implied, the first person in a bird club to see a robin is admittedly a superior person. He admits it himself. And when the first squad of Georgia cockatoos comes over the horizon, the Classics cry to Sociology, "Quick, Watson, the spyglass!"

No, I cannot see this strenuous life of sloshing around in marshes in search of the Great American Snipe or beating Phoebus in futile hunt for a new warbler. If there are a lot of them, it's a waste of time to observe (e.g. my five robins at the Diet of Worms), and if there are only a few (e.g. everything else I've mentioned), I couldn't find them anyway.

*"Were it not better done, as others use  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"*

or for that matter to imitate the humble revenue collector of the telephone company, and leave the birds, while they reciprocate, severely alone.

*Howard Comfort, '24.*



## The River of Sorrows

FOR a thousand miles through the heart of the Middle Kingdom—a thousand miles of twists and bends through a long, low, level country the River of Sorrows, the Hwang-ho, flows. It is a slow river, slow and mighty, but it makes its way, irresistible, at length to the ocean, carrying ever onward on its course the hopes, the beliefs, the very lives of the millions who live on its banks. At spots it has a shallow bed, flowing, itself a thinner yellow streak in the midst of a greater, wider spread of yellow sand. For eleven months of the year it is a peaceful neighbor to this sand, but for one month—the rainy season—the river is as broad as the sand—broader at times—and is a vicious, all-devouring flood. At spots it has higher banks and here are always clustered the homes in which dwell not only the sorrows but also the joys of the river's birthright. All its villages have high riverbanks, and every riverbank has its willows, drooping their heads, weeping, into the water. For centuries the willows have been worshipped and protected, for centuries they have expressed the essence, the spirit of the Yellow River, gently spinning and eddying, black, beneath their shadow. It is the willows that have named it the River of Sorrows.

Yangkwan was the sleepest little village on the river. It was filled with pigs and men and willows—a sleepy village, with a sleepy life, but none the less a proud village, for was it not true that the Great Master, in his early days, had passed that way of a purpose and had blessed the place? And now Yangkwan boasted the greatest monastery in the province. It was no mean thing to belong to the Yangkwan monastery. Generations before, a disciple had established it for the congregation of the devout in their search for the *Tao* or Way of Life. All men who entered its gates must forswear the world and its desires, and must be forever seekers inward. The *Tao* was their goal, the *Tao* was their aim in life, the end of all perfect existence.

It had been the purpose of the great disciple that all the followers should prove themselves by hardship and thought, but in later generations hardship had been found a barrier to thought, and riches had been acquired through great devoutness and the kindness of the countryside. Indeed it was a holy place, filled with incantations and the beating of gongs, and great silences in which the followers either ate or slept. The rule was that no woman should approach the monastery within the distance of the great field which lay in front of and about the place, and that never should a follower speak to a woman. Yangkwan was proud of its mighty monastery, but great would have been the anger of the villagers had they entered the willow clump that evening.

"San-mei, ten thousand times have I repeated 'Desert not the *Tao*', but it is of no avail. I cannot be without thee. Thou seemst more valuable to me than even the *Tao*."

He spoke and silent stood in a kind of priest-like reverence, but his eyes—. He was a tall man, strong, with the clean, bare-shaven head, which for generations had been the sign of the pride of Yangkwan, the sign of the follower.

"San-mei, thou canst not be of the devils, sent to detract me from my devotions, as I once thought. Last night, as I held silence, it seemed to me that thou didst come to me in a dream and showed me the *Tao*. Thy spirit carried me through an avenue of willows to a great river, and I saw before me the beautiful Way, but I could not distinguish which was thee and which was the Way. It seemed that both were the same. San-mei, art thou indeed the thing that I have sought so long in meditation?"

He looked at her, and as he looked his face seemed drawn by a hundred cares, but all the while his eyes bore a gleaming light like the light of eternal youth. She smiled and half-wept, for she knew.

"Thou art wrong, Shi-deh. I am but the inn-keeper's daughter of the village. I have nothing to do with Heaven and the *Tao*. But I do love thee. Dost thou remember, when we were children, how thou didst beat Ma San-shi's third son for speaking foully to me? That was when I first loved thee, Shi-deh. Then, how I wept when thou didst feel the call and became a follower! I thought I should never see thee again. But truly it is not right that I see thee now, for thou hast made thy vow. I must not stay. We shall not meet again. We must not meet. Do not come to this willow clump again—but I, myself, shall not have strength to stay away."

"Wait, wait. Do not go. Thou shalt lead me to the *Tao*. Thou art the *Tao*. San-mei, thine eyes are glowing like the— Sh! There is someone near."

The willows were weeping in the wind, weeping for the sorrows of the river, but their note did not drown the sound of approaching feet, stumbling along the path as though they were moved with difficulty. Suddenly a voice was raised in song—a ribald song of gluttony and vice. Shi-deh grew tense, watching the path, as a man stumbled into the open. He was a fat little fellow with bloated face and small puffy eyes, and on his head was the bare sign of the pride of Yangkwan, the sign of the follower. He leered at San-mei.

He spoke with difficulty through the thickness of his tongue. "Ah! Shi-deh, thou art indeed cleverer than the rest of us. We must take such pains in hiding our amours from the village and from the world, and here thou canst do it in the open daylight. Thou art indeed a clever

hypocrite. Only yesterday thou didst chide me for my affair in the pear orchard with . . .” But he got no further, for Shi-deh had a hand over his mouth.

“Chang, silence! Thou art ignorant of what thou sayst. Thou hast been drinking. This is no common amour. This is the *Tao*.”

“I see,” said Chang, disengaging himself from Shi-deh’s hand. “Thou thinkest that thou hast discovered the *Tao*. It is a pleasant *Tao*, is it not? But be careful, thou art not as experienced a follower as I . . . Bah! This is too open a place, and if the villagers should see thee . . . Learn from me, the pear orchard at night is far safer with women.” He said no more, for Shi-deh was dragging him off across the field to the monastery.

In the monastery Shi-deh shut himself up in his cell for meditation upon the *Tao*, but it was hard, for Chang and four drunken companions were singing most vilely outside. However the image of San-mei remained before him. Rage, the rage that arises from the earthly and not from the *Tao*, was gripping him. Could they not see that his was a different love, that it was not a mere passion emanating from drink and the cravings of the body? These others were no true followers. They were merely vile and lustful tortoises! They were attracted to the monastery by its wealth and ease of living. What would he not give to be able to instill the old spirit of meditation and seeking into these brother followers? Oh, these wicked brothers! He cast himself upon the dirt floor and beat about with his hands in a madness that was almost of devils. He saw nothing but blackness before him except for the one bright light of San-mei’s image. She was smiling, too. Suddenly he straightened himself. An unaccustomed voice struck his consciousness. Someone had smuggled womankind into the monastery. Where was the spirit of the founder, where was the spirit of the *Tao*? He snatched himself from the clutch of the damp earth, and, strong and towering, threw himself through the door.

“How comes it that ye break your vows, ye faithless followers? Can ye follow the *Tao* and womankind at the same time? Brethren, cast her out immediately.”

He made as though he were to do so himself, while the woman screamed and hid behind a table. Four drunken followers caught him and pinned him down on a bench, the fifth one—it was Chang—even more drunk than the others, lectured him. The whole crowd tittered.

“Indeed, we honor and admire thy zeal for the *Tao*. We bless thee in thy search and rejoice with thee when thou sayst that thou hast discovered the *Tao* in a willow clump.” The crowd roared with laughter. “But dost thou not see that we are honoring thee as leader? We seek to discover a *Tao* similar to thine.” He leered at the woman and hic-



coughed violently. "However, I believe that we have improved upon thy methods. Thinkst thou not that this is a safer place than the willow clump, for there the village may see thee, and we have not left much reputation with the villagers. But they know nothing definite. Do not reveal thyself too much." And they threw him back into his cell to meditate.

But to meditate was difficult, with the shrill screams, the muttered oaths, the silly laughter that was going on outside the door. They were singing out there too, while someone played upon a cursed *kin*. Then they all stopped and he heard Chang's voice, a little unsteady, improvising, to a feeble little tune. The words were blasphemous, full of allusions to the *Tao* and its attainment physically. Each verse was followed by a refrain of laughter. The noise increased until finally it was punctuated by a great crash of broken porcelain—someone had upset the table—followed by a rough roar of jeers. Then quickly it subsided as the people passed out, leaving Shi-deh, silent, by himself. Sleep was far from him, and meditation seemed impossible, for his mind was on the mortal. Truly had it been said that the emotions are mortal, and, of those, the most mortal is that of hate. Why should he, now that he was so near the attainment of the *Tao*, so near to the separation of earth from spirit, be harassed, bitterly harassed, by this mortal emotion? He had thought, a half-day ago, that he was almost on the Way, but now these men, Chang especially, had forced him back to becoming physical, mortal, earthy, again. It was unbearable, and for that reason it increased the emotion, the hate, ten-fold. He almost wished that it were right to kill. . .

For a moment he had not realized. Her image had departed from him, but, when he caught himself, and drew his nerves together once more, she appeared to him, a wistful smile playing on her face. He recognized that his own mind was creating the face and the wistful smile, but it arrested the emotion and he was well under the spell of the *Tao* again. He looked back upon his former hate as though it were something outside, beyond him, and he felt a great sorrow welling up within him, a sorrow for those wayward followers, his own foster brothers, who had so cleverly shielded themselves by the use of his example. Perhaps it was true that he was no better than the rest of them, perhaps he was even worse, that they were honestly seeking the *Tao*, following his example, and that they were doing the best that their sodden minds were capable of in the attainment of their life-long ambition. Perhaps he was the one at fault. Here indeed was need for long meditation, and when San-mei's image appeared before him again he banished it as though it were a plague. To lead others astray is no way to attain the *Tao*.

With the spirit of contrition and brotherly love he closed his eyes



and thought. Where was the *Tao*? It had departed. He had to begin anew. Suddenly he realized that it was to be found through the submerging of self. He concentrated upon Heaven and the search, blanking from his mind even his own zeal *for* the search. First he felt a blackness and a separation of the spirit from the earth. It was not for long though, for very shortly he found himself, curiously free from care, floating along a great bare highway, on each side hemmed-in and over-shadowed by blooming cherry trees—he thanked Heaven that they were cherry trees. It was for an age that he went on in this manner, filled with joy and the feeling of expectation, of proximity. At last the end seemed near, and looking up he saw the goal, the spirit of eternity, and it was beautiful. . . But the goal was a willow clump and the beauty suddenly broke forth into the wistful smile of San-mei. Meditation was broken, the *Tao* had disappeared, and he fell asleep.

He awoke the next morning to the sound of rain upon the tile roof, and when he looked out over the fields, only that week bereft of their summer produce and now covered with the quivering haze of falling drops, he realized that the rainy season was at hand and that Heaven was giving him a time for meditation and the search. The other followers cursed—it was a most inconvenient interference—and set about playing various games in the main room. Chang especially seemed out of sorts, for he claimed to have heard some rumor in the village the night before—he had gone there after leaving the monastery. The rumor was to the effect that the villagers were very much in uproar concerning the actions of their much boasted followers in the monastery. Tales of licentiousness and evil living were reaching their ears; and here Chang turned to Shi-deh.

“Thou too, most holy follower, thou too must look to thyself, for they say that Chin, the carpenter, passed by the willow clump last night and saw thee and thy ‘*Tao*’. He has told the tale and the villagers think that thou art the root of the evil. Did I not tell thee, oh sacred one, that thou shouldst be more careful, and shouldst do as we do, covering up thy amours? Indeed the villagers are incensed. There is blood sounding in their words.”

In his cell he came to one conclusion. He must put her away. She was beautiful, she had seemed to lead him to the *Tao*, but surely nothing could lead him to the *Tao* which in itself prevented other followers from attaining it. He prayed for the power to separate earth from spirit, and fell into a restful pose of meditation with the feeling that he was about to conquer.

The rain, which promised to keep up for weeks without relief, fell in torrents. The villagers kept themselves and their pigs at home and spent most of their time discussing each other. The great river began

once more to greet its wider banks with a rising roar and gurgle. Within three days it was up to its high mark and the willows drooped deeper into the water, seeming to weep the very rain that fell upon them. The sun was lost completely.

For three days Shi-deh sought the *Tao*, and for three days it evaded him. He would reach the great road, he would feel its nearness, he would look up suddenly and—always he would see *her* smiling at him. If he could only separate earth from spirit! On the fourth day the skies rested for a time. For a short period only, the rain ceased. As Shi-deh lay in his cell and heard the raindrops upon the roof gradually grow fewer and fewer, dying out, until they finally stopped altogether, he became restless. An impulse, against his will, seemed to be driving him toward the willow clump beside the river. She would most certainly be there. This was her first opportunity and she had said that she would not be able to stay away. He tried to bring his mind back to the search, to sift out the earth from the spirit. It was hard, pent up in the little cell, with the rain ceased and the realization of her proximity. With a feeling of relief he gave himself up at last to the earth, to the mortal, and rushed out across the fields. Yes, she was waiting for him in the willow clump.

She spoke. "Thou art come, my follower, oh my glorious one! I knew thou wouldst."

He knelt before her and took her hand. "San-mei, I thought that thou wert the *Tao*. Heaven has since shown me that thou art not. But thou art more powerful than the *Tao*, for thou hast brought me here."

Out of the willows they saw the great river, turbulent, rushing to the ocean, and kneeling before it they accepted it as their foster mother.

Chin, the village carpenter, walking through the fields, passed them and went home with the news.

The two figures before the river remained for a long time kneeling. At last he spoke.

"San-mei, we must leave together. I have broken my vows, and I shall never return to the monastery. Oh! there must be some land where we can live and be happy. I desire to find the *Tao* no longer."

San-mei merely whispered, "Embrace me, Shi-deh."

A thunderous mob of men and women broke into the willow clump. They were raging, tearing, stamping, and, when they saw the two, they raised a great scream of satisfaction. San-mei and Shi-deh found themselves snatched up and borne away. The crowd howled with expectation and collected in the center of a field. An old bearded man, whose face was torn with rage, shouted,

"Here we have the faithless follower." The crowd roared.

The clouds threatened ominously. A peal of thunder broke forth, and the bearded man entreated the villagers,

"Hasten, Sons of Han, hasten."

Great, sparse drops of rain began falling—the forerunner of another cloudburst. What were the villagers doing? Shi-deh wondered faintly. He had lost San-mei in the crowd. Workmen with spades were digging two holes about four feet apart. The crowd was jeering in anticipation.

"Death!" someone shouted.

The holes were dug. Shi-deh was taken and buried in one, up to his neck. Then, from the ground, he saw them place San-mei in the other. They covered her also with earth up to her neck. The two were facing each other. What horror was this? Suddenly Shi-deh saw the thing approaching, and in an agony shouted,

"The harrow!"

San-mei smiled wistfully and whispered, "Thy *Tao*, Shi-deh."

Chang watched, afar off, in the monastery gate, and smiled.

The great River of Sorrows boiled turbulently on its course to the ocean, while the willows wept.

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

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## "If Winter Comes"

*What though beneath the high-piled banks of snow,  
The earth lies hidden, and the sleet and rain  
Pour down upon us; and all hope seems vain  
That ever from this world the cold will go?  
What though beneath our weight of crushing woe,  
We always fall, and rising, fall again,  
And racked with ills upon a bed of pain,  
We grieve, because to us Death seems too slow?  
What though our troubles seem to be too great  
For any man to bear, shall we lie down  
And let ourselves be trod upon by Fate  
Without a murmur? What though Fortune frown,  
Shall thought of evil only, tinge our mind?  
"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"*

I. C. Heyne, '23.

## Something

SOMEWHERE in the dark a dog howled. A farmhand who lay sprawled out on the straw litter of the stable floor rolled over convulsively and cursed the dog from the bottom of his soul. He cursed with all the care and passion of a fagged-out man, so carefully that it seemed cold-blooded. When he had finished he was exhausted and rolled over on his stomach with his head on his arm as if he were crying, but he was not. Now and then he spasmodically cursed the dog again. At last he lay still, the night sounds of the stable falling dully on his ears: the horses munching in a monotonous rhythm, the strange rustlings of the straw, then the howling of another dog in the distance.

The man rolled restlessly.

"What's the use, what's the use, what's the use? I just go on working and slaving, working and slaving, and what for? What for? Why do I slave on these damned fields all summer and work the roads all winter? And save! What am I saving for, what good is money in the bank? What good is two thousand dollars to a fool like me? What for? Why do I slave with a wheat scoop all day and lie down with the horses at night? What good does it do me to live? What do I get? Who wants me? What do I do that ever amounts to anything? O my God, my God, my God!"

He rolled over on his stomach again and kept saying "My God, my God, my God, my God" in an endless monotony. The dogs still howled.

"Damn those dogs! What good are they? Why don't they kill them, they're no more good than I am. They slink around and sleep in barns, and eat, and work all day running around for something just like I do. They run for something to eat just like I do for money. The fools! Damn them! Damn the whole business! Damn the horses! Damn the wheat! Damn the old man! What good are they? Why do they live? Why does anyone live? What is there to live for, to scratch for, to dig for, to make money for? O my God, my God, my God, my God, my . . . ."

His voice trailed off again. A cat came slinking into the barn and rubbed her back against him. He jumped from the shock of the contact and with a snarl kicked her out through the square of gray that was the barn door. He dropped to the straw again and shook hand and foot as though the wind were rattling him.

"Oh, oh, my God, my God! Why did I do that? Who wants



me now?—not even the cat. No one wants me—no one on God's earth. If I only had something to live for, something to work for! O my God, my Go—"

In his limp half-consciousness he felt a hand touch his shoulder. It smoothed his hair and patted his cheek. He was himself with a start and rolled half away. It was the old man's daughter—in the darkness he could see the thick coils of yellow hair on her neck as he saw them every morning when she bent over the stove.

"Why—why—what do you want?" he asked.

She took his head and put it in her lap.

"Don't take on so. Please don't. I'm here." She put her arms around him and forced his head to her breast.

"Don't take on so. There, there." She patted his cheek again, her voice sounded soft and almost plaintive.

He felt queer and faint. His body got limp, his breath quivered; then, with a vague motion like a man sinking without a struggle, he wept with sobs that shook his whole frame and drained his mind. She sat silent and strong with his head pressed tightly to her breast. After a while he stopped and raised his head.

"Let's milk the cows," he said.

"All right."

He lighted the lantern and milked one of the scrubby little red cows, she the other. She walked beside him as he carried the pails through the darkness to the house for her. He set them down in the kitchen and went slowly back to the barn. His feet dragged up the ladder to the loft and his body dropped to the alfalfa like a dead man's.

The next morning at breakfast he wondered why he had never before noticed how shining her eyes were.

"Helen," said the old man to his daughter as he was washing up for supper, "something's come over Jim. I never seen him shovel so much wheat as he has today since he's ben here."

*Ames Johnston, '25.*



# Translations from the Chinese

*Christopher Morley*

*There is, in each man's heart,  
Chinese writing—  
A secret script, a cryptic language;  
The strange ideographs of the spirit,  
Scribbled over or half erased  
By the swift stenography of daily life.  
No man can easily decipher this cordiscript,  
This blurred text corrupted by fears and follies;  
But now and then,  
Reading his own heart  
(So little studied, such fine reading matter!)  
He sees fragments of rubric shine through—  
Old words of truth and trouble  
Illuminated, red and gold.  
The study of this hidden language  
Is what I call  
Translating from the Chinese.*

Such is the first premise in Morley's prefatory theory of Chinese verse. And the second is like unto it. In the human heart dwells a mandarin, philosopher and skeptic, "who views with smiling, bland composure the sad antics of men under the pressure of conflicting desires. In all hearts there is this lurking minified mandarin whose mockery is the more potent because it is serene and hopeless." He it is, during moments of introspection, who interprets the palimpsest, ideographs, cordiscript, rubric, etc. (see lexicon) of the spirit to the spirit. Understand?

It is not hard to see how scandalously easy such a theory makes the task of a book reviewer. He may at random write down the remarks of his familiar spirit upon the books referred to him, and direct to the same source desperate authors who come demanding damages. Concerning "Translations from the Chinese" a critic's mandarin might for instance say this, "What madness for a Haverford publication to review a volume by Christopher Morley! Everyone in the college will read it anyway;" or, "Be of good cheer. There is not a single translation in all its eighty-six pages, and direct references to China are few."

Such behavior on the part of a critic, however, would be merely playing into Mr. Morley's hands. You must laugh with or at the

preface of his books just as much as you laugh at or with the contents. If you do not, the joke is on you, for you have missed the point. There is no fault (see preface of "Translations from the Chinese") like that of taking all printed matter seriously.

With this in view it is easy at once to classify the contents of the volume. With a few exceptions all the poems fall readily into one of three groups: jokes cracked and uncracked, grotesque imitations of Amy Lowell and others of her ilk, and ridiculous moralizings. All are written in that grade of free verse which few find difficulty in mastering, and its employer in this case evidently had no need to master. The following are examples of the first class. Just what connection they have with the strange ideographs of the spirit it, of course, requires a great sense of humor to detect.

"OVERDUE"

*An Irish acquaintance  
Insists with monotonous outcry  
That I have been bought  
"With British gold."  
This is agreeable news,  
But when  
Do the payments begin?*

"AN ENIGMA IN THE WOODPILE"

*An American friend of mine,  
A man in a newspaper office,  
Is very wealthy.  
He tells me he has an income  
Of 10,000 interruptions a year.*

"SUNK WITHOUT TRACE"

*We are well called brokers  
For we are usually broke,  
Cried the old financier on his deathbed:  
But the heirs all unsuspecting  
Were out among the Grand Banks  
Fishing for codicils.*

The Nipponese manner of one much opposed to meter glows colorfully in this next selection.

"THE REALIST"

*The sun shone on the meadow  
And painted silver patines on the level river;*

*A purple bird spread scarlet wings  
 Under the trumpet vine arbor  
 And the scent of pink melons was in the balmy air.  
 But, down there by the waterside,  
 These colors gave me no comfort.  
 I was wondering  
 Whether an early morning bath  
 Would ease my mahogany-colored spaniel  
 Of his plague of fleas.*

As a foil to their more frivolous comrades are the occasional moral poems. Among these is the following owlshly sober trifle.

“VERITAS VOS DAMNABIT”  
*It is the mark of extreme youth  
 To believe that telling the whole truth  
 Is always useful.  
 Truth is not a diet  
 But a condiment.*

Another tragic triviality is

“TICK DOULOUREUX”  
*I am wounded  
 In a fatal artery.  
 The vein of time is cut,  
 The minutes are bleeding, bleeding away.  
 Bartender, make me a tourniquet for this hemorrhage  
 Or I shall tick to death.*

How remarkable this poem is, no hasty scrutiny can ever detect. Only when the reader becomes fully aware of the astonishing discrepancy in the fifth line does he begin to appreciate it. The problem is whether mentally to substitute in place of “Bartender” the word Doctor, or in place of “tourniquet”, bung-hole plug.

Of such things as these, only not all so clever, is the book made up. Some of it is rather thin gruel. Most of it few of us would have little difficulty in doing quite as well; if we only had the time. Unlike the palimpsest, so often written and erased, which it pretends to translate, it is a book justified only by the cheapness of modern printing. What few memorable sayings it contains the reader's own mandarin must pick out for himself.

N. E. R.



## Alumni Notes

1876

A new and enlarged edition of Francis Greenleaf Allinson's "Greek Lands and Letters" (Houghton Mifflin) has appeared.

of the University of Minnesota, writes in the *Minnesota Alumni Weekly* of April 20th on "A New Library and the Future."

1902

1882

Dr. George Aaron Barton recently published a book entitled "Jesus of Nazareth".

Dr. Richard Mott Gummere published in May, as the first volume of a series intended to show our debt to Greece and Rome, Seneca, the Philosopher, and his Modern Message (Marshall Jones Company, Boston). Several reviews of it have recently appeared.

1885

Macmillan has published two more books by Prof. Rufus M. Jones. They are: "Spiritual Energies in Daily Life" and "The Boy Jesus and his Companions."

In the September *Bookman* there is a little poem by Charles Wharton Stork entitled "Artist Whim".

1889

Charles H. Burr writes to the editor in the September *North American Review* on "Aristotle on Man and State."

Charles Wharton Stork also writes a letter in the September *North American Review* in commemoration of Joseph Andrew Galahad.

1893

Dr. W. W. Comfort writes an article in *The Quaker* of April 14th in which he points out some of the shortcomings of the educational system in America today and suggests remedies for them.

In "The Beginnings of Christianity" (Macmillan) Henry J. Cadbury has several large and important contributions. He also assisted in the editing.

1908

1899

Frank Keller Walter, Librarian

J. Jarden Guenther, Secretary of the Philadelphia War History Committee, aided largely in compiling Philadelphia in the World War, which was published early in the year.

T. Morris Longstreth has just published a book entitled "The Laurentians" which he dedicated to Charles Wharton Stork.

1910

Nicholas L. Brown, New York, lately published Gerard de Nerval's "Daughters of Fire" translated by James Whitall.

Christopher Morley since our last notice has published the following books: "Translations from the Chinese" (Doran) and "Where the Blue Begins". The former is reviewed in this issue.

In addition to these books he has contributed reviews and columns to *The Literary Review*, a story to the June *Scribner's* called "Continuity", and a poem about Haverford College to the *New York Times* of June 19th.

1913

In the April number of *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, Dr. Joseph M. Beatty published an article entitled Dr. Johnson and the Occult.

1917

There are two poems, River Song, and The Watcher at the Bow by Arthur C. Inman in the July *Contemporary Verse*.

1919

In the July 29th issue of the *Literary Review*, Frank V. Morley reviews Keynes's "A Treatise on Probability". In the July 8th issue of the same paper Mr. Morley reviews "A History of Greek Mathematics" by Sir Thomas Heath. Mr. Morley regularly contributes to the *Literary Review* articles in review of books on mathematical subjects.

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## Long Beach

*Ceaselessly combing the shallow bar  
Gray-green rollers mutter and moan;  
The sun-steeped beach glares shimmering white  
And the bones of a shipwreck stand alone.*

*Mottled and foam-flecked, the churning surf  
Washes, molding a glistening strand;  
Gulls wheel and scream, light clouds scud past—  
A realm of water, wind and sand.*

C. E. Nash, '24.

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December, 1922

Volume XLII

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## A Perfectly True Story

THE last year of my career as a student at the University of Cambridge (in England) was made memorable by the passing of a great number of revolutionary measures by the Dons (i.e. The Faculty) of my own particular college (St. Michael and All Angels, usually called "All Angels", for short). After a contest which had raged with exceptional bitterness and occasional loss of blood for seventeen years, the College Authorities voted, by a narrow majority of one, for the installation of gas-light in place of candles and a proper drainage system throughout the College buildings. Furthermore, by a legal quibble which did them little honor, the revolutionary party among the Dons managed to include baths under the heading of drains, and forthwith a great tearing down of old walls and partitions and disused staircases ensued in preparation for installing the gas-mains and the new plumbing devices. These far-reaching demolitions wrought sad havoc among the older Dons. The college had been originally founded in 1157 by the widow of a crusader as a monastery for the Blue Canons of St. Viar of Compostella, and since its foundation there never had been any change made in any of the buildings of the college, except for the addition of a clothes-closet in the Provost's house. The Tories and Die-Hards could not reconcile themselves to the violent demolitions which accompanied the installation of the various inconveniences of modern civilization and eventually all opposition to the "improvements-party" was eliminated by the rapid death, within a few months, of all its opponents. The last of the old school died on the very day on which I graduated, in his ninety-eighth year, and, I regret to say, by his own hand.

Out of this wholesale demolition, however, came one curious incident. I was returning from the funeral of an older member of the college, who had fallen from a third-floor window on the day of the opening of the college-baths by a distinguished Bishop, when I was accosted by one of the plumbers engaged in installing the gas-pipes, who informed me, with a pale face, that he and his "mates", in the course of their labours, had just unearthed what he termed "a reg'lar chamber of 'orrors". Somewhat intrigued by the fellow's manner, I followed him up a dark and gloomy staircase, which had been chiefly remarkable as having no doors giving out upon it, climbing three stories high and terminating in a black plaster wall. On arriving at the top, however, I found that the workmen had demolished the wall, and in its place stood an arched door of medieval workmanship. This door had been forced open, and through it I beheld a long, dark, narrow chamber, literally smothered in the dust of centuries. It was apparently

lighted by a row of stained-glass windows from either side which gave it a church-like effect, and under a thick tapestry of immemorial cobwebs, I descried certain high wooden partitions sticking out at regular intervals into the center of the room from the side-walls. But the most striking detail in the landscape, so to speak, was a round table just in front of the door. Behind this table and facing the door was a high-backed chair, and seated in this chair, with his head and shoulders bent down and sprawling across the table, and his hands dangling over the edge in front, was (as I had expected), a fleshless skeleton. He was, if I may say so, naked, except for the presence of a gold signet-ring on the little finger of the left hand. Under the circumstances, I felt that it would be unwise to intrude, and so I discreetly but hastily closed the door, and withdrew in search of the plumber, who had unaccountably disappeared.

Subsequently, further investigations were made. The signet-ring was removed and found to be inscribed with the name of "Ephraim Sandars". On consulting the college records, it was discovered that Ephraim Sandars had entered the college in 1793. A note in the margin stated that he was of eccentric demeanor, and that he was in the habit of visiting the College Library and removing the books from the shelves and reading them. Further enquiries elicited a letter from his mother to the College, complaining that she had not seen or heard from her son for two years, together with the Provost's reply, stating that Ephraim Sandars had last been seen in the College on the night of November 7, 1795, and since then no one had ever set eyes upon him, "where from," added the Provost, "it hath been concluded by those in charge of youth in this college, that he hath been dead these two years, though whether he came by his death through fair means or foul I, of course, am unable to say."

These startling discoveries revived a strange but persistent rumour among the undergraduates that somewhere about the college-buildings there was, or had been, a college library, a fact which had been strenuously denied by the gentleman who drew his salary as College Librarian and by the man hired to keep the catalogue and dust the shelves. But when the "chamber of 'orrors" had been cleaned up and the skeleton decently interred, it was found that the mysterious wooden partitions were book-cases, and on their shelves stood books; in a word, the whole room was most distinctly a Library, *the* Library, in fact, and the College Librarian resigned in disgust, rather than face the ill-timed raillery of the students. And the mystery of the disappearance of Sandars, of course, now became as clear as daylight. He had obviously visited the Library on the night of November 7, 1795, and there had probably died in a

fit, and his body, very naturally, had not been discovered until the installation of gas-pipes over a hundred years later.

But to me the most interesting discovery made was the two articles found on the table across which Sandars had been sprawling. The first (which was unimportant) was a cracked mirror. The second, (which interested me more) was a volume bound in black leather, and inscribed, in letters of gold, on the back, "Medical Records of the late Jonathan Hargood, Surgeon 1757-1765. Not to be removed from the Library." This name, Jonathan Hargood, set me thinking. I had been delving into the College Records on my own account, and I had discovered that, besides the Sandars mystery, there was yet another college mystery—to wit, the unaccountable disappearance of one Joshua Whitehead from the college, he having last been seen walking to his rooms at seven o'clock on the night of November 7, 1764, and never seen to come out of them again. I was the more interested in this Whitehead, in that I occupied the very rooms from which he had been so mysteriously spirited away. In going through the various college records in search of some clue to his disappearance, I had gathered that he was a man of somewhat extraordinary character. He had entered the college in 1717, with the intention of graduating in medicine, but, for one good reason or another, he had not finally taken his degree until the last year of his life, when he had reached the mature age of sixty-three. Even then he had not been allowed to graduate upon any merits of his own, as displayed in the University examinations, but rather on the strength of a learned work written in five bulky volumes and the Latin tongue, entitled the *Principles of Life*. This lucubration had created a considerable furore in scientific circles in London and Paris at the time of its publication in 1762, and the University authorities had felt justified in accepting it in place of examination work as a contribution towards his bachelor's degree. To the modern mind, most of his theories seem fantastic, but in the eighteenth century, which was credulous in the realms of science, they were thought remarkable. It was his main contention that, by certain chemical processes, dead bodies could be brought to life, and entirely new human beings recreated from them, with a yet higher physical and mental development than before, because they were machine-made, and happily superior to the ordinary run of humanity in that they would not be cursed with the fatal incumbrance of a soul, which might be lost or damned in a later stage of existence. During the whole forty-five years in which he was working out these interesting theories, he had resided in the same set of rooms in the college, and in his later years he had become a complete recluse, seen but rarely by those dwelling within the college-gates and absolutely unknown to anyone outside them.



There was one exception, however, to this general statement of his friendlessness. He, apparently, conducted "mechanical experiments", and in these experiments he was associated with Jonathan Hargood. Now Hargood was a surgeon, living in the town outside the college, and, in his professional capacity, was attached to the big local hospital. He had acquired a considerable reputation for his dexterity with the "knife" and for his skilful operations, the success of which can scarcely be said to be marred by the fact that his patients frequently died before the operation was completed. He, too, left behind, in manuscript, a learned work, much admired by the scientists of the day entitled "Chymical Processes of Life." But, despite his reputation as a scientist, there were strange stories abroad in the town about Jonathan Hargood. He was commonly known as "ugly Jonathan", and devout persons declared that he had sold his soul to the Devil, and added, with a shudder, that he had fooled that shrewd gentleman in the course of the transaction. Certain it was that he was charged with wielding the knife a thought too vigorously in the hospital, and was moreover pretty generally accused of going on midnight excursions to the neighbouring churchyards in search of material for his experiments. And when Joshua Whitehead disappeared so romantically on November 7, 1764, people remembered that this ill-favoured surgeon was the only man with whom Whitehead had been known to consort in his later years. He was openly accused of having made away with his friend for his own purposes, and the mob smashed his windows. Hargood however, came out and defied the world to bring any murder home to him, and offered a reward for the discovery of the real criminal. His dauntless demeanour and his obvious emotion while speaking of his vanished friend, produced a reaction in his favour. His accusers began to doubt and then to relent, and finally their doubt was changed to remorse when, exactly one year after Whitehead's disappearance to the very day, Hargood was found lying dead at the foot of the stairs in his house, with his skull cracked, obviously, from a fall in the dark. He was accorded a public funeral, and lovers of science erected a monument over his tomb, in which Whitehead is depicted as leading Hargood with one hand, while, with the other, he points to the top of the chimney of the Electrical works which have been recently erected in the neighbourhood of the cemetery. The local guide-book describes this monument, quite rightly, as being a good example of Nickleby's middle period, and comments on the delicate workmanship displayed in the details of Hargood's nostrils, and the "pleasing expression" of Whitehead's whole countenance.

It will now be plain why I was interested in this journal of Jonathan Hargood's. I hoped to find in it some clue to the Whitehead mystery



and I took it back one day to my rooms (i.e. Whitehead's rooms) and sat up all night reading it. It was in manuscript and it proved to be a most disappointing production. There are frequent mentions of "talks with Whitehead at his window" and "meetings with old W." in the cellar of Hargood's house, but otherwise the entries for the whole eight years are almost entirely a dreary record of operations and dissections. The operations are recounted with a ferocious gusto which is fatiguing to the mere lay-mind. Hargood was, no doubt, not a heartless man, but he seems to have been more interested in the bones and sinews of his patients than their feelings. One entry will suffice to show this characteristic, that of August 12, 1761. It runs as follows—"a common carter brought in today, his ancle crushed under the wheel of his cart. I ripped off the skin round his ancle, and set to work to take out the splinters and to twist the bones and sinews into a becoming posture. Never did I hear a man howl so! At the last, his observations upon my conduct became so exceeding passionate, while I was scraping his bones with my scalpel, that, to render him more tranquil and to mend his manners, I was constrained to deal him a box on the ear with my mallet, whereupon the silly fellow swooned, which was all to the good, and I then worked away in peace."

So much for eighteenth-century methods of administering an anæsthetic. The operation on the ankle was a great success, but the carter did not recover from the blow with the mallet, and Mr. Hargood seems to have brought him home that same evening to his laboratory. I shrewdly suspected that a man who delt so unmercifully with his patients, might be capable of dirty work with his friends. My suspicions grew when I learned that Hargood's house stood just outside the college, and that his garden stretched up to the windows of Whitehead's room, which was on the ground floor, as I knew well enough. Accordingly, I turned over the pages of the journal to reach the date at which Whitehead had disappeared. But here there came one of the frequent gaps in the journal, which extended from July 11, 1764, to October 30, 1765, thus successfully missing out the all-important date of November 7, 1764.

The last entries were made shortly before Hargood's own death. One of them is pleasantly melodramatic, and the remainder are hopelessly obscure. This how they stand—"October 30th. This evening Mr. Morden waited upon me. He hath been uncommon offensive in the past in declaring that I knew more of old Whitehead's flitting this time last year than I chose to tell, and on the night that the rabble broke my windows, with his own hands flung a basket of bad eggs at my head. He came to say that news had come that Mr. Whitehead had been seen last month by an Irish maid-servant (in the service of

his wife's cousin) disporting himself in the swings and the roundabouts at Bartholemew Fair in London, in the company of the Fat Woman of the Fair. He therefore wished to withdraw all past aspersions he had made on my fair fame, as also the basket of eggs that he had flung over me. I accepted his amends, and swore to him, as solemnly as a man might, I should be as pleased as he to see old Whitehead standing here with us in this room. Mr. Morden was seated in a settee facing me as I spoke, and suddenly his face waxed, first red, and then white, his neck swelled prodigiously above his cravat, his eye-balls started from their sockets, and he waved his hand at the mirror on the wall at my back, as though he saw someone therein, and then falls in a fit on the floor. A diverting case of apoplexy tonans. I had in help and sent him home. I am curious to know what he thought to see in the mirror behind me."

Under this entry comes a great black scrawl across the page, evidently drawn by Hargood in some impatience. Faintly discernible under this scrawl is a short sentence in a curious impish, spider-like hand-writing, quite unlike Hargood's own bold hand, and quite illegible. Then came two more entries as follows—

November 5th. Mr. Morden dead of his fit in my room. From a surfeit of green pippins, I am sick of the colic all day.

November 6th. Colic all day, with monstrous bad pains in my—who, in Heaven's name, wrote that—[here comes another black scrawl across the page, and under it another illegible sentence in the spider-like hand-writing, and then below] O thou, whom I have offended, spare me. Save me. I will go out into the streets and say—

November 7th. O mine enemy, I am not ready to die.

Under this last and final entry, comes a sentence once more in the spider-like hand-writing, this time with no scrawl across it to hide it, and most certainly it looks diabolic. But try as I could, I could not make any sense out of it. It was obviously written in cipher. And so the diary closes.

Frankly, I was never more disgusted and disappointed in my life. To come so close to solving the Whitehead mystery, and then to find that it was no mystery at all, that Whitehead had been seen a year after his supposed death kicking up his heels and enjoying himself at Bartholomew Fair in the company of a comic Fat Woman! And to add insult to injury, to learn that Hargood had died of a common attack of colic, and to be fobbed off with his hysterical ravings while in the throes of that disease, at the close of it all! It was too much! I threw the book to the ground in anger, and looked around for a good sensational novel.

But as the book fell on the floor, a loose sheet fluttered out from among the leaves. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be a letter

written, as I observed with a pleasant thrill, to Ephraim Sandars by a certain Edmund Craik. This is how it ran—

“Dear Sandars—You love a joke of all things, but here is one I wager a tie-wig to a shoe-buckle you dare not venture (on)? I am all a-sweat with fright over it myself. You know that journal of Hargood’s in that strange room you and I discovered last winter, with all those books of sermons in it. You are always puzzling over that spider’s hand-writing under the black scrawls at the end of the book, and you *will* have it that they contain sure proof that “ugly Jonathan” made away with that old fellow, Whitehead. Well, my friend, you were right, but not in the way you expect. I was up there two nights ago, and I pulled down the book, and stared at the spider sentences, trying hard to work them into some meaning. Then—I don’t know what—a voice, it seemed—told me ‘Take it to the mirror on the wall yonder and read it there.’ Well, before I knew what I was doing, I had pulled down the mirror from the wall, and propped it on the table and then laid the book against it on the table, and began trying to read the page as reflected in the mirror. Hargood’s hand-writing, of course, was all inverted, but, as I’m a sinner, the spider’s hand-writing, as I saw it in the mirror, was as plain as the nose on your face. Under the black-scrawl which comes after Hargood’s writing that he wondered what Mr. Morden saw in the mirror, this is how it ran—‘it was I, O mine enemy!’ And then, under the second scrawl, just after Hargood breaks off and says ‘Who, in Heaven’s name, wrote that?’ This is what the spider wrote—‘Tomorrow night, the year is up. I shall come and I shall take you with me. Watch the mirror for my coming.’ And the last entry where there is no scrawl, reads thus—‘November 7th. At two in the morning. A life for a life.’ You may think that I am joking, but you visit the library tonight. And, Sandars, I swear, as I was reading the last line, I saw a hand in the mirror, very thin and white, with soiled ruffles at the wrist, slip over my arm and point with its fore-finger to the words, and I looked up higher, and I saw behind my shoulder—but, at this moment, I dropped the mirror with a crash and slammed up the book and turned round and saw—nothing. This is gospel. Try for yourself. Yr devoted Edmund Craik. November 4, 1795.”

A subsequent investigation of the College records revealed the fact that Edmund Craik had been expelled from the college on April 2, 1796, on the grounds that “he, having raised a cry of fire outside the chambers of the Professor of Divinity, had caused grievous bodily harm to the person of the aforesaid Professor, by stretching a rope across his doorway as he sought to make his escape, thereby casting him down one flight of stairs into a tub filled with water at its foot.”



Altogether, he seems to have been an unpleasant animal with a perverted sense of humor.

As for his theory of Hargood's death at the hands of a spook, it is too preposterous to be entertained for one moment. I thank my stars that I am not of a superstitious turn of mind. I resolutely refused to put his theory to the test by playing any fool tricks with Hargood's journal and a looking-glass. A sense of decency, which has ever been my strong point, told me that two in the morning was not the right hour, nor Whitehead's own rooms the right locality, for a foolish ghost-hunt. Instead, I gently but firmly dropped the abominable volume in the passage outside my door, and went to bed and slept the sleep of the virtuous, which, whatever failings it may possess from the point of view of slumber, is always its own reward. The next morning, I returned the book to the Library.

I think I may safely claim that I have solved the Whitehead mystery<sup>7</sup> by proving that Whitehead never really disappeared, and, as for Hargood, he died, in unromantic circumstances, of a surfeit of green apples. What *does* remain a mystery to me is this—what ill-conditioned prank did Craik play upon Sandars in the Library on the night of November 7, 1795? If there are criminals to be hunted down in this whole business, Craik is the man for me.

And if anyone disagrees with my findings, he can go to the Library and take that book out, and perform any tricks he likes with it in front of a looking-glass, and I wish him all the luck his superstitious folly deserves.

J. S.

---

## *Lombardy Poplar*

*A tree that stands so straight and slim,  
A tree so gracefully tapered,  
Its lithe stem sways in autumn breeze  
And long, thin branches seek the sky.*

*A tree that stands so straight and slim,  
And points steadfastly upward,  
Exalted shouts from its tall heart  
"I will! I will embrace the sky!"*

*Ames Johnston,<sup>f</sup> 25.*



## Zoo

*I hate to hear the lion roar  
And see him wrestle with the bars.  
My feet incline to leave the floor.  
I hate to hear the lion roar,  
He must be feeling pretty sore.  
If he gets out it's No Cigars!  
I hate to hear the lion roar  
And see him wrestle with the bars.*

THE thesis to this article may be stated, "Animals have a sense of humor." I don't for a minute mean to say that it is as highly developed as our own, for we, being the very *dernier cri* in the animal kingdom, our qualities must also be the *ultima vox*, or, more briefly, the last word. I refer, of course, to our good qualities. But still, it is my confirmed belief that the animals know a joke when they see one, and sometimes even laugh. To prove this point I took recourse to the process of all modern science ("no education complete without it"), the method of experimentation, and went to the zoo.

I looked the animals over again just to familiarize myself with their appearance, and was pleased to find several old friends in good health. Taking careful regard for the notice requesting the omission of tobacco as animal food, I watched the puma and sloth bear awhile before seeking the benches in front of the lion's cage, now rapidly filling with thrill-chasers (the benches, I mean, not the cage) who wanted to see him fed and hear him roar. As far as the lion was concerned, this was old stuff. People pay good money to get into the smelly old house, and when there expect to get a worthwhile roar. This happens every day at three o'clock; he expects them; does not like to see them disappointed. Soon he obliged them. His ladye faire was in the same cage outdoors, and both intended to go through the small opening at the same time. With a characteristic lack of chivalry and an awe-inspiring snort he pushed past her. She entered, and he came straight back to fill the building with a whalloping big basso profundo well calculated to make the antelopes and other tim'rous beasties (spectators included) feel glad there was a line of solid steel bars between roarer and roaree. That's the kind of thing I mean. Far be it from me to have to point out to the chance reader that there is humor in this—all one has to do is put oneself in the lion's place. He walks all day up and down his cage, for diversion hopping up and down, on and off the long transverse board, or if he gets a good takeoff and is active, perhaps he can hop over it—but I ask any unprejudiced person if that wouldn't get monotonous

for the average Ego, year in and year out, and particularly so to the King of Beasts, accustomed before incarceration to roam the plains of the Sahara, sharpening his teeth on stones, alkali, and cactus, leaping from ambush upon the unsuspecting water-bucks and Nigerians, and wooing his mate 'neath the great yellow soft African moon. It's worse than chaining up the Sheik in a circus. And the memory of those awful days of passage across the Atlantic, when he didn't know which direction his next meal was coming from, culminates the craving for some kind of amusement, even the primitive pleasure of watching the frightened children and accompanying nurses jump back from the railing. And who is so unfeeling as to begrudge it, particularly as this mock fierceness furnishes the said nurses with a moral club with which to threaten the party of the first part, the said children, into obedience. By the way, it's strange what a fascination danger and risk present, and how far mortals will tempt the gods for it, only to recoil at the first intimation of finding what they seek.

The keeper soon came down the line of cages and tossed a large hunk of meat within reach of each of the big brutes. Then all was silent except for the crunch of the tiger's teeth as he bit through a bone, and the onlookers dispersing in groups to go elsewhere. I too hastened out into the clean air, distressed by an incipient headache caused, as always, by "the pungent odor peculiar to the lairs of the larger carnivora." I quote from Sir A. Conan Doyle. Well, he said a noseful.

Next I walked to the Monkey House. I have always had a weakness for monkeys almost amounting to affection, which is not unnatural, considering the fact that they are a kind of first cousin anyway, or is it great-grandfather? As I walked down the house looking at the exhibits, I couldn't seem to spot any of my immediate relations, but there was one old fellow of a sandy, nay, auburn tinge, whose supreme boredom as he tickled fleas with a straw (then bit off its business end) was not unsuggestive of the appearance of druggists in the vicinity. His was the ideal happy family. The missus was climbing without haste or ambition over the front bars, the kid was pulling his father's ears and scratching his back for him, while the old boy, as explained, stoically covered the territory untouched by his son and heir. The afternoon calm complemented the tableau. On the other hand, a more active troupe was playing tag in the next cage, a black spidery affair swung from a rope by his tail and left arm, whilst scratching himself. Others were doing fandangos and arpeggios over the trapezes, with time out every fourth beat to scratch. The monkeys are a dirty race, full of, and wallowing in, yes, revelling in, dirt. Man blesses the name of John Pithecanthropus Erectus when he peers behind the beyond and sees his "probably arboreal" self in all its primaeval squalor and filthi-

ness. While these solemn thoughts were pounding through the veil of consciousness, the *Bandar log* continued their childishness, and I departed.

Practically, I have no use for snakes, but from a sense of duty I thought I really ought to look at them, and turned thither. They were all there in varying attitudes of unloveliness, sinuously coiled around each other, with a couple of heads and three tails emerging from the tangle. The anaconda was asleep up in his tree, but the boa constrictor showed pep by sticking his tongue out at me. I told him to take a back seat. The cobra, I am sorry to say, was, as usual, in seclusion. Since reading the *Jungle Book*, I've always wanted to see him in action. There was an electric eel or so, and they reminded me of Coleridge's remarks on "slimy things with legs." On first reading this over, Ye Ed called my attention to the fact that electric eels don't have legs, to which I replied that neither do "slimy things," the poet notwithstanding, and in any case, they didn't "crawl" with them. Besides, lest this objection should occur to others, I didn't say the eels *had* legs, I merely said they reminded me of things that *did*, or, as we have since seen, that didn't. Altogether, a very unattractive collection. The seals were outdoors, much more active and wholesome. They seemed by all means the least bored things in the park, slipping and diving around in their tank. One couldn't see how deep the pool was, which gave the impression of great depth, and one imagined these graceful Alaskans whipping fathoms and fathoms deep, then darting to the surface to emit their throaty and most unmusical bark. This bark is rather a revelation and a disappointment—I suppose because one associates the seal's voice with the "Home Sweet Home" he plays in the circus. One half expects to hear him break into some patriotic or sentimental swan- (or "seal-") song. About now it was their feeding time and a large crowd watched the keeper throw them fish while they undulated across the pool after their dinner.

I found the kangaroos at home in the next tenement, lying half in the sun and half indoors, covered with flies. They were interesting as being representatives of the well-known and justly-famous Marsupialia, but no prize beauties. The eland was frankly ennuié, and strolled into his yard. The ostriches had an unhappy and unshaven look, but walked daintily on two toes, suggesting a tramp with a ΦBK key. Outside, the Elephant's Child was bathing and blowing water through his nose down his throat. I rather wished I were in there with him. The hippo lay completely submerged except for three pairs of warts, nostrils, eyes, and ears, respectively. She sat on the bottom without having to tread water, she could breathe without trying, she didn't have to turn her head to see anything, and she heard everything. What could

be sweeter? I went inside and looked at the other elephant. She seemed hot, and blew dust out of her trunk onto her back, either to keep cool or because there was nothing else to do. That made the air of the cage saturated with dust, and we coughed together. Her skin didn't fit, either. That all reminded me of my own condition, except that my skin fitted too tightly, so I purchased and drank some poisonous nectar entitled "orangeade (guaranteed no artificial coloring)." I felt less hot, but no less dusty, so repeated the process with another. While absorbing this liquid veneer, I noticed an advertisement about "walking a mile." I went to see the Camel, but he was unambitiously squatting in the shade. I had hoped to see him take a drink, but figuratively speaking, he

*" . . . spread his fingers in a line,  
And placed them to his nose.  
Meaning to say that he would do  
Exactly as he chose."*

The fact is, I think they ought to have some kind of sign, like the ones about feeding time, for drinking time. For instance, "Added attraction—This day only—The Asiatic Camel (*camelus asiaticus*) will take his big tri-monthly drink," or merely, "Lions fed, 3 P.M.—Seals fed, 4 P.M.—Camel drinks, January 1st, March 1st, July 4th, and Labor Day." Be that as it may, he wasn't thirsty that day, and I was disappointed. He was a rather ratty old specimen anyway.

The birds made too much noise, oh, lots too much of it. Whyever it may have been that Cowper wrote

*"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau  
If birds confabulate, or no,"*

it wasn't because there wasn't ample opportunity for him to find out for himself at the Philadelphia Zoo. The birds *do* confabulate, and in all the polyglot of which they are capable. I should be painfully inexact, were I to describe all their brilliant plumage and species—my permanent recollection of every bird house is "*omnis divisa in partes tres*", of which the first and most powerful is the heat, that of sunshine pouring diffusely through frosted glass, neither direct beams nor cool shade anywhere, producing a horrible glare and prickling sensation everywhere in the building; secondly, the kaleidoscopic colors of the fluttering birds, and thirdly, the smell, faint because of the size of the building, but none the less potentially offensive. The noise, too, was positively deafening, and my headache felt much encouraged.



Only the Small Mammals remained. Long time I pored over the kangaroo mice's box, tapping the glass top to make them come out, but I suppose they only burrowed deeper into their nests of hay. If you've never read Ernest Thompson Seton's story about the kangaroo mice, do so. I had that pleasure, but when interviewed, the subjects always have retreated into their *sanctissima sanctorum*.

My efforts here producing no fruit, I went home and penned the rather doubtful looking poetry to this essay, of which, I blush to admit, I am prouder than of the rest of the contribution. In writing the account, I seem to have wandered a little from the original task I set for myself, not because I think the cause lost at all, but because I found myself taking more interest in the animals themselves than in their attributes. The tail piece to this is more in the nature of a footnote, trying to squeeze in something at the end that Ye Ed again gently but firmly drew my attention to as having been omitted where it belonged, i.e, in the body of the ms.

*When you go visiting the zoo,  
You see a lot of funny stuff.  
The animals look fierce at you,  
When you go visiting the zoo;  
You're laughing, but they're laughing too,  
You'll see if you watch long enough.  
When you go visiting the zoo,  
You see a lot of funny stuff.*

*Howard Comfort, '24.*



## Chinese Translations

(from Jang Shih Hsii, Han Dynasty)

### I

#### *A Farmer's Autumn Night*

*Cold is the Autumn's wind.  
It freezes the night's dew-drops  
Into the frost of the morning.  
By evening, the willow boughs are stiff  
And the green leaves are yellowed by the cold.*

*The bright moon perches above the hills of cloud.  
My court-yard is a sea of white.  
Even the lark, feeling the wide world calling,  
Sings off into the air.  
I stand alone and watch my empty fields.*

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### II

#### *A Deserted Bride's Autumn Night*

*Not for the need of new garments,  
But waiting all in vain  
For your touch upon the door  
I weave throughout the Autumn night.  
My looking-glass is clouded with dust,  
And the cobwebs droop from the bed posts.  
I sit by the door  
Until the dews dampen the steps.  
How can I stand this loneliness,  
When Autumn goes  
And Winter finds me here?*

S. H. Chang, '25.

## "It Might Have Been"

THE lights were low. Women calmly twirling cigarettes in their fingers; men puffing on big cigars or struggling with dainty knives to invade clumsy lobsters, were all now peering eagerly forward, their eyes, as one eye, following the movements of one person. The music was playing low; it grew gradually louder, then—Crash! The final chord came, the lights blazed on, and Babe LaFollette, whirling around, came to a sudden stop daintily balanced on tiptoe. There was an instant's silence, then the crowd broke out in rapturous applause.

The diminutive dancer, bowing graciously several times, skipped lightly into the wings. The audience echoed their applause, calling persistently for an encore.

"You've got 'em yellin' again, Baby," laughed Bull Stephen, the stage manager, coming into the wings where Babe LaFollette stood rocking back and forth with her hands on her hips to get her breath. "They're howling for you again, kiddo. Goin' out?"

"No, hell with them!" responded Babe between deep breaths, "I'm through encoring night after night and drawing no raise. Got a cigarette?"

Stephen offered her his pack from which she drew two cigarettes.

"I'm all out in my room," she explained. "And one smoke never holds me while I dress. Light?" she added, and Bull lighted her cigarette for her.

The applause outside gradually died down when it got no response from Babe. Stephen, hopeless of sending the star again behind the footlights that night, called for the next number.

"Little devil!" he muttered, staring after the retreating bare back of Babe LaFollette, who was moving towards her dressing room, "I'd fire you, not raise you; if I dared!"

This was not the first time that Bull Stephen had let the word "devil" escape his lips in reference to his sensational dancing star. And Bull was not the only one who had that opinion of Babe LaFollette. Idolized and worshipped by those across the foot-lights, she was equally despised and hated by many with whom she brushed shoulders behind the scenes. And why? Success, money, men; yes scores of men, had turned her head.

But first had come a life of smoking and drinking at college, followed by a complete exposition and expulsion and the telegram, "I disown you, Father."

Baumstien's Beauties, with which Babe had started her theatrical career, were not long able to hold so determined and brilliant a girl. For Babe was brilliant. And she was beautiful. Broadway had soon

called her, and she then became a dancer on the Roden Roof. She had kept on rising, till now the lights on the roof blazed forth her name: "The Midnight Whirl with Babe LaFollette."

With each rise Babe had become more hardened, more irritable, more self-centered. She was Babe LaFollette, and everyone should know it. Over the foot-lights she appeared as sweet and pure as a white lily, but behind the stage she pricked everyone like a thorn. Bull Stephen would long ago have been glad to be rid of her but he knew that *she* was his show, and dared not.

Among Babe's many admirers, and one of the wealthiest, was William Hartley, one of the New York rich men's sons who find they have more money than is good for them while at college. He was tall and fascinating, and, when slightly under the influence of liquor, spent money by the handful; Babe rather enjoyed his company. On the night on which this story begins, when Babe dashed into her dressing-room after refusing to encore her dance, she found Bill awaiting her.

"Well, Bill, who let you in here?" she asked gaily, throwing her cigarette stump on the floor.

"Oh, a few dirty dollars'll get a person most any place," responded her guest. Bill seemed very much at ease; he was smoking, and his hat and gloves were deposited on Babe's dressing table as if he had come to stay. "I've a little business with you tonight, Babe," he went on.

Babe closed the door and sat down to listen to Hartley's little business. The latter started mapping out for her a plan that he and some of his college chums had worked up. Out at Cornwall College, he explained, there was a certain student, Reginald Turner, who had been dubbed by all the other students, "Plato". Reginald was a Senior in the Theological School, a great Divinity student, and a marvel at every phase of Philosophy. In a few weeks he would be graduated with the highest honors ever taken at Cornwall, yet Reginald Turner had never been out with a girl. Try hard as they did, the fellows had been unable to persuade him to attend any of the social functions of the college.

"He's no Adonis for looks, Baby, but he's a good enough sport," Bill explained. "And we boys want to give him one rousing good night before he graduates. Just to acquaint him with the world."

"Fine enough, Bill, old dear, but where do I come in?" asked Babe, lighting another cigarette. "Do I help in his education?"

"That's just it, Babe, kiddo. I told him I had a student from Columbia down here who wanted a whole evening's coaching on a theology thesis. Told him the person was studying for the mission fields and he is interested. Luckily he didn't ask as to the sex of the student, but said he'd be in his room all Sunday evening and would do



the coaching, I told him I'd send the student up. Babe, I want you to be the student."

"Oh, Bill," broke in Babe. "The sensational LaFollette a student of Theology! Ha Ha Ha!"

"Well, are you game? You can be as sweet as candy when you're acting, and Reggie'll never know the difference. We want you to go as the student, but on your arrival we want you to vamp the daylights out of old Plates. Make him see green."

"How much is the little event worth?"

"One hundred dollars for the night."

"Cash in advance?"

"A check at once. I'm no cheap sport."

"Oh I know you're not, you old dear. Neither is Babe LaFollette; she'll do her part to give old Plato a wild night before he graduates. Have a little drink before you go, chappie?"

"The real stuff?"

"Sure, trust Babe for that," she added with a wink. "I wormed two quarts of Gotham's best out of old bald-headed Clanton last night. Looks good, eh?"

"Best I've seen in an age."

Babe poured out two glasses and offered one to her guest, who accepted graciously.

"Here's to a romance for old Plato," Bill said as he raised his glass to his lips.

"May his Theology stand him well in his hour of need," added Babe as they drank.

Hartley explained to Babe when and where she was to go, and emphasized that she was to "get in".

"Trust Babe," the actress interrupted confidently. "She'll get in and stay in, till she's ready to go."

"That's the spirit. Give me a little kiss before I go, Baby?" he entreated, trying to draw Babe up to him. She got behind the door, however, and shoved him out.

"Not tonight, you bad boy," she replied. "I must save my kisses for Plato now."

On Sunday night, in his small room out at Cornwall College, Reginald Turner calmly awaited the student he was to coach. Reginald was indeed a unique person. Tall and slender, with large tortoise-shell glasses and his sleek black hair pushed straight back over his head, he was a man of another world—a book world. It was often said by other students that a Winter Garden chorus could not lift his eyes from his books.

Suddenly there was a knock on his door and he called out for the person to enter. Babe LaFollette walked in. She was dressed in a sport suit, and unpowdered and unpainted as she was, she would hardly have been recognized as the dancing sensation of the Midnight Whirl. She carried a note-book in her hand. "Mr. Reginald Turner?" she asked, meekly.

Reggie rose, looked at his visitor, then looked again. No young girl had ever come to his room before. He wondered what this one could want. Babe had to repeat her question before he could collect himself to answer.

"Why—y-es," answered the astounded Reggie. "That's me, or rather—I. Please excuse the grammar, Miss, Miss,—"

"Oh certainly," broke in Babe in a charming voice. She was acting well and was thoroughly enjoying herself. "My name is Vivie; Vivie Ansbury-Hilton, Mr. Turner."

Reggie gulped.

"You were expecting me?" queried Babe.

"Not—exactly," stumbled out Reggie. "A—a—"

"Why the Theology lessons, you promised them."

Reggie almost lost his balance when he realized the worst. So this was the pupil that Bill Hartley had sent to him. It was a trick! He resolved not to be trapped. He started to tell the girl so, but the sincere look in Babe's eyes checked him. Why shouldn't a girl need coaching, he asked himself.

"Why yes, Miss—Miss Ansbury-Hilton, of course," he finally said.

"Oh start right off and call me Vivie," laughed Babe, surprising Reggie by the sudden familiarity of her manner. "If you're going to teach me Theology, please don't bore me with that last name of mine at the same time."

Babe sat down in a chair facing Reggie. She pulled the chair up close to his, till she could look right up into his eyes. Then she started telling him about herself. She painted a lovely character of Vivie Ansbury-Hilton for Reggie's benefit. She told him that she was a student at Columbia University and that she intended studying for the mission fields. She was now studying the teachings of Jesus in relation to the social problems she would encounter, and she needed some help in composing a long final thesis on the subject. Babe smiled to herself as she watched him taking it all in. "I'll land him," she told herself, picturing this tall man on his knees before her.

Reggie never for a moment doubted a word that his charming little visitor spoke. She fascinated him, sitting there under his eyes, looking into them. What a noble character, he thought, to be devoting her life to the carrying of the word of God to the heathen. Babe talked

to him convincingly about the missions; her mother back home had been the church's mouth-piece through which the missions called, and she had hoped that some day her Babe would be a missionary. Her Babe had had other ideas, however, and her Babe had been so fed up with missions and a superficial-forced-upon-one-religion that off alone at college in New York she had gone exactly in the other direction, completely wrong. But Babe had not lost her ability to discuss missions and religion, in a superficial manner to be sure, but she put it over in fine style to poor bewildered Reggie.

"Now that you know about me, let's start," Babe concluded, and she drew her chair a little closer to his. They were almost touching each other now. Reggie adjusted his glasses and opened his dog-eared text-books. They seemed to drag his mind back from the pretty figure before him to the realities of his task, Theology. With heart and soul he set himself to give this girl the very essence of the teachings of Christ; his language flowed smoothly, it carried conviction, it was almost musical, Babe thought.

Babe wondered what to do. She had had no idea that a man would ever get so far as to actually begin to teach her philosophy. She had expected to be on his lap before she had been in his room ten minutes. Yet there was something in his manner that seemed to check her every time she prepared to take an action that would reveal to Reggie the real purpose of her call. She decided to use her eyes. She would look into his till he forgot his flowery words and fell at her feet. She tried.

Reggie's eyes met hers, they pierced them. They stared at one another, but Reggie did not hesitate; he seemed glad to be able to use his eyes as well as his voice to drive home his thoughts. While their eyes met, he delved deeper into his truths.

"Jesus considered man body and soul, flesh and spirit, an incarnate soul or life. He considered the soul worth more than the body, for the body is destructable, but the soul may be saved," said Reggie slowly, not once taking his eyes from those of the girl before him. Babe felt herself unable to look away from his eyes; they had power, they spoke truth, and they seemed to look into her life. His eyes made her feel ashamed; ashamed for the first time she could remember, and ashamed of her business there. She tried to throw the feeling off, but she could not. She felt she must say something.

"The soul may—be saved?" she asked, almost overcome with a sudden feeling of the utter depravity of her own poor soul.

"Yes," answered Reggie, "but the soul may also be morally lost."

"Lost—lost," she sighed. "Lost through the sins of our bodies."

"Yes, humanity in its unit is a union," emphasized Reggie. "We have our bodies and we have our souls, but they cannot live separate



lives. It is only in the world beyond that our souls can reach out from our bodies and enjoy the greater life to come."

Thus Reggie went on, delving deeper at every spoken word into the immortal words of Jesus, and bringing them up before her in a new and entrancing light. Babe could not speak, she felt paralyzed; something was gripping her, pinning her to her chair, glueing her eyes to those of her teacher. She knew she was failing. What a different night she had expected, and yet here she was sitting in rapture while he talked to her; it was preposterous! What bosh he talked, she tried to tell herself; but still she listened, overpowered by his force. He started to tell her of sin (Did he know, flashed across her frantic mind, to what a sinner he was talking, and of the effect that his words were producing in his listener?) She prayed, she knew not why, but she prayed that he did not.

"And Paul, who had been a sinner, spoke thus of sin," went on Reggie. "He said that sin cannot be treated as though it didn't matter. Mere *forgiveness* of sin won't do, the very nature of sin forbids that. Love that does not care for sin is not a deep true love. Something must come, as it did to Paul, to make the sinner forever abhor his sin. He must also have something come into his life to make him have the positive passion for righteousness and holiness of life."

"Yes, yes, go on," sobbed Babe, as Reggie paused. She was weeping. Reggie's words were bringing to Babe LaFollette a deep crying out of her very soul against the blackness of her past life. Each word he spoke seemed, like a sharp knife, to cut a gash into her hardened heart and lay bare that awful self that hid beneath. But yet Babe cried for more. Reggie, bewildered, went on.

"What is there that will make man abhor this sin and obtain this holiness?" he asked rhetorically. "Paul says that the great dynamic operative power of the death of Christ, the Cross, is the answer. Paul finds the answer in this because it is a fresh revelation of the nature of God. He has discovered in the Cross what sin costs God."

Babe could control herself no longer; like a mirage, her past life was flashing through her mind, and it seemed to run blind-headed against a stone wall, and to shatter forever.

"If you only knew what all this means to me," she sobbed. Reggie went on, wondering more and more at this unusual scene.

"In the Cross of Christ we see God suffering. In the Cross of Christ God's love breaks through; it reveals to us a double truth, how infinitely God loves us, and the awfulness of sin. And Paul sums all this up in one word—Grace, the unmerited and uncalculating love of God, bursting out not only in forgiveness but in abhorrence of Sin. Grace is the moral energy of the universe."



The little clock on the mantel-piece struck twelve. Reggie started. "I did not know it was so late," he said.

"Nor I," said Babe, recovering herself as best she could. "I must go." Babe put on her hat, collected her papers, and prepared to leave.

"Thank you so much,—Mr. Turner," she managed to say, her voice still quivering. "And might I have another lesson, soon?"

"Gladly. When?"

"Tomorrow afternoon?"

Reggie was surprised but willingly gave his consent. He, too, was deeply moved by the evening they had spent together. There was some great force in this girl that made him also eager for another lesson.

"Good-bye," he said, taking her hand warmly in his. "Good-bye,—Vivie."

Good-bye—Reggie," responded Babe, and then she seemed to break down again. "May I say something to you?" she asked, sobbing.

"Yes, what is it?" Reggie was interested, almost fearful.

"I feel, I feel," she whispered, her voice choking with deep emotion, "I feel as though I too had been—crucified, tonight!" She went out.

A cab which William Hartley had provided awaited her two blocks from Turner's boarding house, and it was soon whirling her back towards New York. Babe's nerves were tingling; she could not quiet herself, and instinctively she felt in her bag for a cigarette. She took one out, lighted it, took one puff; and then dashed it out of the window in disgust. Her whole pack soon followed that one cigarette into the street. What would he think if he saw her smoke?

Babe reached her little apartment and entered. A familiar voice greeted her, and caused her to tremble.

"Damn fine, Baby, damn nice, stayed till midnight, eh kiddo?" Hartley had come to her room to hear the results of her little game.

"Yes, I did stay till midnight," answered Babe slowly, and then she broke out in a loud, shrill voice, "But I'd like to know what you're doing in my room at midnight?"

Hartley was stunned by this difference from Babe's usual manner. But he had dropped in at midnight before, and he had always been cordially received, so he didn't take her very seriously.

"Oh I thought you might be glad to see me and tell me all about old Plato," he said laughingly. "How'd it go?"

Babe was silent for a moment, and then she reached into her bag and drew out the one hundred dollar check.

"I found Mr. Turner a more difficult proposition than I had expected," she said, "so I don't believe I earned this money." Babe handed the check to Bill, who accepted it bewilderedly. She then opened the door and pointed towards the hall.

"Good-night, Mr. Hartley," she said calmly. "And please never come to my rooms again!"

William Hartley simply couldn't understand it at all, but stumbled out of the room, speechless. Babe slammed the door after him, and then sank down on her bed.

"One thing off my mind," she moaned to herself. "One out of—God only knows my sins. He's suffered for them."

A week passed by. Babe met Reggie every afternoon; the Theology lessons lasted until Monday, from then on they met as friends, but they still discussed Theology.

Babe was living a life of joy and a life of hell. Every afternoon she was Vivie, strolling about in this new world she had found, a world she might always have known had she not tried that first cigarette at college four years ago. And then every night she would hurry back to New York, and there again she would be Babe LaFollette, the dancer.

Reggie, starting out in the name of his Theology to help a worthy student, had become awakened to a new side of life which he had never known before. He had never really known any girl; and now he thought he really knew Vivie. Each moment spent with her was a moment worth a year of his past life. This past life, those hours spent on lifeless books, even his well planned career of the pulpit, all seemed empty and uninteresting to him now. A shade that for all past time had barred one window to his soul had suddenly been lifted; and the light of life streamed in. For him all was changed; his life was wound around one strand—Vivie.

On Sunday night of that glorious week, Reggie, as he had done on every former night, asked Babe to remain with him for dinner and the evening; and for the first time Babe was able to accept. What a joy it was to her, to be able to stay, instead of returning to that old shell of her former existence, that veritable hell, that called her to itself each night during the week.

"Oh, Reggie, for the first time in my life I've really lived since I've met you," Babe broke out suddenly as they wandered along a tiny stream in the moonlight.

"Oh Viv!" he exclaimed, "Lived! I've been re-born since I met you! I never lived before. These days have been all my life to me."

How Babe loved those words; yet how her heart cried out to her to stop this man, before she dared let *him* speak love to *her*. His, she knew, was true love; she was a sinner, and love that took no notice of sin was not a true love, he had told her on that very first night. She felt that her soul was purged, purged clean as ever the Word of God had

cleansed a soul, but her body—Ugh! She was not worth the sand beneath his feet, she could not let him love her!

Reggie drew Babe closer to him. Babe trembled; she knew what was coming.

"I must leave you — for tonight," she said, sobbing, and she broke from his clutch and disappeared in the night. Reggie stood motionless.

Late that night a worn, distressed, even frantic individual crept into the bed usually occupied by a very calm and unemotional Reginald Turner. He tossed about on his pillow all night, turning over and over in his mind the strange act of this girl who had lighted a blaze of joy for a while in his lonely heart, and then, like a flash, had faded from him in the darkness. What could she mean? Reggie had solved many problems, but he despaired of this. They had grown to be so much to each other, she had answered every call of his soul, and now, when he was about to ask her to answer the call of his body—Reggie sat up in bed with a jump!

A full realization of everything came upon him, and flooded his brain; his new and impassioned self struggled to swim and live, but it was drowned. The old Reggie had returned. Now that he thought clearly, now that he realized what he had been doing, he understood the action which Vivie had taken. His face burned with shame, although there was no one to see it. He had betrayed, though unintentionally, the implicit faith which Vivie had placed in him as a teacher and a friend. Now he could see everything, and he became afraid. Not only had he himself been slipping from the paths of virtue but he had been endangering the goodness and purity of this saintly girl who was devoting her life to Christ. How repulsive he must have been to her the moment he lost control of that depraved side of man's nature and allowed it to surge up in his consciousness and drive out his finer life, his soul. To him there was no such thing as the marvelous union of the bodily desires with the enrichment of the soul. For him the one was base; the other was beautiful. Deliberately and coolly Reggie decided the course he must follow to end forever this curse which had come on his life, and with which he had been threatening one even purer and more beautiful than himself. He must leave Vivie forever.

Reggie met Babe at their appointed meeting place the next day.

"I have come to say good-bye, Vivie," said Reggie trembling. "I am leaving for the mission fields tomorrow."

Babe's heart thumped rapidly. She was taken completely off her feet, bewildered, stung, cut!

"I have enjoyed helping you in your work," he went on.

Babe recovered herself enough to ask one question, daring as it was, "Were you ever—in love with me?"

Reggie gulped hard. Now was the big moment, the final test for him. He could scarcely trust his tongue, but driven on by what he considered his duty to Vivie, he answered, "No."

Tears rushed to Babe's eyes. She turned about, and without another word left Reggie. They never met again. And that last word which Reggie spoke shattered forever the ideal man which had been formed in Babe LaFollette's mind. And with the death of the ideal man came the death of all his ideals.

Reginald Turner went off on his great work in the foreign fields for Christ, confident that he had sacrificed himself for his love.

Babe LaFollette, returning to dance again on the Roden Roof, found herself once more caught in the current of sin, and justified herself in the fact that she had tried out true love and God and had found them in the end to be empty of the riches which they claimed.

"Who'll swap a cigarette for a kiss, in this crowd?" And William Hartley was glad to oblige her.

*F. C. Morss, Jr., '23.*

---

## *Prayer to Life*

*Take my youth hour by hour,  
Take hope, and strength, and will;  
But leave to me the power  
To laugh at myself still.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*





# Daughters of Fire—Gerard de Nerval

*Translated by James Whitall (1910)*

HOW fortunate we, to have such a capable translator as an alumnus! In translating Gerard de Nerval's *Les Filles du Feu* Mr. Whitall has given us a gem of lasting brilliancy; for him the task of translation, far from being the disagreeable, burdensome labor it is for most persons, has assumed the proper proportions of a true art, which, in turn has resulted in a conscious labor of love to reproduce sympathetically, and at the same time accurately, the style and *façon de raisonnement* of the author. That he has succeeded in his praiseworthy effort is clearly evident after a reading of his work.

The three tales—*Sylvie*, *Emilie*, and *Octavie*—with which he regales us occupy only a hundred odd pages of a pocket size volume, but in these few pages are pictured with remarkable fidelity the incoherent, love-crazed ravings of the mad-man, Gerard, whose body was found one morning suspended from an iron railing in the *rue de la Vieille Lantern*.

*Sylvie*, the longest story of the three, and in large part autobiographical, is inspired not as one would at first suppose by *Sylvie*, but by Adrienne whom Gerard met while attending a village frolic in company with *Sylvie*, a meeting which he describes in the following manner: "I saw a tall and beautiful light-haired girl in the ring where we were dancing, one whom they called Adrienne. All at once, by the rules of the dance, we found ourselves alone in the middle of the ring. We were of the same height; we were told to kiss each other, and the dancing and singing became livelier than ever. I pressed her hand when I kissed her, and I felt the light touch of long golden ringlets upon my cheeks. From that moment a strange uneasiness took possession of me." This uneasiness soon became metamorphosed into a remembrance of Adrienne, whom he never saw again, as "a flower of the night that opened to the pale moon, a youthful apparition, half bathed in mist, gliding across the grass." Whatever he did, wherever he went, whomever he met, Adrienne was never forgotten, although she entered a convent at a tender age. In later years he became enamoured of a Parisian actress whom he fantastically imagined was his Adrienne; a love over which he meditated in characteristic fashion thus: "To love a nun in the guise of an actress! And what if they were one and the same! That possibility leads to madness, but it is an inevitable impulse—the unknown beckons like the will-o'-the-wisp fading through the rushes in a pool." It remained for *Sylvie* to disillusion the stricken Gerard. He says in concluding his narrative "I forgot to say that I took *Sylvie* to the per-

formance at Dammartin, and asked her whether she thought Aurelia resembled some one she knew.

“ ‘Whom do you mean?’

“ ‘Don’t you remember Adrienne?’

“ ‘What an idea!’ she exclaimed and burst out laughing, but then, as if in self-reproach, she sighed and said, ‘Poor Adrienne, she died at the Convent of Saint S—about 1832.’ ”

In *Emilie* we have recounted the mental struggle between love and duty—a theme eminently French in its nature. Convention is thrown to the four winds as we can readily see in the description of the meeting of Lieutenant Desroches, a convalescent, with Emilie, destined to be his future wife:

“In the early days of June, the heat was intense; Desroches had chosen a bench, well in the shade, and it happened one day that two women came and sat beside him. He greeted them quietly and continued his contemplation of the surrounding country, but his appearance was so interesting that they could not help plying him with sympathetic questions.

“One of the two was advanced in years, and proved to be the aunt of the other, whose name was Emilie . . . .

“The next day found the bench similarly occupied, and by the end of the week the three were fast friends.”

Before long Desroches and Emilie were betrothed and the wedding day agreed upon. On the last night of his bachelorhood Desroches attended a dinner given by his fellow officers and in the course of the conversation, exclaimed:

“...just as one never forgets the last look of an adversary one has killed in a duel, his death rattle, or the sound of his fall, so am I filled with remorse—laugh at me for it, if you will—by the everpresent vision of the Prussian sergeant I killed in the little powder magazine of this fort.”

After the wedding the dénouement proceeds rapidly. The Prussian sergeant turns out to have been no other than the father of Emilie and of her brother Wilhelm, who, half crazed with the sudden revelation, makes a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to slay Desroches, himself almost driven to madness. However, Desroches nobly declares,

“I will never see her (Emilie) again, and I know what I must do to give her back her freedom.”

He was a man of his word and did not shrink from what he conceived to be his duty.

“In about a month we received the news of his heroic death; whatever may have been the mad impulse that sent him into the thick of

the fighting, one felt that his bravery had been a splendid example to the whole battalion, which had sustained heavy losses in the first charge."

In *Octavie* there is a change from the gripping, sinister drama of *Emilie* to the comparatively calm, smooth flow of word music which we met in *Sylvie*. Here, again, we have a word symphony about which hovers a sad beauty, a love doomed to disappointment; a representation of the feeling of utter despair which Gerard frequently experienced, for *Octavie* is, like *Sylvie*, largely autobiographical. Octavie herself is merely the *point de depart* for the expression of his emotions. We hear him crying:

"To die! Good God! Why does this idea present itself at every turn, as though death were as much to be desired as the happiness you promise me. . . .

"Oh, God! what misery it was, what torture to know that one was not loved. But grant that I may acquire the resolution by which some gain Power, others Fame, and yet others Love."

Of Octavie we hear that "she was married to a famous painter, who had been stricken with total paralysis soon after the wedding. The poor girl's existence was entirely devoted to the care of her husband and her father, but all her sweetness and candor had not calmed the sick man's morbid jealousy, and nothing would induce him to allow her any freedom." This state of affairs touched Gerard's springs of pity and he sighs:

"Ah, the mystery of human life! That one should find here the cruel traces of the vengeance of the gods!"

How thoroughly the translator has caught the moods of his author and how well he has portrayed them to us may be seen, it is hoped, from the foregoing passages. It is an accomplishment of no mean worth to carry the imagery and cadence of one language into another and still retain the tonal purity of the original tongue; an effect which Mr. Whitall has been remarkably successful in securing.

G. R. Grimes, '23.



# Alumni Notes

1899

Frank Keller Walter, librarian for the University of Minnesota, writes in the October number of *Public Libraries* an article on "The Cataloguing Situation".

1907

Jose Padin has translated the "Merchant of Venice" into Spanish during the past year for a series of text-books published by D. C. Heath & Co. Mr. Padin is permanently with D. C. Heath.

1900

Walter Swain Hinchman, who was formerly prominent in the New England Teachers' Association, has an article on "Private Schools" in the *Independent* for August 19th.

1910

The October *Contemporary Verse* contains two more poems by John French Wilson: "At Grandfather's" and "Victory".

Christopher Morley writes a little essay in the *Literary Digest* of September 30th entitled "Suitable Honors for the Unknown Citizens".

1902

Dr. R. M. Gummere's recent book on "Seneca" is receiving favorable criticism abroad as is evinced by a three column review of it which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 23rd. The reviewer is J. St. Loe Strachey, a prominent British critic.

1918

J. G. S. LeClerq, under the pseudonym of Paul Tanaquil, has a poem, "Pedant", in the October number of *Bookman*.



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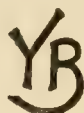
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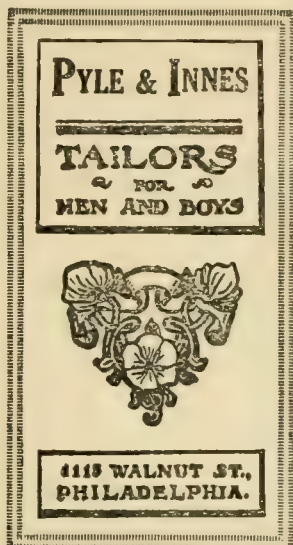
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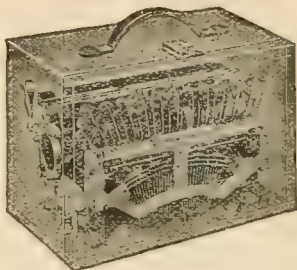
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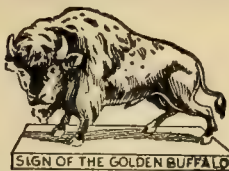
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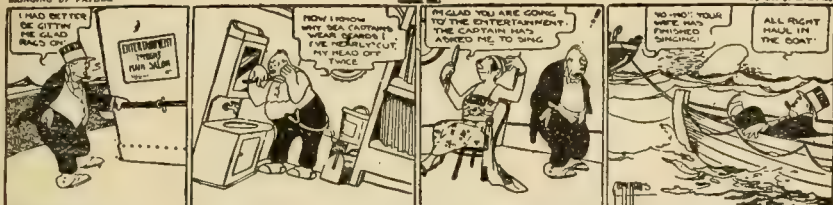
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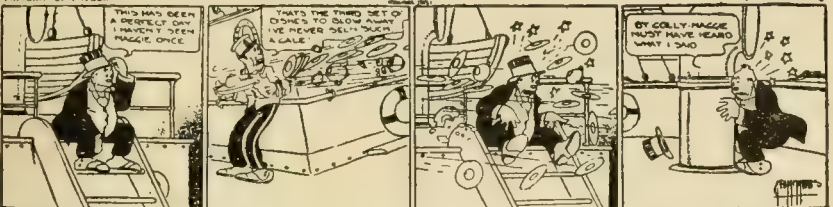
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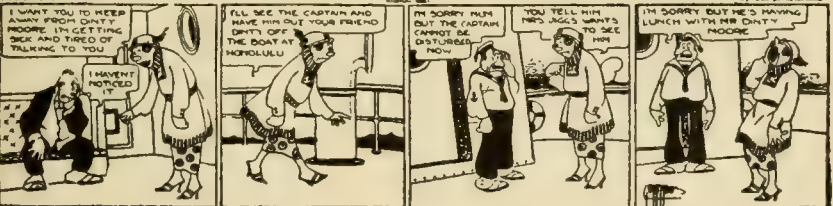
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HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1923

No. 5

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# The Dragon's Waterloo

THE great rain dragon stretched himself out upon a cloud bank. He had chosen this especial cloud bank because it had looked comfortable. A high rolling mass formed his pillow, and the soft undulating billows perfectly fitted his mighty shape—that long, slim shape of his, of blue, with beautiful blotches of purple and gold, that he was so proud of. The great rain dragon stretched himself out upon the cloud bank and sipped a mint julep. He was enjoying it immensely. At least, he was supposed to enjoy it. To be sure it was composed of nothing but raindrops—that was all a rain dragon could possess, anyway, but, then, they were the best raindrops to be selected from his whole store, and they had been perfectly distilled in the most modern and up-to-date distilling apparatus that Heaven could boast. Of course it made a poor mint julep, but a rain dragon is expected to have a vivid imagination.

The great rain dragon, although stretched upon the cloud bank of his choice and sipping a most marvellous mint julep, did not feel altogether happy. He was restless, a little nervous, and completely out of temper. He didn't understand why he should be unhappy. Everything was going along perfectly, but the—ten thousand little curses!—that was the trouble. Everything was going along too perfectly. There hadn't been any excitement in Heaven for ages. The rain factory was running perfectly—had been for a couple of centuries. The force pumps which drew the water up from the ocean were working like a dream—not a leak in the piping, not a clog in the sprinkling system, even the wind maker had resolutely refused to strangle as he had been accustomed to do on certain former occasions. Why, the very factory hands seemed satisfied after they had received that raise in wage, and were giving no threats of a strike. Truly life was a weary thing. He looked at his great sprawly, pudgy toes—four on each foot—and felt proud of his attainment. He remembered the time when he had had but three toes, and how the decree had come down from Heaven that he might grow a fourth. Some day, if he were very pleasing to the gods, he might attain that much coveted fifth toe.

His attendant, a little weazened dragon with but three toes on each foot, came to him with a refill of mint julep.

"Will you have ice in this one, sir?"

"No! I'm sick of the whole stuff. Take it away. It tastes flat. I believe my imagination's going back on me, too. Damn it, Ming, why don't you stir up some excitement around here? You know I believe I've been getting at least twelve hours' sleep every night."

Ming trembled in awe. The master was not often this way.

"But things have been very comfortable for the last two hundred years, sir."

"That's just the trouble. I want to see something happen—flood or a cloudburst, anything. The gods haven't ordered a cloudburst for fifteen generations. And, shades of Confucius, you know I can't give the earth any more rain than the gods order. Tell me something to do, Ming, something that will distract me."

Ming got an inspiration. "They tell me, sir, that the men on earth are very interesting. The third distiller's assistant, who came up from there recently, says that a great fortune teller has appeared, and that he is creating quite a sensation. You might investigate it, sir."

"Just the thing, just the thing. Why didn't I think of that before? It's funny that, after raining on them for so long, I never felt enough interest in men to go down and take a look at them. A fortune teller, too! He might be worth playing with. Thanks for the suggestion, Ming. For that I'll recommend you to the gods for a fourth toe."

So it was that the great rain dragon changed himself into a human for a day and visited the men of earth. As he entered the city he felt a little uneasy even for a rain dragon. He did not know what his human appearance was like. He felt a little awkward walking on his hind legs. Besides, his front feet, which had been changed into hands, still possessed but four toes—or fingers as they now were. And he found difficulty in concealing the fact. He tried to hide his hands in his long sleeves. But as he walked along the main thoroughfare, and no one approached him or looked askance at him, he felt more certain that his appearance was not altogether peculiar. He even had the courage to look about the place for anything unusual that might catch his eye, but everything was so unusual that nothing caught his eye. It all seemed a grand jumble. Ah! here was one thing which looked familiar. The humans were drawing water with a bucket on the end of a rope from a deep hole in the ground and were carrying it away in buckets on their backs. The simpletons! Why didn't they use a good up-to-date hydraulic pump, and run the water off in a six inch pipe? But then this method was at least novel. It might cause a little excitement if he installed buckets and ropes in his rain factory. The factory hands might even find something to strike about. He made a mental note to try it as soon as he returned to the clouds.

As he walked along, he saw a great crowd congregated in the market place, and as he edged in among the people—he had gained enough courage not to be afraid of a crowd—he found that they were surrounding a learned man who seemed to be discoursing in the center. He edged farther and farther in, pushing his shoulder against all kinds of obstructing masses, climbing over them, crawling under them. He felt a great

desire to see what was going on.

"Get in line." Somebody yelled and he found himself caught and dragged to the end of a seemingly infinite line of humans.

Such insolence from mere humans. He had half a mind to transform himself back into a dragon and consume the whole filthy crew. But then he realized that would be too commonplace, too much like the routine of his life. Besides that, he was interested in the fortune teller. The great line moved slowly as each man passed the fortune teller's table and stool, and received his reading. Some went away happy, some sad, but all a trifle poorer than when they had approached. To be sure most of them were happy, for the fortune teller took pains to look after the continuance of his trade. At last it came the rain dragon's turn, and he approached the old fellow with the most dignified gait he could assume and gave him a superb bow when he came in front of him.

"Pardon me, old man, but I am a farmer and—" The old man eyed him up and down in a most suspicious manner. A feeling of uneasiness entered his spirit. Could it be that the fortune teller did not believe him? Possibly farmers did not wear silks and make superb bows. "But I am a f—f—farmer and I am planning to sow my crops tomorrow. I fear that it will rain—an occurrence for which I have no desire. Tell me, please, what the great book says concerning rain on the morrow."

The old man put on a much battered pair of tortoise shell spectacles and peered over the pages of an immense book. He thumbed them slowly and used his index finger to follow the characters closely. At last he seemed to come to the right section, for he squinted his eyes and almost bent double over the page. Then, turning to the dragon, he assumed a sorrowful countenance.

"I am sorry," he said. "The great book states that it shall rain tomorrow, but—" and his face brightened—"it will not be a very heavy rain. The record says that there shall be merely three billion, five hundred and sixty-eight million, three hundred and forty-two thousand, three hundred and four drops. I am sure that that will be merely a shower."

The rain dragon laughed inwardly and said, "Thank you."

"Oh, by the way," cried the fortune teller. "That makes the account to my credit one thousand five hundred cash. I should like that settled now, if you please."

The rain dragon was so pleased at his superior knowledge that he did not hesitate to hand out two thousand cash with the remark "Keep the change."

When he was far enough away from the fortune teller, he broke



into a loud laugh. He fairly roared with laughter—so much so that the pedestrians stopped to look and wonder. Surely, this was the best joke he had enjoyed for a good many generations. Here was a poor human who said that he could prophesy rain, when he, himself, was the only one who could govern the rain. What if he should choose to rain a number of drops different from the fortune teller's count? He laughed again. Then he noticed the crowd and felt embarrassed. He felt it incumbent to vanish on the spot, much to the amazement of the passersby, who all stood about with their mouths open for a whole hour. Then, since nothing appeared, they all closed their mouths and went home for supper, not much disconcerted.

When the rain dragon reached his cloud he found an official telegram waiting for him. It was from the master god of Heaven, and it called upon him to shower upon the earth, the next morning, exactly three billion, five hundred and sixty-eight million, three hundred and forty-two thousand, three hundred and four drops of water, grade B, distilled. The dragon's mouth dropped. So the fortune teller was right after all. The gods had ordered it. But then—and his face brightened—who in Heaven would ever think of counting the exact number of drops? He would change the number. To be sure he had never tried to disobey orders before, but there must be a beginning to all things. Yes, he would risk it. It would be a great deal of fun to fool the fortune teller.

That evening he set the drop meter to exactly three drops less than the number called for. He also set the time clock for five o'clock in the morning. Then he went to bed and slept peacefully, except for the fact that he was bothered a little by an irritated scale on the back of his neck. The next morning he awoke to the sound of the rain machine blowing off. The shower was over. He dressed and went down to earth again in human form. The whole country seemed refreshed and green by the early morning rain. He laughed at the thought of what he was going to say to the fortune teller—this time, however, he laughed up his flowing sleeve, for he had no desire to attract a crowd.

When he approached the fortune teller's booth, he found the old man just opening up shop. He came up and made another superb bow.

"Good morning, old prophet."

The "old prophet" looked up and, seeing who it was, burst forth into a filthy smile with the remembrance of the "keep the change" fresh in his mind.

"You remember," the dragon continued, "that you told me how many drops of rain would fall this morning. Well, I, having nothing better to do, sat out in my field this morning and counted the drops, and I make the count just three less than you prophesied. Could you possibly be wrong, venerable sir?"



"Impossible, impossible!" and the old man bristled up. "I must look at my books immediately." He started pawing about, in a great fuss. At last he came to the section, and his face contracted into a thousand little wrinkles. He adjusted his spectacles. Then his eye caught something at the foot of the page, and he smiled.

"Ah! how stupid of me! Here is a footnote I overlooked last night. It states that the rain dragon will, through insubordination, fail to rain the last three drops, and, for that, the master god of the Heavens will decree his immediate execution. One thousand five hundred cash, please."

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

### *He Preached*

*Descended from stock of the Norsemen  
He loved the old sea-track.  
His forefathers all had been Vikings;  
They had roamed through the world and back.  
And their hardiness filled his sinews;  
Their loyalty stirred his blood;  
But he bent not his power to destruction:  
His desire was mankind's good.*

*Having loved the deeds of his fathers  
And studied the Norsemen's lore  
He recounted their might to his children;  
His firstborn son he named Thor.  
Did he follow their path to the ocean?  
He lived many miles from the sea.  
As a simple village preacher  
He inspired men with what they could be.*

*When he rose for a sermon  
The Storms were his Demons of Ire.  
And he showed why the fisherman's gifts  
Were those that the Lord might desire.  
Their courage and their loyalty  
Were in the Disciples then:  
The "Deserted Village" parson  
He took for his aim among men.*

J. F. Blair, '24.

# The Labyrinth

“NO, no, no, it can’t be true, it isn’t true! How can I be your wife when I’m married to another? Oh what does it all mean? Where am I, where am I? Who are you to call yourself Robert Forster? Why, you’re Harris Carews whom I used to know! You are Harris Carews, aren’t you?” The woman sat on the cabin lounge, every expression of distraction and despair written on her face.

“Carol, don’t you believe me? Don’t you trust me? It’s all a horrible dream. You must know that it is a horrible dream. I am Robert Forster, your own, real husband, and everything else is all a terrible mistake. You never had any other husband, and there never was such a person as Harris Carews!”

“But what of John, what of John Walters whom I married? Where is he? We lived in New York. Oh I did live in New York, didn’t I? Tell me, tell me the truth!” She had sprung to her feet and, hysterical with despair and the horror of her astounding situation, beat on the cabin door. It was locked. With a wild gesture, she rushed to the port-hole—nothing but the white deck of the liner and a boundless heave of ocean to the sky.

“Carol!” The man spoke the name as a command and she turned to face him, grasping the table for support. “Sit down and listen to me. Sit down, I say, on that chair over there!” There was a masterful ring of determination in his voice which she obeyed.

“For over four years, you have been unconscious to yourself. For four years, you have been living another life which was the figment of a disrupted brain. No, not a word! I shall do the talking now. During that time, everybody was as somebody else to you. I, your husband, Robert Forster, you called Harris Carews, some unknown person. Your attending physician, you said, was John Walters, to whom you thought you were married. All the associations which these imaginary creations give you are mere figments. Now, thank God, you are coming back to me again, and we’re going away from all the hateful scenes of these horrible memories to the home which I have had waiting for you across the sea.”

“But it can’t be, it can’t be! I know, I—I think, oh I can’t tell what it all means! Surely I lived with John Walters in New York and you are Harris Carews who disappeared after I was married, four years or more ago? Why, I remember, you used to have a house on Stuyvesant Avenue and—and—. Oh this is awful! You say your name is Robert Forster and that I am your wife. I—I never knew a Robert Forster!”

The man buried his face in his hands and groaned. The woman sat with eyes dilated with perplexity. Only the steady drone of the

ship's engines and the rush of water, as the great liner cleaved her way through the sea, broke the silence. He stepped across the room and sank down upon the lounge beside her.

"Dear girl, let me tell you the story of it all and try to remember. Do try, please. All the happiness of our lives depends upon it. You must know and you must believe! About five years ago, I met a girl in Paris who had just left a convent school. She was with her grandmother for her parents were dead. I, at the time, had just come over from the Argentine where I had been born of English people and where I had made considerable in the mines. Do I need to tell you that I fell in love with this little Carol Ainslee and that she made me the happiest man alive when she married me? You were that little girl, sweetheart——"

"But my name was Caroline Roberts! I—I don't remember ever having been in France. I learned my French in Montreal with the Sisters of the Pitying Heart and——"

"Ssh, listen! You had never been happy in the convent at Albarnefort and so we decided to come over to America and live near Boston where your parents had come from originally and where your grandmother then had a home. Oh Lord, I'll never forget the voyage and the horror of the sickness that fell upon you! On your grandmother's advice, we placed you under the charge of a sanitorium in Connecticut and now, at last, we believe you are going to come back to us. Dr. Crawford is with us on board and he has been with you ever since it first began. I don't want to prove everything to you now. I want you to remember for yourself. Later, when you are stronger and things are clearer, you shall see some pictures and papers that will help you to clear up everything. Oh, Carol dear, remember, and believe, and be happy! I've waited years for you. I've prayed and yearned for the day when you would come out of this terrible, terrible dream and see things as they really are. This other man, this John Walters whom you kept talking about and recognizing in every other doctor who attended you, forget him. Drown his memory in all the happiness that awaits us in England. I have a home there for us. People are expecting you, and will love you and make you happy. We'll open a new book in our lives and forget all the tragedy that lies behind us."

Bit by bit, the evidence of a previous existence, other than that which Carol Forster had thought she had lived, was laid before her. Photos, documents, the pleadings of her husband, the assurances of doctors' certificates and the word of an attending physician built up the life that memory refused to recall. All the unhappiness of the past was washed away by the solicitude and affection of the husband she had forgotten. The joyful reception and the tender attentions of

the many friends and neighbours who welcomed her to her new home lulled her mind into an acceptance of the new life into which she had entered. All that tended to revive the past was screened from her; all that made the present happy and satisfying was pressed upon her.

The years brought a complete acceptance of the new conditions. Memory of the past, it is true, refused to return, but forgetfulness of the unhappy chapter of her life gradually brought Carol peace and assurance. Her three children gave her new attentions, and the happiness of her life with Robert Forster wiped away every doubt that reasoning might arouse.

\* \* \*

They had been married in the regular, formal manner, pretty, nineteen-year-old Caroline Roberts, to John Philimore Walters, aged forty, head of the firm of Walters, Green and Walters of the New York Stock Exchange. To the person ignorant of the circumstances, it was too bad. To young Harris Carews, in a back pew, it was the total collapse of every foundation of his life. From the protection of a Canadian convent school to her wedding, so foreboding of unhappiness, was a short step for the girl, dazzled by external appearances and, as yet, ignorant of the plunge she had taken. The brilliance of the older man's advances completely eclipsed the youth who had been bound by her capricious whims ever since their childhood.

Alone in his room that night with a revolver on his bureau and her picture in his hand, Harris Carews strove to face the issues fairly and to decide his immediate action. He realized that they had never been officially engaged but that their intimate relations to each other, alone, had sufficed to assure him of his eventual success; the success which another man had attained so easily and with such swiftness. Theirs had been a life-long intimacy; her acquaintance with Walters a matter of four months. It seemed so impossible that a man could sweep a woman off her feet with no more to offer than another. Wealth, youth, birth and breeding were Carews', yet all had counted as nothing against the flattering attentions of a man twice her years. Impossible, but a fact. If her marriage was the end of his hopes, it was Carews' intention to end it all. If there was yet one loop-hole of escape for her, he decided to hang on. Beneath a sunny exterior, the young man possessed all the tenacity and daring that the situation demanded.

In that room, that evening, Harris Carews discovered the lie that he was to make his life, and laid a plot that was to shatter convention, snap every marriage vow and defy all laws of reason. If she should ever discover her mistake, he was to act. That she would eventually realize the error of her choice, Carews had faith enough to believe. Only one other man ever came to know of the plan that gradually was



evolved out of Carews' despair. The actual working of the plot was Carews' while the encouragement and sympathy of the other went far to win eventual success.

Six weeks after the wedding, Harris Carews disappeared. His old home in New York and his other properties were sold. His wealth and moveable valuables disappeared with him. The searchings of his friends and the police revealed nothing and, as far as the world ever knew, the young man passed off the face of the earth.

Six months sufficed to show Carol the misery of her empty life. The flash in the pan soon proved false. Walters was only what a man of his years could be to a young girl, and the sickening definiteness of her position became more and more apparent—an old man's plaything. None may ever know what tortures she went through before she became reconciled to her level, what vain longings to be free, what despair in knowing that even freedom held nothing for her. The restlessness of her nature brought a corresponding coldness to her husband and before the first year was over they found themselves irrevocably bound while irreconcilably parted.

About a year after the Walters-Roberts wedding, a fine estate on the Sussex Downs, about thirty miles from London, passed into the hands of a certain Robert Forster. The old manor was besieged by an army of workmen; gardeners restored the beauty of the tangled gardens; and, before the intrigued and excited neighbourhood was fully aware, the owner had settled in. A dozen rumours traced him to Australia, India, the City and practically every country in Europe. His profession varied from international spy to eccentric bibliophile. Such general interest was quickly rewarded by the frank geniality of the newcomer himself. He soon identified himself with the Argentine and the discovery of his mother's relatives in the same country went far to pave his way into the confidence of the neighbourhood. Though young, Mr. Forster was soon known to be married, and the knowledge that his young wife in the United States was afflicted with a serious mental disorder, brought him the sympathy and interest of all the ladies with whom he mingled. At all times, his house was held in readiness for the reception of the wife whose portrait hung in the hallway. His rare references to her gave rise to a charming rumour of his devotion and her sad plight. Every week, the American mail brought, so the ancient village postmaster declared, a medical report from some sanatorium in "Connecty Gogut" which was hurried to the Hall, and quite frequently, a bulky letter from New York, registered and addressed in a bold masculine hand. But for an occasional typewritten letter from Argentina, the remainder of Mr. Forster's correspondence revealed nothing of his actual identity.

For several years, little more was known of the new squire than these brief details. It is true, that he had said he had met his wife in Paris, and old Colonel Wolvington swore that he had seen her at the American Embassy, judging from her portrait, though her name had escaped his memory. In the meantime, Mr. Forster applied himself quietly to his duties as a land-owner, made some excellent friends, and spoke hopefully of the day when his wife would be able to take her place beside him.

It was a great day for everybody when invitations were sent to a conservative few to attend a banquet at the Hall. News had at last arrived that Mrs. Forster had been making every indication of complete recovery. So satisfactory was the information that Mr. Forster himself had declared she would probably be home for Christmas though October was well advanced. Three days after this joyful manifestation, a satisfactory cable from a notable brain specialist of New York arrived at the Hall, passage was procured, and Mr. Forster left for the United States to bring his wife to her new home.

The four years which had thus elapsed had seen a steady widening of the breach which had appeared so early between Carol and her husband. Constant bickerings had sunk to sullen silences, broken only by outspoken quarrels and pointless wrangles. More than once, technicalities had frustrated steps toward a separation. It was at the point when Carol had taken to spending long periods away from her home and the misery of her life there, that Mr. Forster left his quiet retreat in England to bring back the woman he loved.

How much it had cost Harris Carews, under the name of Forster, to keep a woman confined for four years in a Connecticut sanatorium, and who she was, will forever remain a mystery. How it was brought about that Carol woke up to find herself in the state-room of a moving liner, and in the presence of two men, one of whom she took to be Harris Carews himself, also remains to be explained. Only the night clerk of the Union Drug Company on Broadway, who filled the doctor's prescription that stormy evening, could ever possibly identify the retired Englishman, Mr. Forster, with the New York society youth who had disappeared so completely, four years ago.

\* \* \*

"Ssh, Robert! There goes the curtain!" Carol Forster settled back in her seat and hugged her husband's arm as the first clear notes of the prima donna thrilled the vast audience. Time had dealt gently with the girl who had been snatched so abruptly from one life to another. The fifteen years had given her fuller lines, a clear brow and a laughing heart. To the man beside her, too, there had come peace and happiness.

"Look, Bob, there's Lady Mountstevens. She used to be a Virginia girl before she married. You remember, we were invited to her reception when Bobby had the mumps."

"I certainly do. The young scamp ruined more than one good party, that time."

"And see, there's Monsieur Recambeau who said he knew me when I was little, in France."

"Uh huh, along with old Follwell of my club. He's a dry, old duck."

"What's the difference, you never go there. You might as well stop paying your dues, the little you get out of them."

"Seems as if you don't know English customs yet, old thing."

"Piffle! Look, there's somebody staring at you over there, in the third box."

"Where?"

"There, over there, that lady with a sable stole, see—oh, oh, it— it— she's your cousin, Alice Carews!—Oh!—"

The piercing shriek that rang above the voices of the singers electrified the entire theatre. Attendants helped the horror-struck man to carry his fainted wife from the disturbed house. Others ran to call a taxi and others in search of restoratives. Ashen-faced, he brushed his way through the throng and hurried his limp burden to the waiting car.

"Crawley Beeches, Sussex, and drive!" The chauffeur touched his cap and the car sped on its way.

It was out! The lie of his life, his life lie. He peered into the darkness, his wife still motionless in his arms. Everything whirled and twisted before him. The very blackness of the night seemed to enter his soul. Gradually, the woman revived and huddled away from him to the far corner of the seat. In silence, the car rushed toward the house, the house that no longer was home.

"What's to be done?" He broke the silence of the night of vigil as the morning was slowly pearling the eastern sky. She, crouched in the chair she had dropped into on first entering the house, opened her mouth and stared blankly at him.

"I'll have to go, Bob."

He nodded dumbly, "Yes."

"But oh, Bob, I love you, love you, love you. And my babies, our babies, Bob, yours and mine!" The woman burst into tears for the first time and hid her face in her hands upon the arm of her chair.

Robert Forster, the rediscovered Harris Carews, stared at the sobbing woman, the woman he was powerless to soothe and whom he had ruined by his love. He stared, and cursed the hand that had not used his revolver, that night so many years ago.

"I did it for the best, Carol."

"Oh, you have been good, good, all too good!"

"I—I know his agent in town, Carol."

"Yes."

"You had better change."

"Yes."

Hand in hand, they stood in the private office of Mr. Stone of Stone and King, agent for the firm of Waters, Green and Walters. As guilty children restoring stolen goods, the man and wife, who was no wife of his, had come to expose the lie that lay buried with them. The old senior partner met them with a smile and read the tragedy written on his clients' faces. Old in years and wise in the knowledge of human nature that the law had given him, he waited patiently for them, tapping his glasses gently on his polished desk.

Carews cleared his throat. "You are Mr. Stone?"

Mr. Stone nodded genially. "And you, Mr. and Mrs. Forster, I presume. I received your 'phone message." Carol shuddered at the names, and swallowed down the tears that were beginning to flow.

"We have come to—in reference to some business with Mr. John Walters. You are his agent, I believe."

"We used to be his agent, but we have not done any business for his firm for several years." Mr. Stone darted a swift glance at his visitors. "Mr. Walters, himself, has been deceased for some time, over four years, in fact, and—"

A flood of colour rose in Carol's face and she clenched Carews' hand tightly. "Do you mean he's dead?" Mr. Stone nodded gravely. The two turned and faced each other.

"Oh, Bob, let's go back!"

*J. F. Reich, '24.*





# Two Poems

## I

### *Sie-Tho*

"Surely the Peach Flowers blossom over the tomb of Sië-Tho."

TCHING-KOU.

*Dost thou ask me who she was,  
Beautiful Sië-Tho,  
She who moved the world to music  
A thousand years ago?*

*Sweetly singing is the Peach Tree,  
Wafting a faint perfume,  
As the breezes stir the petals  
Sleeping upon her tomb.  
Whispering softly, "Sië-Tho,  
Spring has come, spring has come,  
Buds are bursting, roses blow.  
Awake, awake, O Sië-Tho!"*

\* \* \*

*In the province of Sze-tchouen,  
In the dynasty of Thang,  
Lived the poet, Kao-pien,  
By the gardens of Ping-Khang.  
Hiuan-trong, the Son of Heaven,  
Smiled when his musician sang.*

*But above all royal pleasure  
And beyond all earthly show,  
There for him was but one treasure,  
'Twas his mistress, Sië-Tho.  
To her charms and matchless beauty  
Swelled his music, long ago.*

*Rosy peach blooms fell in showers  
 On that perfumed April day  
 When from binding space and hours  
 Sië-Tho had fled away  
 To the realms of happy spirits,  
 Slipping from her bonds of clay.*

\* \* \*

*Softly singing is the Peach Tree  
 Over her mossy tomb  
 When she stirs to greet the springtime,  
 Wafting a faint perfume.  
 Whispering softly, "Farewell, snow,  
 Spring has come, spring has come.  
 Buds are bursting, roses blow.  
 I come, I come, 'tis Sië-Tho!"*

*Thus, every spring brings back to us  
 Beautiful Sië-Tho,  
 She who moved the world to music  
 A thousand years ago.*

## II

### *Futility*

*Over the naked ruin's floors  
 He tiptoes, peering through the dust  
 And tries the paint-cracked, sagging doors  
 Whose hinges rust.*

*Empty the mouldy chambers lie  
 Save where some gnawing rat has worked,  
 And broken cobwebs testify  
 Where spiders lurked.*

*His flagging steps still dully fall,  
 Seeking the unknown through the gloom  
 Of vacant corridor and hall  
 And darkened room.*

*J. F. Reich, '24.*

## Editorial Comment

There is an author, beloved in spite of his faults, whom fully to enjoy is to annul long years of abstinence, long insistence of parental training, long edicts of Congress. That good humor is his which depends on good spirits. His characters delay fondly before the taproom fire over their next to the last tankard of ale while the action of his stories freezes to death in the vestibule. His liquid vocabulary is unsurpassable. We watch breathlessly while Tom Pinch brews a bowl of punch. We stand all night precariously propped against the door jam with Sam Weller. We forget to reprove Tiny Tim for his little mug well watered. Because we are never pressed to partake we are soon as crapulous as the rest.

There is another author, read in spite of his faults, who might do well to profit by this example. He is no less a monomaniac than Dickens, being at the same time very little else. Tobacco is his fetish; it wracks him with the zeal for conversion. Every volume he prints is saturated with nicotine. Do you wish to consult a book of his? By no means look it up in the catalogue. Stand in the middle of the library and breathe deeply. When your nose has guided you to the proper alcove and shelf, brace yourself and gasp as little as possible. The moment you open the book he thrusts two cigars and a command to smoke at you. If you demur he presses upon you cigarettes, a tobacco pouch, and English Curve Cut. By the time you have resigned yourself he has swallowed five cigars and infinite pipefuls; escape from the library is barred by smoke. If your eyes water he talks sentiment, if you choke he hammers you on the back, if you die he carries you out.

\* \* \*

A prize! What a magic word for those of the gambling instinct, for those strange sons of Chance—and we are all her sons, although we sometimes drown out her inheritance at an early age—who are willing to put a little effort, more hope, and a great deal of prayer into the possibility of gaining something for nothing! However, a prize is legalized by being considered as a just reward.

In other words, THE HAVERFORDIAN offers a prize of fifteen dollars (\$15) for the best undergraduate short-story, accepted and published by the magazine during the college year.

\* \* \*

The Board regrets the late appearance of this Edition, which was unfortunately due to an unexpected circumstance over which we had no control.

# James Branch Cabell

For several years, James Branch Cabell, although he is not known to the general public, has been a storm center for American criticism. Competent critics such as H. L. Mencken, Hugh Walpole, and Wilson Follett have declared him to be one of the greatest American novelists. Equally competent judges such as Louis Untermeyer, Conrad Aiken, and Ben Hecht have declared him to be trite and banal enough to become a best-seller. John S. Sumner, of the Society for Suppression of Vice, calls "*Jurgen*" a book "that represents and is descriptive of lewdness and obscenity . . . and is so obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent that a minute description of the same would be offensive." The *Dial* and the New York *Times* consider the same book a triumph of poetic prose. Here are two opinions, diametrically opposed. Each reader must decide for himself which is right.

Who, then, is this man Cabell? And what are his books to have aroused such conflicting views? He is a realist, a romanticist, a jester, and finally a biographer. Not a biographer of individuals, but of Man, "that ape reft of his tail, and grown rusty at climbing, who yet, however dimly, feels himself to be a symbol, and the frail representative of Omnipotence in a place that is not home; and so strives blunderingly from mystery to mystery, with pathetic makeshifts, not understanding anything, greedy in all desires, and honeycombed with poltroonery, and yet ready to give all, and to die fighting for the sake of that undemonstrable idea." He is a jester who gently mocks all men, himself included, who writes, not for money, but because he must write, and because he hopes that there will be men who will read his books and laugh with him. He is a realist because his novels appear to be romances and yet he pictures men as they are, not as they ought to be.

Besides all this, Cabell is a genius. For the purposes of his work he has conceived a mythology of his own. He has created Horvendile, whose great toe is the morning star; Koschei the Deathless, Ruler of the Universe; Miramom Lluagor, Lord of the Nine Sleeps, and his brother, Lord of another kind of Sleep; Aesred of Sereda, goddess of Wednesday; the Leshy, whose functions are rather vague; Misery of Earth, whom some call Beda, others, Kruchina, and still others, Mimir; and many others who fill a Pantheon as systematic as that of the Greeks. To give some show of verisimilitude, Cabell, in his introduction, cites authorities and sources which are as mythical as his gods.

He has chosen as the scene of his books, a land called Poictesme, a land "where almost anything is likely to happen" and where almost all imaginable and many unimaginable things do happen. Geographically speaking, Poictesme defies bounding. It seems to be near Con-



stantinople, Barbary, Rome, England, France, Alexandria, Asgard, Olympus and Jerusalem, both new and old.

However this of itself does not mean genius. For it might be said with justice that any normal child can and often does create a mythology of its own, and can create a realm where almost anything is likely to happen; and that other men have given versions of ancient legends, notably Hewlett, in his "Song of Renny." But to compare Hewlett's lifeless, monotonous tales with the sparkling and colorful novels of Cabell is to compare the painting of Titian with the pen-and-ink sketches of Bud Fisher. For in addition to all his other qualities, Cabell possesses the power of arranging words. "He takes the ancient and mouldy parts of speech—the liver and lights of editorials in the *New York Times*, of 'Science and Health, with a Key to the Scriptures,' of department store advertisements, of college yells, of chatauquial oratory, of smoke room anecdote—and arranges them in mosaics that glitter with almost fabulous light. He knows where a red noun should go, and where a peacock-blue verb, and where an adjective as darkly purple as a grape."

So, Cabell's books may be read as supreme jests, as romances, as examples of fine style and beautiful language. But hidden in the sweetness is a rather bitter pill. He portrays the struggle of Man for some goal, and his contempt for it, and dissatisfaction with it, after it is attained. He shows how futile is this thing called love, and yet claims that happy marriages are possible in spite of the fact that few people marry for love. He paints the absurdity of man's struggle and its relative unimportance in the cosmic scheme. "How can we, Leshy," says father Death, "keep any record of human doings, when we have so many matters of real importance to look after?" A very pessimistic view of life, no doubt, yet he strikes an optimistic note. For he believes that men should strive for objects, that they should marry, and that anything is better than doing nothing.

Of the many books that Cabell has written, two stand out: "Figures of Earth," whose central figure is Manuel of Poictesme, and "Jurgen," named for its hero. Manuel is the man who succeeds because he does the expected thing, while Jurgen goes through life doing the unexpected.

Manuel whose phrase is: "I am Manuel, and I follow after my own thinking and my own desires" and whose motto is "mundus vult decipi," has a "geas" or task imposed upon him by his mother. It is to make himself a fine figure of a young man in the world, and the book deals with the figures which he does make. As Manuel says:

"I ride to encounter what life has in store for me, who am made certain of this at least, that all high harvest which life withholds for me springs from a seed which I sow and reap. For my geas is potent

and late or soon, I serve my geas, and take my doom as pay well-earned that is given as pay to me, for the figure I make in this world of men.

"This figure, foreseen and yet hidden away from me, glimpsed from afar in the light of a dream—will I love it, once made, or will loathing awake in me, after its visage is plainlier seen? No matter, as fate says, so say I, who serve my geas and gain in time such payment at worst, as is honestly due me for the figure I make in this world of men."

After performing certain rites in a manner not to be described, and saying the requisite words, Manuel receives the power of obtaining all his desires. As he says: "My wish would be for me always to obtain whatever I may wish for. I have often wondered why, in the old legends when three wishes were being offered, nobody made that sensible and economical wish the first of all." So he sets out on his travels, and brings holiness into one kingdom, wisdom into another, and into a third, love. Many were the unattainable women whose love he sought, and always did he gain his end. He also became a great nobleman, and mingled with kings and emperors as their equal, yet he was not happy. He made himself a fine figure, but was not satisfied. His unrest found expression in lyric passages such as the following:

"Under your dear bewitchments, Sespbra, I confess that through love men win to sick disgust and self-despising, and for that reason I will not love any more. Now breathlessly the tall lads run to clutch at stars, above the brink of a drab quagmire, and presently Time trips them. Oh Sespbra, wicked Sespbra of the dreams, you have laid upon me a magic so strong, that, horrified, I hear the truth come babbling from long-guarded lips which no longer obey me, because of your dear bewitchments.

"Look you, adorable and all-masterful Sespbra, I have followed noble loves. I aspired to the Unattainable Princess, and thereafter to the unattainable Queen of a race that is more fine and potent than our race, and afterward I would have no less a love than an unattainable angel in paradise. . . .

"The devil of it was that these proud aims did not stay unattained! Instead, I was cursed by getting my will, and always my reward was nothing marvelous and rare, but that quite ordinary figure of earth, a human woman. . . ."

The book is full of gentle satire, and sly, mocking hits at all our foibles but this satire is so interwoven into the story that few passages can be selected. For example, in speaking of Manuel's war to redeem Poictesme:

". . . And in every place which he conquered and occupied, he made powerful speeches to the surviving inhabitants before he had them

hanged, exhorting all right-minded persons to crush the military autocracy of Asmund . . . Besides, as Manuel pointed out, this was a struggle such as the world had never known, in that it was a war to end war, and to insure lasting peace for everybody's children."

The section which identifies Manuel, the Redeemer of Poictesme, with other orthodox redeemers is suggestive of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon Revisited."

The other characters in the book are vaguely indicated, but this is but natural, as Manuel is the source of all the action.

In discussing the merits or otherwise of "Jurgen," one treads upon very dangerous ground. This is understandable when we consider the conflicting opinions, not only concerning the morals of the book, but also about its literary worth.

Before the publication of "Jurgen," Cabell was little known to the public. His books were usually bought for the illustrations by Howard Pyle. "Jurgen" was sent to the *Limbo Librorum* by the Philistines, in the same way as Jurgen is in the story. Immediately his works leapt into prominence, and instead of being an expensive luxury for a wealthy author, they ran into several editions. The opinion of the Society for Suppression of Vice on "Jurgen" has been given above. However, to the discriminating reader it becomes evident at once that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the book. One gets from it what one puts into it. A child of ten or thereabouts could read "Jurgen" and see in it no more than a pretty fairy-tale. It is only when an evil-minded or sophisticated person reads it that any obscenity appears. In the entire book there is not one word which could offend anyone unless he read into it some hidden meaning. And the fact that some persons find the book obscene speaks volumes for the purity of their minds.

It is a tale they tell in Poictesme that as Jurgen was walking home one night, he met a monk who was inveighing against the devil. Jurgen reproved him for cursing one whose only excuse for existence was to give the monks someone to fight against. A little later he meets the Old One, and then his adventures begin. His wife disappears, and he goes off to search for her. In his quest, he enters many strange places: the Garden between dawn and sunrise, the kingdom of Leuke, where he becomes a nature myth, then he goes to Hell and Heaven, and finally returns home. This, briefly, is the story.

As a satire against smugness in religion, politics and everything else, "Jurgen" cannot be surpassed. Jurgen's entrance into Heaven, and his conversations there are superb flights of paradoxical fancy, while his conception of Hell is excellent.



The entire book is a prose symphony, with recurring themes, and lyric passages which equal those of "Figures of Earth." It is very difficult to select passages, so the curious reader must read "Jurgen" for himself.

In the remainder of his books, with one exception, Cabell traces the history of the descendants of Manuel and Jurgen down to the present day. Kings of England, poets such as Marlow, Shakespeare, and Herrick, characters such as Villon and Falstaff, all are brought into this family line, and their stories form a glittering tapestry of Romance. But it must not be forgotten that Cabell is essentially a realist, although he uses romances as his vehicle, since he paints men as they are, not as they ought to be.

The exception to his romances is a volume of essays called "Beyond Life." These essays are an expression of the author's belief that "romance controlled the minds of men, and by creating force-producing illusions, furthered the world's betterment . . . so that each generation of naturally inert mortals was propelled toward a higher sphere and manner of living . . ."

The volume is full of brilliant and somewhat paradoxical phrases such as: "For man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams"; his definition of the *Saturday Evening Post* as "a widely circulated advertising medium, which prints considerable fiction," and Prohibitionists as "Sectarians of the period, who upheld the tenets of Mohammed as opposed to those of Christ as in the matter of beverages."

To sum up, it is risky for anyone to say that one author will live and that another will not, but if we are to believe the statement that "foreign readers are contemporary posterity" then Cabell is assured of renown. His books are being translated into French and German, and those already translated are very popular. And to quote from a review: "If there is not in America a public capable of appreciating Cabell, so much the worse for America."

I. C. Heyne, '23.





## The Evening Mail

**D**OWN in Tennessee there is a big railroad which we shall call the Tennessee Central. It is a long road, rather than a busy one, hemmed in along its whole length by blue mountains, with here and there a sparkling stream dashing across its path, or perhaps paralleling it.

Near the village of Manton, as one approaches from the East, sits the white-pillared mansion of the Maltbys. It is like a bit of the Old Dominion transplanted into the Cumberland, with its stately approach, its wide surrounding fields, and its diurnal halo as the sun dips down behind the ridges toward the southwest. Colonel William Maltby lived there for some seventy-odd years; fifty of these found him the central and commanding figure on the old place, and it was during his regime that the events transpired which we here record. Colonel Maltby was president of the Tennessee Railroad.

Marge—it doesn't make any difference as to her last name, was one of the servants in the Maltby household. People often said that she had white blood in her, for although she was as dark as a good many of her race, her hair was much straighter, and her lips thinner, and in place of the flattened African nose, she had a piquant narrow one, which had quite as much a part in her smile as her even teeth, or her sparkling brown eyes that always danced as though a fairy had transfigured her. She was as pretty as a picture—a *sepi*.

The Maltbys had taken Marge when she was a little child. The Colonel had not then come into his estate, so that by the time he was elected President of the road, Marge had grown up into a healthy young woman in her twenties, doing her work with cheerfulness never realized by Northern housekeepers, and serving Colonel Maltby's young wife with a devotion and solicitude that had won her a large share in the affections of her employers.

Marge had in her—perhaps from some gay ancestress among the Virginian cavaliers,—a degree of coquetry which combined with her shapely figure and noble features to make her an idol of all the colored lads in the neighborhood. The Maltbys were kind, and Marge suffered no restrictions as to her callers. Nearly every night the Maltby kitchen was the scene of a gay party, and Marge was the center of it. The other servants were just servants, but Marge was Marge.

The most fickle coquette, however, has always some vulnerable spot, some unbathed tendon wherein Cupid's detested arrow may find its mark; and under the tender Southern moon Marge found in some son of a liberated bondage a love which differed no more from our own than did the love of Juliet for Romeo, or of Evangeline for Gabriel. Is not love always the same, whether it be the head-hunter wooing his

mate, or the famous and much-cinemaed sheik in some lonely and fruitless desert?

Colonel Maltby was confronted by a young colored man, tall and straight, and twirling his cap with an awkwardness which association with white folks had done little to overcome. The Colonel smiled to put his guest at ease, and asked him his business.

"My name is John Gorman, suh, and I'm in love with Marge, if you please, suh." Colonel Maltby surveyed his petitioner gravely. The fellow was well built, and evidently strong, from the size and formation of his capable hands.

"What do you do?"

"I'm a fireman on the railroad, suh."

"And you say you love her?"

"I love heh, suah, suh."

"Dose she—reciprocate?"

"She tells me she loves me, moh'n anything else on earth, except you and the young lady, suh. But she says she won't leave, even if I marry heh. She still wants to wuhk heah in the daytime."

"Hm. I guess it can be arranged. Go kiss her, and tell her it's all right with me if Jenny consents, and I'm sure she will."

Of course, Jenny consented.

Days passed very happily for Marge and her husband until the big strike came. Each evening, as the mail train would roar through on its way to Manton, Marge stood at the attic window of the mansion, over the high white pillars of the porch, and waved a white handkerchief to her husband. Sometimes he would be standing at watch for her; at others she would see him toiling away at his furnace, and the sight of him and the love of her mistress filled completely the lonely gaps in her heart and kept a smile on her face as the sound of the locomotive died away in the distance.

When the strike came, Marge sensed trouble at once. In all the summer months Gorman had worn a set, worried expression, and early in September he came to her, to tell her that all the white workmen had struck for higher wages, and were determined that traffic should stop until the officials were brought to their knees. The union had called all men out, white men of the brotherhood and colored men too, just because they were no-account and had no right to be scabs. They were to be mobbed and punished if they worked.

"What are you going to do, dear?" she asked him. He shook his head anxiously.

"I donno. I don't want to quit on the Cuhnel, but he ought to give moah pay."

"Well then, go tell him so. He's a good man, and he'll hear you. Tell him the whole story."

Gorman went, but he had no sooner stated his case that the Colonel rose savagely, and opened the door.

"Get out, you dog. Give you an inch, you take a mile. Dictating to me! If you want to work on my railroad, work, but don't try to run it. Clear out!"

Between white man and white man. One threatened to wreck his train, or break his head; the other would leave him jobless and penniless and would break Marge's heart besides.

How much easier any of them could have made his course by putting themselves in his place!

As ever, man took his dilemma to the woman. Her strength was soothing, but her ultimatum was final.

"You will be loyal. We cannot leave Colonel Maltby and Miss Jenny. Go back to the boys and tell them the colored men are standing by the road."

Poor Gorman! He thought she was hard, but he did not know that she cried herself to sleep that night for love of him.

"Why did I have to tell him to go—to do the hard thing? Why should I have to sacrifice him for Master William and Miss Jenny? Why can't white men love each other, and love us, and let us love them? John, come back to me!"

\* \* \*

A presentiment of evil kept Marge from going to her window. She heard the regular rumble of the approaching train on the still evening air of the Cumberlands. Nearer it came, and Marge fell on her knees, tears streaming down her face, overcome by that which she could not describe. The train was almost there, and John would be looking for the white handkerchief.

She rose to her feet, and ran to the window. The evening mail was passing. Marge could not see her husband; everything was blurred by tears in that misty twilight. All blurred, and yet the huge locomotive appeared to her as some demoniacal monster, with a whirlwind of speed, and with clouds of noxious vapors bursting from its iron throat. On its back appeared other little white demons, dancing and capering, gathered about some dark, indistinguishable mass. All of a sudden there was a belch of flame, and the demons danced the harder as the shrill shriek of the monster pierced the forests of the mountain.

Marge turned from the window with a sickening cry, and fell in a heap on the floor, senseless.

Half way between Brill and Manton, where the tracks seem lost in the midst of the woodlands, the engineer had caught sight of a part

of a tree-trunk stretched across the rails, as if blown from some dead pine. He put on the brakes suddenly, but before he could act again, ten or twelve masked men with clubs made a rush for the train, and boarded it. The engineer jumped from his lofty perch, and fell on the ground below, cursing, and writhing with the pain of a broken leg. The fireman, who was John Gorman, reached for a poker, and dealt the first of his assailants such a blow that his actions were negligible in the forthcoming proceedings. Numbers were too much for the black man, however, and he was knocked down, and bound with ropes.

"What'll we do with this —— nigger, Jim?" asked one of the men.

"Brain him—we'll run this train. Here, roll him over." John Gorman tore at his ropes helplessly.

"Hey, get his feet. I got his head. Open the door there." A flash of heat made Gorman scream with anguish. "Up with him now—push!"

They had pushed him into the firebox!

*N. A. White, '23.*

### *Parting From Lu Lin*

(Trans. from Su Hu, Han Dynasty)

*In a moment we will part.  
I search in vain for a word.  
My mind, so full of thoughts,  
Is like a mid-winter day,  
So full of snowflakes.  
Let me sing to you with my scroll and pen.*

*But alas, you are not coming back!  
I bow my head because my heart aches;  
I close my eyes and they are full of tears.  
Would I had wings to follow you  
To the far-off lands!*

*S. H. Chang, '25.*



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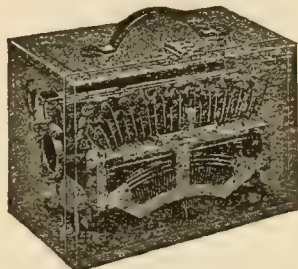
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# The Haverfordian



February, 1923

Volume XLII

Number 6

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## Other Things

LET us consider for a minute a picture of an average, red-blooded American. He has a business, an occupation, or a profession; he has ambitions and ideals which reflect most strongly on his life with that business or profession; he has an office and a home, perhaps a wife and children; and he creates for himself an atmosphere in which he can most efficiently and satisfactorily carry out his ideals. He provides for his safety and health, he has a share in the government under which he lives, he takes his own recreation and finds his own amusement.

The picture seems complete. But is this all? What does he do when he isn't doing the rational, usual thing?

Why, a thousand and one other things, you say.

Exactly—and here is where the average man splits up into a thousand and one different men, each doing something different. What do you do when you are not doing the usual thing? Perhaps what is usual to you is unusual to others, but, surely, you sometimes do things, and think things which are unusual to you yourself. Where do you look for a cure for your particular boredom? Where do you find the reaction necessary to relieve nervous tension? I do not only ask what amuses you when you are bored, but what rests you when you are tired of being amused. What are the Other Things which satisfy your longing for something different?

The world of literature is full of many diversions. Poetry offers an infinite variety of forms and moods. Some poetry you read and forget—it has no apparent meaning. But often a poem wedges itself into your soul, expressing things which you have felt, but dared not express. Often a poem throws more light on a subject you have found it hard to grasp, and makes a deeper impression than a whole shelf of books.

Tennyson's "Ulysses" and Sir Richard Grenville, in the "Revenge," are clear-cut, flesh and blood characters, and they bring you in closer touch with ancient Greece and Elizabethan England than any number of ruined temples or maps of sixteenth century discoveries.

Homer does not give us a direct description of Helen, but in a few lines of admiration expressed by the old men on the Scean gate, he makes us feel her beauty more keenly than all the epithets applied to the gods could ever do. It is the same spirit which Poe caught in his three exquisite stanzas.

There are several other literary forms, both amusing and resting. Some people, who have never read anything like the "Dissertation on Roast Pig," always consider essays dull and heavy. Oration, letters, and the drama are often sadly neglected by the very people who complain most of a lack of something different to read.

If literature does not suit your taste try another field. The realm of science has opened limitless possibilities during the last century. Even if your chief interests, and the usual things in your life, lie along scientific lines, you can still find a hundred other things quite the opposite to your everyday tasks. If you are a geologist you may find relaxation in some branch of chemistry, or if you are a biologist why not try astronomy? Agriculture, botany, ornithology, medicine, and engineering all present absorbing topics of research. Many of our great scientific discoveries have been made by amateurs in their respective fields, and by men who study a subject merely as a hobby.

Perhaps these things take up more time than you have to spare, or require more concentrated study than you wish to spend on them. Recreation should surely never be tiresome in itself. There are still many scientific questions which touch your everyday life and would well repay an hour's interest—the lighting effects in a theatre, the acoustics in a concert hall, the mechanics of an aeroplane engine, the weave, the dyestuffs, the manufacture of your clothes, the designs in your furniture, the sources and setting of your jewelry, and the whys and wherefors of many other things.

The chief facts in the history of the world, those things which have had the greatest effect on subsequent happenings, have been drilled into you from childhood. In getting an education you probably consider the history of your own country of prime importance, and also the history of the particular occupation which you call your own, whether it be law, or chemistry, or professional athletics. These things probably interested you, but I doubt if they amused you, and yet the most thrilling stories, the most amusing incidents, and the strangest coincidences are those which actually happened. Famous escapes, the Gothic Cathedrals, religious festivals, Venetian argosies, Russian fairs, Peruvian emeralds, the jewels of the orient, and all the pomp and magnificence of the courts of the world have played parts in history of supreme fascination which will amuse and delight you for hours at a time.

Lastly, don't forget the out-of-doors. Football—bee-keeping; baseball—fishing; canoeing—botany; mountain-climbing—wheat raising—if you get tired of one, try the other or, better still, try them all. From Lake Placid to Santa Barbara, America is finding more and more ways to amuse herself out-of-doors.

Even if you can't finish it, start something that appeals to you. Keep looking for something new—you are sure to find it, whether it be literature, science, history or athletics. Life may be sad sometimes, and serious most of the time, but it is always new and hopeful and bright if you look for the Other Things.

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

# Reincarnation

## I

*When we rode down on Nineveh  
By night across the Assyrian plain,  
Its flaming villages collapsed  
Above the bodies of the slain.  
Smug kings of proud descent and name  
From careless confidence awoke  
Too late. Too late their armies came;  
Before our lances' bitter flame  
Their futile ranks of bowmen broke.*

*When we rode into Nineveh  
The black sky glared with stormy signs;  
From pinnacle and ziggurat  
The watch-fires shone in lighted shrines.  
Beneath our blows the bronze gates rang  
And split.—The shaken turrets leaned.—  
In hot pursuit our horsemen sprang  
Down hostile streets.—With clash and clang  
Our rocking chariots careened.*

*Across the courts of Nineveh  
Through palace corridors for leagues  
In the scented semi-darkness we  
Trod in the steps of old intrigues.—  
From blazing roofs the smoke swelled black,  
The ashlar crashed from tottering walls;  
Their guards fled from our last attack  
Abandoning to ruthless sack  
Vast palaces and council halls.*

## II

*When we ride down on Nineveh  
No more our flashing cohorts throng;  
And travelling alone we dread  
The night too late, the way too long.  
The roads we should be guided by  
We know are lost beneath the sand.  
We know that drifting deserts lie,  
And dunes of red dust bleach and dry,  
Where Asshur's walls and towers should stand.*

*When we ride into Nineveh  
 Exhausted, breathless, heavy-eyed,  
 We know the things we seem to see  
 Are phantoms of a fancied ride.  
 These vistas down abysmal streets  
 Frowned on by unfamiliar stars,—  
 This sense of struggles and defeats  
 Which the careering wind completes  
 With brazen clang of martial cars.*

*We know no longer Nineveh  
 Is sovereign of subjected states;  
 No hoarded treasures remain  
 Behind its buried city gates.  
 Yet still on windy moonless nights  
 We ride on Nineveh; we seem  
 To see the fanes gleam on vast heights,  
 The long halls flare with murky lights;—  
 And waking, think it but a dream.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*

---

## Rappacini's Garden

*The golden glow of evening falls  
 On fair Cremona's marble halls,  
 Transforming into jewels rare  
 The sunbeams on the flowers there,  
 Beneath a villa's onyx walls.*

*The peacock on the grass displays  
 His sapphires in the dying rays,  
 The lotus holds unchallenged rule  
 Above an amethystine pool,  
 Where sunset's fire long delays.*

*This is the garden, it is said,  
 Where lived the maiden poison fed,  
 Where she at last, to love denied,  
 Drank death at Giovanni's side,—  
 What beauty, Death, blooms o'er thy head!*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*



## Paths of Glory

WHILE Jones, the clerk, was removing some of the sticky upper stratum on the marble of the soda fountain, Perdy Motter, pugilist *sine officio*, was regaling himself with his last quarter's worth of ham sandwich, coffee and ice cream.

It was a quaint little drug store—Kings' People's Drug Co., Thirteenth and Mulhill. The soda fountain seemed an afterthought, a searching after the modern. Marble and dingy glass medicine cases are strikingly antithetic; in fact, a most puissant contradiction to the glaring red "UP TO DATE SERVICE" sign in the bulk window.

But Kings' had a few friends, and Mr. Motter was one of them. It was the only place in the neighborhood where one could get a ham and a coffee and a cream for a quarter, and such a combination merited Perdy's gastronomic approval. On the evening of which we were speaking before a glimpse of the present environment mastered our attention, Perdy had no idea of whether he would ever be able to get another of Kings' master sandwiches again; for above his head blazed another caption, more personal than any of the rest. It was intensely insulting. It said, "No Credit."

But why worry? Perdy didn't. Not that he was a philosopher from training: he was a philosopher from necessity. "Eat, drink, and keep your eyes open," might have been his motto, had he cared to formulate one. The program of education he had undergone was not well-calculated to soften any man. A disgraced criminal father had turned his course from high school to pugilism, and, at the point when success seemed to be within his grasp, the draft had terminated his whole career.

Yet Perdy was sensitive. It may be a generality that pugilistic folk are callous, and not especially admirable socially, but there are so many exceptions that the generality is hardly justified. Any mother that had had the delicacy of maternal conscience to name her baby *Perdue*, must have had faith in the ladder of evolution. Mrs. Motter was one of those dear souls with a faith in Christ and a faith in her own loved ones that typifies what great thinkers have termed the ideal Christianity. Until her husband's one shady financial deal had placed him in the penitentiary, where he died, her love for her only son and for his father had been summarized in the hope of making Perdue a doctor. The lad had grown with a mother's affectionate guidance ever pointing to the Profession. The disgrace and the shattering of her dreams had killed her with its shock, and her offspring was left penniless with three years of high school and a pair of broad shoulders as his entire capital. Thus Perdue accepted pugilism.

It was hard work to get along in the ring with a handicap like "Perdue." It savored to the fighting class of a caste which they despised as relentlessly as it despised them. But bread and butter depended on success, and Perdy cuffed his toilsome way to victory, until the war left him with a mashed thumb and souvenirs of shell-shock as a dowry for his remarriage with civilization. Hard times contributed its share, enforced idleness.

One of the advantages of the inequality of wealth is that it is a sporting proposition. You have a slight chance of being born in the upper strata. And, if you are unfortunate enough to be born into one of the lower levels, you have about one chance in ten of rising, and it's an even bet that you'll stand still. It is this last, I think, that makes every mother a sport. Nature, heredity, and social decree may have rolled over youth's chances, but each mother believes that the tenth chance is the opening for her boy. It is blindness, of course, the same blindness that closes the eyes of the steerage immigrant, and images his return to the motherland, transfigured by the American Deity of Chance.

Perdue Motter had not climbed the ladder of evolution, he had descended—to the realms of the jobless.

Jones, the clerk, removed the dishes. Jones was a wee, baldheaded man, a good sport in general, and a remarkable gossip. Family history was a study for him.

"How they come, Perdy boy? Got a job yet?"

Perdy whistled softly, and shook his head. "No, Doc. I was good enough to fight for the country, but they won't give me a job. All I've got to do is tell 'em about the shell-shock and they find an excuse for shoving me out. If I could get a bird to box me, I'd do it, thumb or no thumb."

"Well, how is the thumb? Don't you think you could use it?" Perdy shrugged his shoulders doubtfully and lit a Camel from Jones' pack. "Ah, somebody at the other door. Guess I can't close up yet. Oh, how d'ye do, Miss O'Hearn?"

The most recent customer of the Kings People's Drug Company was a girl of some eighteen years. The most noticeable thing about her was a red hat and a pert maroon feather, but even this remarkable millinery triumph did not engross much of Perdy's attention. If you've ever noticed, no matter how down and out a man may be, there is always something about a brown-eyed, roguish, silk-hosed slip of a colleen to jerk his consciousness to a complete attention. Perdy did not stare. No doubt Miss O'Hearn knew perfectly well he was looking at her, although he never cast his eyes in her direction.

Perdy was playing with his penknife when she passed him to go out, leaving in her wake one of those delightful whiffs of perfume which seldom fail to disarm the male.

"Jones, Jones, where did that come from?" asked Perdy, admiringly and frankly. Jones, the clerk, licked his chops.

"Why you ought to know her. She's Kate O'Hearn, Mat O'Hearn's sister. She goes to every fight he's in, and roots on the front row. Last week she washed his face when he stopped that uppercut in the second round. She's a game kid."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. She's got friends, too, I'm saying. She may dress a little gaudy, but you ought to see those rich guys falling all over themselves for her. Big Packards and Pierces two or three times a week. Even 'fore Mat got the champeenship and a big purse, they used to drop in to see the kid, and take her out."

"Humph. I guess there must be something there—it takes molasses to draw the flies."

Jones leered as he answered. "Yes, I guess that must be the game." Perdy Motter rose to his feet. He was red—face, neck, hands, all red. The gentleman still unknocked out of him was coming to the surface.

"Why damn you, Jones, you little wretch. I didn't mean *that*, curse you. You don't like anything better than to shy mud at some nice dame. You—bah!"

The little clerk retreated behind the counter, hastily.

"I didn't mean it, either. I was just tryin' to get a rise out of you. Hold your breath, will you. 'Course she's a lady; can't you take a joke?" and slyly, "What's it to you?"

\* \* \*

The Park! It has so many individualities and personalities that one is never prepared to see it twice the same. On sunny days it solaces thousands of God's children, bareheaded, shirt-sleeved, babied, and lunch-boxed. On rainy ones its cheerless, dripping benches and bedraggled trees drive one back to the more joyous surroundings of home, even though it be a tenement, and there be no food or warmth within. But in the moonlight—you do not know the Park if you have not seen it in the moonlight. It is the tryst for lovers, true lovers, pseudo-lovers, puppy lovers, and dear seventy-year-old lovers. The park never really *changes*; it merely changes clothes.

Why Perdy chose to walk on park paths this beautiful silvery evening is easily explainable. No job, no quarter, no credit, no food, no Kings', no anything, but the air and the water, for God alone administers them. And so it was that Perdy's lack of success was the means of his attaining it.

Tonight a red hat and maroon feather occupied his reveries. He wanted Kate O'Hearn, and he needed her brother. With Mat's endorsement it would not be hard to stage a fight with another ham and eggs



fighter in a preliminary to some big bout. But one Salvation Army meal a day certainly wasn't going to put a man in condition to box.

Behind the clump of trees which screened Perdy's park bench from the road, the brakes of a car were softly applied. He could hear the smoothly-running car come to a standstill, and a woman's voice excitedly demanding that she be let out of the car.

"Well, you can walk home, then," said a man's voice. "But Hell, no. What do you think I brought you out here for, you little witch? You might at least kiss me—come here!" There were sounds of a scuffle, a low-drawn "Oh" from a battling girl, and by that time Perdy was making double time for the car.

There it stood, a big Cadillac, open, and in it, a man and a woman. The man was bending over the other figure, trying to exact an unwelcome kiss. Perdy's running dive caught the fellow squarely on the shoulders, and the two rolled over in a mad scuffle. The girl gasped out another little "Oh," and then "Give it to him, give it to him."

Perdy may have been a trifle weakened, but he was no coward. His opponent took the first opportunity to unloose himself from the dangerous clinch, springing to the ground and doubling up his fists. This was familiar work for Perdy.

The stranger closed in with an attack that could be used to describe the antics of a particularly ferocious Dutch windmill, but Perdy's tactics of defense stood him in good stead. He parried until he got his opening, then drove straight in, grinding out the finish of his blow on the nose of his adversary. The blood gushed out, and the fellow drew back.

Now that the struggle seemed ended, the girl stumbled toward a bench, with Perdy after her. The stranger made good use of his freedom by driving off at full speed, leaving behind him a trail of gas and of explosive oaths.

The girl had on a red hat, with a broken maroon feather.

"Kate," said Perdy. The girl looked up wonderingly.

"And who—in the world—are you?" Perdy didn't see why girls always started in to cry after it was all over.

"Why, I beg your pardon, Miss O'Hearn. Don't think I'm dumb. I—" Perdy picked up his hat. "I saw you in Kings' last night."

"Oh, so you are—you are the young man I saw there last night. Mr. Jones was telling me about you this morning." She rose, and extended her little gloved hand. "I want to thank you very much, Mr.—Potter?"

"Mr. Motter," mumbled Perdy.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Motter, you must be a guardian angel, or something." She smiled; women, when they do recover, recover their self-possession remarkably fast. "Would you mind taking me home?"



I'm so upset! Just pretend we're introduced—my name is Miss O'Hearn."

"Oh, I know it—I mean, that's right," commented Perdy. "But I got to confess I'm sort of—er—broke."

"Well, I've got a little money." She took his arm. "Let's go. Let's pretend we're old friends."

"I think we are," smiled the encouraged Perdy.

\* \* \*

Mat O'Hearn was a typical fighter. His vision was limited, his sympathies few. But when he loved, as is usual with real men, he loved deeply. He loved only two women, his mother, and his sister Kate. Kate's description of the gallant Perdy had been by no means an unsatisfactory one. She pictured his strength, his bravery, his broad shoulders and dynamic punch.

"And he shot out his right fist like a bullet, and caught Joe right on the tip of the nose. And he's such a genteel young man."

Mat rose and kissed her.

"You say he wants to get a job as a fighter? Well, write him to drop around, Katy, and I'll stake him till the next bout comes off. I can get him in a prelim." Mat's face darkened. "It's a darn good thing he tended to Joe, or I'd be up for murder."

So Perdy got his job. Boxing wasn't a task to him, for to tell the truth, he liked it. The excitement of the spectators, the coolness of nerve and the sureness of muscle—these had their particular thrill for him. Besides, his closeness to Mat placed him in Kate's way very much of the time. Mat was really a patron to the young fellow. He helped him at every point, and looked out for his well-being in such a gruff, kindly way that the heart of the younger man filled with a great love for his instructor. Secretly, Mat was anxious to see his sister married to his pal; externally his only thought in regard to Perdy was his fistic success, so soon within reach. Perdy's rise under expert coaching was truly phenomenal, and he was considered by many to be almost as good as Mat himself. The thumb rarely gave trouble any more; on the contrary, it had been a means to an end, for to protect it Perdy had used the outside of his hand more, which had caused the peculiar turning motion of the wrist that often resulted in a knockout.

As for Kate, she was friendly, but no more. Once she told Mat that because he had seen fit to "make" her friend Perdy Motter was no reason why she should marry him.

"You know, Mat dear, I can never love another man as well as I love you. They're all nice, Mat, but they're all alike."

"Is Perdy like the rest?"

"Well, no. I do like Perdy a lot, but love him! I can't say that I do."

Mat smiled.

"All right, sis. You know how you feel." But within, he was praying for Perdy's chances.

Perdy's steady improvement had made one thing obvious, that there must be a bout between Perdy and Mat for the championship of the Middle West. Mat was the one who pushed it.

"Perd, we've got to come to a showdown, and I'm confident it will be close."

Perdy frowned.

"I don't want to fight you, Mat. You've been a regular big brother to me, and put me on my feet. Suppose I did break off and fight under my own manager last year, that don't change the fact that you've made me, just the same as a baby owes his development to his daddy. Suppose the kid should fight his pop, just because he was now able. Who cared for him when he wasn't, Mat? No, sir, I won't fight you; I couldn't lick you anyway."

"Perdy, Kate thinks you're afraid of me. She's a loyal kid, but she won't marry a coward. Lots of newspaper men say you can beat me, and Kate thinks you're afraid to give me the chance to show I'm better. I heard others say I ain't game to give you a fight, afraid I won't pull it. You ain't got the right to say we'll fight or we won't."

"I won't fight you, Mat."

"We'll see." And Mat did see. He had a long, blustery article put in each of the papers, to the effect that Perdy Motter was afraid of him, and that he, O'Hearn, was willing and anxious to meet Perdy any time. He was not afraid of losing to anyone. This put the question up to Perdy, who was in the dilemma of either yielding or looking yellow. Much coaxing on Kate's part and brow-beating on Mat's caused him to accept the former alternative.

As soon as Perdy arranged to meet Mat, Kate's attitude changed. By some perversion of feminine logic she felt that Mat was invincible and that Perdy was sacrificing himself to glorify Mat's name. At any rate, the match was to please Mat. She became more and more favorable to Perdy's attentions; anybody who loved her brother deserved her love. But Perdy had not yet spoken.

\* \* \*

The eve before the big match, Perdy had eluded the press of shameless newspapermen, and had gone with her for a short drive in the park. Perdy engineered the proceedings so that the car should stop near the place of their first acquaintance. As the two gazed out across the river, the mind of the one turned to the match of the morrow, the mind of her escort to the scene enacted a few years ago, which had been the means of his renaissance. It was Perdy who broke the conversational

ice.

"Kate, do you remember—here?" The girl looked up and nodded. He continued, "I'll never forget this spot. Such a coincidence, yet look what it did for me. I'd have never known you, if it hadn't been for that."

"Oh, I guess you would. But Perdy, I'm so worried! I want Mat to win."

"Of course you do." Perdy gulped.

"But I want you to win, too. I don't see how I can possibly be happy when the two men I love most—oh, Mr. Motter, what have I said?" The brown eyes were tearful. "Please, Mr. Motter, forget that I—Oh!" Kate sobbed as though her heart would break. Perdy swallowed a happy lump, smiled (she couldn't see him; her head was down) and winked slyly at the river.

"Why, you little dear." He pulled her close. "I love you, Katharine. Won't you?"

She kissed him.

\* \* \*

Eight thirty-eight. Seven minutes to wait until the little bouts were over, twenty-two minutes to wait until the gong should ring for him to fight his friend.

Someone was knocking at the dressing room door. It was Mat who followed the trainer into the room. The big fellow's eyes were full of spirit and joy. He sobered a little at Perdy's pale face.

"Perdy, forget it. She wants to love a *man*. None of this quitter stuff. She'd throw you over in a minute if you stalled. Now promise me you'll fight to win." Perdy looked out the door.

"You bet. Yeah. I guess so."

"No, you'll promise me, or I'll show you up in print. And I'll tell her, you coward." Mat's eyes blazed. "Think you'll have it easy, so you can loaf on me?" Then the anger died out, and his arm crept around Perdy's shoulders. "Please, Perd, promise you'll fight to win. Don't stall! Promise me—for her."

"I promise you, Mat," said the youngster, looking into his friend's eyes.

The two men left the room and together descended the long aisle to the center of the arena. Both hopped into the ring accompanied by a mighty shout from the tiers of people. They listened faithfully but unhearingly to the droned adjurations of the referee. The bout, a twelve round affair, was to be terminated by a decision. Were the gentlemen ready? Yes, they were; the gong sounded, and Mat waded boldly out to the center of the ring. Perdy was not a nervous individual, but he huddled in his corner with something akin to a fit. Suppose

he should hurt his friend! Would his sweetheart ever forgive him? Could he forgive himself?

The big man was opposite him now, bending over, hoarsely whispering,

"Remember, she's looking at you."

Mechanically Perdy rose and shook hands. The sharp graze of his opponent's glove transformed him from the semi-conscious, nerveless, pliant mass to a fighter, oblivious to all else but those hateful gray eyes, always searching him. The first round met with boundless applause from the spectators, but the relative merits of the fighters were as yet undiscovered.

Such a strenuous pace is set in these championship bouts that one doesn't have time to think. Ideas cross the mental screen between rounds, but it can hardly be called thought. There is always the realization that the match long looked forward to with a degree of anxiety, has at last come; that one is in it; has met the enemy, has sized him up, is wondering how long he will last, and which will go first.

So it was with Perdy. Each round they pounded each other ferociously, yet training and agility kept each from being injured. It was Mat who first began to droop, in the seventh. He seemed troubled with his wind a little. The eighth came, and he was open to blows almost at Motter's will. But in the ninth came Perdy's Waterloo. It had started with a rush by Perdy, driving Mat to the ropes in a whirlwind of blows. Then Perdy led with his right, straight to the jaw of his staggering foe. It landed, but a little too soon, and the upturned thumb of the right hand took the entire brunt of the mighty punch. Perdy doubled up, as if shot, but kept his feet, and retreated inch by inch. The mob, sensing a finish, rose to their feet, silent, breathless. Perdy backed into a corner, pain showing in his facial contortions. This was Mat's last chance. If he had retained a little of his power, he might have finished the bout; but so played out was he that he even failed to realize his opportunity, and the gong rang with Perdy leading constantly with his left, and guarding with his right.

The misery of the lapse was intense. There is only one school for a fighter: if your opponent cannot last, put him out. It was Perdy's only way to win, to keep his promise. The vision of Mat, unconscious, floated before his eyes. He looked over. Mat's head was slouched down on his chest, his breath was coming in great bursts, his arms hung limp at his sides. Suppose Mat should even graze his thumb again! For the first time, Perdy became able to think clearly. He must make an end.

Decided, he jumped into the center as the bell rang, and cast his eyes about frantically, in order to find Kate. But no—yes—there



she was! She nodded! Kate understood!

Mat rose, and advanced slowly. He attempted a lead to the face. Just as he lunged forward to deliver the blow, Perdy's left made for his jaw again, this time with every mite of power there was in it. Mat's head jerked back, oh how sickeningly. Spectators at the ringside swore afterwards that they could hear the vertebrae crack. The gray eyes reproached for just an instant; then the form crumpled up, and the referee held up Perdy's hand.

Mat was whisked off to his room as soon as he had recovered consciousness, and Perdy was made the object of much adulation by the jubilant throng, eager as always to applaud the victor and forget their praises of the conquerors of the past.

*"And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?"*

But Marullus, or even Mat himself, could have been no more unhappy than Perdy at the popular fickleness. Perdy was champion, but what would become of Mat? What happens to all ex-champions? Mat was too old and too decidedly whipped to try to come back, and he wasn't built to be an evangelist of the reformed boxer type. Truly, Perdy had sold his master cheaply.

The maimed thumb was unbearable. Perdy fled from his host of new friends, clamoring to felicitate the great man. He took refuge in his shower, and soaked away his woes.

A lady wanted to see Mr. Motter. That was Kate! Perdy hurried into his street clothes, and entered the outer room. Kate was standing there; she was pale, and had been crying. As Perdy approached, she straightened up and looked at him indignantly.

"Kate," faltered Perdy.

She tried to speak. "You—you—Judas!" Not one of Mat O'Hearn's vicious leads had stung like that.

"Kate," he cried again.

"I couldn't help coming to you, you traitor, to tell you how you ruined my brother, and broke my heart. To tell you how he's burning up with fever. To tell you that he cries about you all the time. To tell you that you—and you said you loved us!" She turned to the door, crying afresh.

"But your eyes," pleaded Motter. "They told me to do it."

"They didn't," she screamed, stamping her foot. "They didn't; I thought you meant to let him last. Oh, Perdue, you've killed your friend's career." Perdy never heard the door slam behind her. He was kneeling with his head on a stool, sobbing piteously. He looked

at his thumb, forever useless now. Well, two careers were ended in the ring that night. How futile it all was!

\* \* \*

A night or so later, Jones, the clerk, was swabbing up pineapple juice from the soda fountain, when the door opened and a young man put in his appearance. His right hand was bound in white gauze, his face was pallid, and his gaze listless. Jones turned towards him.

"Why, if it's not Mr. Motter," he beamed. "Glad to see you. Glad to hear of your success. Congratulations! That's fine, elegant, wonderful. My, you look prosperous. Hand bothering you again? Sit down, and have something to eat on the management."

Perdy petulantly turned his back on the no-credit sign.

"What'll you have?" Jones was pleased to be honored, that was plain.

Perdy smiled sadly.

"Oh, I guess I'll take a ham and cream and coffee, like the good old days." He sighed. "Money isn't everything, you know. I wish I didn't have a cent of that damned blood-money." He watched the advent of the food with fascination.

"Jones, who was that poet who said that paths of glory only lead to the cemetery?"

"I don't know. Do you want some mustard on your ham?"

*N. A. White, '23.*

## MAINE SUNSET

*On a silent lake of mirrored blue  
The sunset's glow cast a crimson hue,  
Whilst pines and hemlocks framed the view  
In a grimness of green and brown.  
Then the pinkish glow at the western door  
Now feebly flickered up once more,  
Now faded out from shore to shore  
Like a candle dying down.*

*Fred Roedelheim, '26.*



## Merry Christmas

**P**ERHAPS by the time this appears, Heaven and Ye Ed proving kind, Christmas will seem buried in the snows of yesteryear, but I think it is a good idea, often, to write Christmas articles in December and publish them in February rather than to write them in June and publish them in December. They have the spirit of ye olde time Merrie Christmas.

So be it, then, we will talk about the spirit of ye olde time Merrie Christmas for a season. One sees it everywhere these days I write—in the subway, where women stand and many men read newspapers assiduously—in the big stores where the harassed “sales-lady” of two weeks or two days tries to find out the price or bunglingly to wrap something up, being told to, “Hurry up, please, I haven’t got all night.” One sees it in the stationery shops where women buy cards—“I suppose I’ll have to send her one, won’t I? I wonder if this one would do. I really think it’s too good. Girl, how much are those in that tray? Yes, I’ll take one ten cent card and eleven five cent cards. My dear, how much one does have to spend on postal cards, doesn’t one?” Then “My dear” agrees that one does. I like to hear the Christmas spirit reflected around homes where there are little children. “If you aren’t good, Santa Claus won’t bring you anything.” Far be it from me to suggest bribing, corruption, or anything like that, just, “If you aren’t good, Santa Claus won’t bring you anything.” Do you ever wish the postman a Merry Christmas? I hope so. Does it occur to you that just the time when you are out of school or college for a vacation, is when the postman works hardest of all year, and in either biting or sloppy weather, too. Do you ever take any time out to think where we’d all be if there had been no First Christmas? I don’t mean, of course, the conventional cut-and-dried Christmas sermon—all *that* has been said many times before and much better—but a little inward heart-searching with yourself about what a good Example you have to follow and how poorly you follow Him. Or do you postpone until New Year’s all thoughts of bettering yourself, and then make resolutions you don’t intend to keep? (N. B. Don’t make a practice of resolving to keep a diary, it’s too discouraging.) Let’s say in a mirthless tone, “Ha ha, Merry Christmas.”

I always like the glitter of tinsel strung over ye merrie olde English *Weinachtbaum*, winding among the shining globes of red and blue, catching the candle light (there’s no electricity to substitute for the yellow of candles!) with all the children singing carols so happily, their faces aglow with the radiance from a blazing fire (and expectation of gifts to come), the tinsel in long streamers or rosettes, and the realistic

artificial snow—ah, there's the discord in the symphony. Artificial snow—artificial tinsel—artificial carols—why, the whole thing's artificial. Don't think I am misanthropic or feeling out of sorts, I am merely telling the truth, or nearly the truth. I will prove my contention. When one reaches a mature or near-mature age, and has outgrown a belief in a certain well-known gentleman whose P. O. address is the North Pole and who dresses in red trimmed with white cotton, and has also outgrown the prerogative of holding up Father for twenty-five cents for shopping, but must use the private stock, and most particularly when one can patronize those younger instead of being patronized by those older, when also the Christmas list includes no longer teddy bears, but audion bulbs for WQR and instead of the Motor Boys Series the Cambridge Poets, some of the aforesaid glamor begins to wear off and Christmas is accepted with an amused tolerance mixed with the sad realization that there is nothing one really needs, and hardly anything one has the nerve to ask for. One hopes that those who know and love us the best will use their brains instead of making us use ours in the matter of what we want. They will be sure to guess wrong, and we will be under the necessity of shamming gratitude for some trifle we didn't want in the first place. We see the *pater familias* feigning enthusiasm over a blotter (1 cent) with a microscopic calendar (1 cent) pasted thereon, total, 2 cents, and the *mater* doing ditto over an expensive bit of jewelry garnered from the Five-and-Ten. The self-conscious donor of these gifts, pretending to try to elude notice, is at last dragged with many endearments and a "That's-just-what-I-wanted" or so to the centre of an admiring circle of visiting relatives, who earn their dinner by commending the handiwork and care of selection. And deep in heart, the little tot knows that the five cents for jewelry was a virtual robbery from Mother, and that Mother supplied the materials for Father's blotter, including paste, also wrapped it up in crinkly white paper and red string. If Father cared to think of those things, he'd know it too. But the party of the first part, the little tot, is really only waiting until Father shall dress up as Santa and bring in some *really* nice presents for him, the little tot. Nothing useful nor practical for him! He has caught the infectious gaiety of the season and insists on something shiny and breakable, preferably noisy. When that's gone there's something else to take its place.

If we sane people had a pleasant Christmas, what would it be? Well, we'd start by being Stoic about getting up and Epicurean about staying in bed instead of "springing from our downy nests" (*vide* Daisy Ashford) at the "stimulus" (*vide* William James) of the racket of many children proclaiming that Santa Claus is no abstraction—"If you don't believe it, look what he left me!" Then we'd eat an adequate breakfast



of our favorite cereal (editorially speaking, oatmeal). We would repress our emotion while opening what presents there might be, preferably received by mail and passing our unveneered opinions on the price and usefulness of each. Next we would write some very short but saccharine notes on the ubiquitous notepaper (without having to observe to anyone, "That's just what I can use for answering my Christmas presents"), and, that done, proceed about our skating. An olde fashioned fire to burn white paper and red string combines utility and cheerfulness. We would do our best to omit Church and the glib sermon. At midday the primary function of the anniversary becomes evident. Our dinner of boar's head and plum pudding (Volume equals  $4\frac{3}{11}$ , 3)—how we would linger over the full enjoyment of an annual blow-out! The true *gourmet* doesn't hasten over his favorite dishes, but catches the aroma of the hot vapor, the divine fragrance, before ultimate delivery. Our day would lack nothing. But just try and do it! One continuous circus from 6 A.M. until bed, and according to the rules as they now stand, the gift expected but unreceived always rankles until it eventually flares up over some trifle and the flarer has to be spoken to sharply. It never fails. And thus, as Briggs would say, your day is hopelessly ruined.

I could say a good deal more, but as too much may already have been committed, we will close with Santa Claus' own immortal phraseology,

"Merry Christmas to all  
And to all a good-night."

*Howard Comfort, '24.*

### TRIOLET

*Some country I have never found  
Is like an earthly paradise.  
A host of dreams and visions bound  
Some country. I have never found  
The beauties which my dreams surround.  
Yet ever is my thought's surmise,  
Some country I have never found  
Is like an earthly paradise.*

*Dudley Pruitt, '23.*

# Yang-Chike

## A KOREAN TALE

**A** H! INDEED, my children, I was a great hunter in my youth. I was the greatest in all Korea—so great that the emperor's own hunters would come to consult me in my little cottage. Oh! those days! Tigers were plentiful, and there was great pleasure in destroying them, for it was dangerous and we loved danger. Do you see this necklace of claws? I killed all those tigers. Each claw means one tiger. What, that big one? Oh yes, that big one; yes, that big one. I remember how I killed him. Ha-ha-ha! that makes a good story, my children. I shall tell it to you, but after I tell it you must remember that it is all true.

It was in the autumn, my children, when the days were getting colder, and we of the village were starting to prepare for the winter. One morning early I went to the eastern shrine outside the village, and, entering the gate, I knelt down to do reverence. You know where I knelt—as is the custom—just before the post fence that surrounds the shrine. If I remember aright I was praying for relief from noisy mothers-in-law. As I knelt there, with my eyes closed, I felt overcome by the toil of life, I desired support, and reaching out laid hold of the first thing that came to my grasp. It was a piece of rope attached to I knew not what.

“Oh! Heaven of the gods, answer me my prayer.”

The gods answered with a roar that made me almost drop the . . . I opened my eyes and found that I did not have hold of a rope at all but rather the tail of a mighty tiger. While I had been kneeling quietly the tiger had seated himself outside the fence and had very carelessly allowed his tail to go between the posts. Naturally he felt upset when I took hold of it.

The spirit within me melted. My belly turned to water, and I felt a great desire to disappear, to vanish. But Heaven had sent me the tiger and I felt that I must keep him. Besides there was a post fence between us.

Bracing my knees against the fence, I cried, “Yang-chike,” and gave the tail a pull. The tiger replied with a roar and looked back at me reproachfully. I was beginning to enjoy myself, for I was a brave man.

“Yang-chike,” I cried again, “yang-chike, yang-chike,” each time accompanying it with a mighty pull. Each time the tiger would roar and strain to get away, but I held him. I was strong. You see, my children, I imagined I was a water-drawer, and it was for that reason that I cried, “yang-chike,” the call of the water-drawers.

But, indeed, as my spirits rose, my strength declined, for I could not hold a tiger all day. At last I let go and fell back into the shrine to rest. The tiger rushed faster than he ever had before to get over the side of the mountain. After a while I went back to the village, where I told my story. We gathered together a band of men, and set out to hunt the tiger. Truly I was well armed, for he was large and I had treated him rather badly. With great care we approached the mountain, and when we were close enough we beheld the tiger on the topmost point sitting on his haunches, facing the other way. He could not see us.

Heaven inspired me with the words, and, stepping forward, I cried, "Yang-chike, yang-chike, yang-chike." It worked. The tiger roared, but imagined his tail to be drawn. Each time I cried "yang-chike" he jumped back a few feet, roaring as he went. I kept it up until he was in our midst and we had caught him in a net.

Now, my children, remember that I told you this was a true story. Why, tomorrow morning I shall take you out to see the very shrine where first I met the tiger.

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

## To a Nose with a Cold in It

*Come nose! O nose, the blot on many a face,  
The butt of wit, the register of woe,  
The poor man's pride, the pugilist's disgrace,  
The common property of high and low,  
With sweet release relieve me of the case  
Of cold, which now afflicts me, as you know;  
Oh, send to me sweet health to take its place,—  
I will full tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me sweet ointments, patent cures,  
A handkerchief immaculately white,  
An ungent which the guarantee insures,—  
You say, these things as being yours in right  
Are not fit offerings? Now what the deuce!  
Skedaddle! Forward march! Depart! Vamosel!!!!*

N. E. Rutt, '23.

## On Lancaster Pike

**Y**EARS ago, their journeys done, the freight delivered and payment secured, one drunken wagoner said to another, "Come on!" whereat the other kicked him in the stomach and so they fell to, all of which only goes to show that there was no time like the good old days, when men were free, and hearts were big, and the price of whiskey was three cents a glass.

Great among the glories of this happy age were the nation's lines of communication, and pre-eminently dear to the hearts of lovers of the old romance stands that between Philadelphia and the West, of whose principal artery I would now become a chronicler. Here, in the beginning, it is rumored, an Indian trail led from the Delaware to the Susquehanna. This was probably exceedingly narrow, devious and obscure, for the Indians travelled in a disorderly single file, seldom even cutting through the dense thickets that often overgrew the way, nor did they blaze the trees as they passed.

The Swedish traders, however, followed by the English with their long pack-horse caravans, laid out a narrow, but beaten path along the old trail, which grew with the needs of the pioneers and the profits of the fur trade, until it had attained the width, at least, of a road, as far as the German settlements on the Susquehanna and Conestoga, south of the future site of Lancaster city; this was then known as the Great Conestoga Road.

Its sequence led westward into the Ohio country, and was met by many branch trails from the North and South. It long retained its narrowness, being only gradually developed as the settlements advanced. It was called the Kittanning Trail, having been the route of General Armstrong's march against an Indian town of that name on the Alleghany River.

In spite of the constant invasion by their rivals from New York and the Southern States, the Pennsylvania traders largely succeeded in keeping the traffic to themselves, and thus on the Philadelphia road. The common pack-horse train consisted of groups of from ten to fifteen horses, each horse carrying about two hundred pounds and being tethered to the saddle of that before; one man led the group, while another followed behind to watch the packs. There were sometimes as many as five hundred horses in a caravan. Occasionally, oxen were used, a leader being belled and the others taught to follow.

"Going in," they carried loads of provisions, some of which were cached along the trail for use on the return journey, and trinkets and supplies for barter with the Indians, including stout kegs of rum with which to show their own good will and jolly the aborigines into the merry



bargains that yielded a full harvest of fine furs for the "coming out."

Pack-horse transportation was expensive and used only where necessary—in the forest, or during the wet months, upon the road to Philadelphia. This road had all the disadvantages of being unpaved, crooked, full of stumps and without bridges, wherefore Patrick Gordon, Governor of the state, was in 1730 petitioned for relief. Certain persons were in consequence "appointed to view and lay out a road for the public service, from the Town of Lancaster, till it should fall in with the high road leading to the ferry of Schuylkill, at High Street." A shorter route having been duly selected, it was "cleared and rendered commodious for public service," which meant to remove the trees and grub the underbrush for a space thirty feet in width, and to bridge the creeks and swamps. This being done by order of the Governor and Provincial Council, the road became one of the "King's Highways," although it was also known by other names, the Provincial Road before, and the Continental Road after the Revolution, the Conestoga Road, or, at Philadelphia, the Great Lancaster, and at Lancaster the Great Philadelphia Road.

The King's Highway had been laid out chiefly for the convenience of farmers marketing their produce and its growing commercial value was not then fully realized. After the Revolution, commerce had increased to such an extent that the roads were always deeply rutted, and in wet seasons impassable for vehicles, often containing permanent mud holes of prodigious depth and stickiness; in attempting to draw a horse from one of these, its head was pulled off. Acts were passed from time to time for the improvement and shortening of roads, but little was done in the way of better pavement. The need for more suitable means of transportation at length became so acute that in 1791 the state legislature provided funds for building the Schuylkill-Susquehanna Canal and a general interest in internal improvements was aroused.

"The improvement of our roads and inland navigation will, I am persuaded, continue to be a favorite object with the legislature," as Governor Mifflin informed that body, urging upon them the need for a stone-paved road between Philadelphia and Lancaster. After a thorough investigation of the matter, was passed in April, 1792, "An Act to enable the Governor of the Commonwealth to incorporate a company for making an artificial road from the City of Philadelphia to the Borough of Lancaster.

"WHEREAS, The great quantity of heavy articles, of the growth and produce of the country, and of foreign goods, which are daily transported between the city of Philadelphia and the Western counties of the state, requires an amendment of the highway, which can only be effected by artificial beds of stone and gravel,

disposed in such a manner as to prevent the wheels of carriages from cutting into the soil, the expenses whereof will be great, and it is reasonable, that those who will enjoy the benefits of such a highway should pay a compensation therefore, and there is reason to believe that such a highway will be undertaken, by an association of citizens, if proper encouragement be given by the legislature," and proceeding to the establishment of "The Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike Road Company," comprising a number of interested gentlemen, chiefly Philadelphia capitalists and prosperous tavern-keepers. They were allowed a capitalization of \$300,000 and empowered with the right of eminent domain. The road was to be fifty feet wide and at least twenty-one feet of this paved; toll rates were fixed, as well as the maximum weight of wagons and the minimum width of their wheels and other regulations affecting both company and clientele.

For one day stock was on sale in both cities, the event having been duly published in English and German, although it needed little advertising. Two letters from Judge Charles I. Landis' history of the pike are illustrative of the prevailing fever for speculation.

"Near Lancaster, 5th June 1792.

"I have never seen men so wet with sweat in an harvest field, as some were in the crowd to-day, to subscribe to the Turnpike Road. Most of them did not think the worst of it, for many did not get in for a prize, which warmed their minds as well as their bodies. The subscription closed with 400 shares to-day, about 1 o'clock.

"Am with respect thy fd,

"N. Ellmaker.

Will Webb."

The anxiety and press of would-be investors was as strong in Philadelphia as in Lancaster.

"There was great confusion in this city about ye subscription to the Turnpike Road. I intended to have subscribed a few shares by way of encouraging the object, but finding that unnecessary I gave myself no further trouble about ye matter. My office was deserted the whole day by Mr. Davis and my apprentices, they having been infected with the Turnpike Rage. Everything is now turned into speculation. The quiet Quakers who attended for ye purpose of joining ye subscription, and encouraging the road, finding such an uproar, withdrew."

In ten days 2,275 subscribed and of these 600 were selected by lottery, while in July a final organization of the company was effected.

Thus prepared, they proceeded to the final surveys and the building of the road. Armed with the right of eminent domain, they chose the shortest possible course, passing straight to given points without regard to hills and valleys. This route to some extent overlapped that of the King's Highway, but largely ran parallel to it. The freedom with which land was appropriated aroused the ire both of many whose property had been, and of some whose property had not been seized, there being,

of course, great advantage in a situation on the turnpike. Also aggrieved were suburban farmers who feared new competition, as well as a number of nondescript philanthropists anxious to hold the nation intact. The malcontents, therefore, met in May, 1793, at the Prince of Wales tavern, and there passed a set of resolutions, denouncing the "venal" legislature as the root of the evil, while Dr. George Logan, the chairman, prepared an address to the people. The company was herein accused of having secured its charter by corruption, of using it only for private gain and of talking of public benefit to hide their villainy; it was the duty of the legislature, he said, to protect, and not to squander the property of citizens. This declaration was published, and in a few days answered by the company; after commending their own enterprise in the face of the difficulties of nature and inexperience, they poured vituperation upon Dr. Logan as an escaped lunatic and tavern brawler, and made light of all his arguments.

The matter came up again, however, when one whose land had been taken without consent or compensation, sued for trespass, on the ground that this violated the state constitution. Here, a decision of the state Supreme Court upheld the charter, William Penn and his successors having given extra a certain proportion of land with every purchase, that ground might freely be had for roads when the time came, with payment only where improvements had been made.

Thus the company's troubles began. More came when they tried to pave a road. The route had been divided into five sections, each controlled by a superintendent, who was kept busy attacking the honesty of his colleagues and answering their accusations. The farm hands, who supplied most of the labor, after having cleared the required fifty feet, were directed to pave the required twenty-one. They, therefore, dragged upon the road all the big stones about, covered these with gravel and sand, collected their pay and got drunk. With the first spring rains, great holes began to appear, through which the surface covering gradually eked away, while the perplexed and unhappy superintendents stood by and passed the buck. At this crisis, an Englishman, acquainted with the newly devised methods of Macadam and Telford for "metalizing" roads, offered his services, which were eagerly accepted. A firm roadbed was then built and upon this spread a hard surface of uniformly crushed stone, with a regular slope from the center to the sides.

The entire work had consumed two years, including a vast amount of procrastination and quibble. The cost was \$7,500 a mile, of which there were sixty-two, and the finished product was, in the words of Francis Baily, "A masterpiece of its kind . . . so that it is never obstructed during the most severe season." So well did it relieve the congestion that work on its greatest rival, the Schuylkill-Susquehanna Canal, was



discontinued for thirty years. Indeed, it became the pride of the state, as well as an example to others, and the joy of the stockholders, for its predicted success was largely realized, a fifteen per cent dividend being declared as soon as the proceeds began to come in from the nine toll-gates.

Tolls were reckoned by the width and number of wheels, weight of load and number of horses, two oxen counting as one horse. There were strict requirements in these respects enforced between December and May, nor were, at any season, more than eight horses allowed to one vehicle, on penalty of forfeiture of one of the offending animals.

Yet the company had still another device for furthering its success. This was to keep, as much as possible, a monopoly on the passenger and freighting business over the turnpike. Hence, "The Pike Stage Company" was formed, which carried the mails and kept relays and extras at such taverns as gave the best percentage on travellers' fees. The monopoly, however, did not last. "The Good Intent," "Opposition," and other lines superseded, raised the price and "practiced graft to perfection" on passengers and taverns. In 1804, amid celebrations befitting the occasion, the first stage coach left Philadelphia for Pittsburgh, which soon became the more important point on the western road.

The turnpike company also failed in its attempted monopoly of the freighting business, through its "Line Wagon Company." This organization had regular warehouses and repair shops along the road, and, in spite of the rivalry of other concerns and independent drivers, continued the most prominent wagon line while the business thrived.

Eventually the sturdy men upon the road outdid the company at its own game; stage drivers and teamsters, always an unmanageable lot, organized to drive out or levy blackmail and tribute on would-be competitors, until they had monopolized the traffic, demanding exorbitant rates and sometimes even ingeniously avoiding tollgates. This was the hey-day of the road's career. The cool woods through which it had been built had largely given way to the open fields of prosperous farms, and the soft, uneven bed of the King's Highway to the gravel and dust of the pike, always alive with dashing stages and unending trains of heavy conestogas.

"At present," said the *Harrisburg Chronicle* in 1821, "the farmer in the vicinity of Pittsburgh knows the state of the Philadelphia market only five days later than at Philadelphia and he can have his flour at Philadelphia in two weeks after he hears of a rise in its price. His team starts with a load double the size of that which could be carried if there was no turnpike; and it goes with certainty to a place of destination without any vexation or interruption from sticking in the mud, stalling in the ascent of hills, broken wheels or axle trees, high waters, ice, or anything whatever."



At this time the country was well supplied with paved roads and the pike suffered a little by the competition, especially of the National Road from Baltimore to Ohio, which was early free of tolls. Later, the revival of canal building increased the difficulty, but hardly to a serious degree. The culmination came with the railroad, which ultimately took over all the freight and passenger service. At first, however, the cars were drawn by horses and owned by the regular transportation concerns, the railroad company deriving its income from toll gates set up along the way, but by 1836, this system had passed, and locomotives were in use. Traffic and tolls on the road dwindled to nothing; taverns closed down or degenerated; even the whiskey deteriorated; then cholera morbus came and the new whiskey would not cure it; a glorious epoch had passed into history, where, let us hope, it is well cared for.

Only one hope remained. I quote Mr. A. E. Witmer, one of the leading authorities upon the pike, in an article published in 1897:

"The old tavern and its sign will be renovated and burnished and we will again see Mine Host as so often described by Charles Dickens, standing in the doorway with a smile of welcome, not for the stage coach, wagons or private turnouts with their necessary clatter and bustle, but for that silent steed which has today taken possession, during the summer months of this old thorofare—the bicycle; and, possibly, the horseless carriage."

At that time the road was "grass-grown and solitary," and toll gates, though still maintained, were usually ignored. It fell into hopeless disrepair and was finally sold to various concerns, while, in February, 1902, the company was legally dissolved. None of the purchasers gained any profit by their acquisitions, so that the state and local governments met no difficulty in taking them over. Thus the "horseless carriage," with the forming of the Lincoln Highway, opened a new era of prosperity.

Perhaps the final closing of the old régime came when prohibition shut down the few remaining roadhouses. Among the last to go was that famous hostelry, the Red Lion, of Ardmore. Here, during the interregnum, was not only a saloon, elegant in specious beer signs, but welcome lodging for strayed and helpless inebriates. There is an interesting legend of this phase of its career (still told in the cheerful glow of many a ruddy fireside), of how, upon the "Paoli Local," a certain intoxicated individual was asked his destination by the conductor, and, being unable to articulate in the language of men, merely presented a fat wallet and reassuring smile. Yet the conductor was a persistent soul, and he finally ascertained that the man wanted to go to Hell. "All right," he said, extracting the required fare, "I'll put you off at Ardmore."

*C. C. Sellers, '25.*

## Book Reviews

SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER—RICHARD M. GUMMERE

THERE are two Foundations which are endeavoring to present to the modern English-speaking world a conception of Greek and Latin Literatures. The first is the Loeb Library which consists of the original Greek or Latin, with a translation on the opposite page. The second is called "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" and aims to interpret each author and show his influence on his own time and his successors down to the present day. It should be a matter of great pride to Haverfordians that when the Loeb Library wanted the best possible man to translate the Letters of Seneca, they turned to Richard Gummere, and when the other Foundation desired to find the best interpreter of Seneca, they also chose the same man.

In *Seneca the Philosopher and His Modern Message*, Richard Gummere has given us a clear view of Seneca himself and his work. We are too prone to regard our classical authors as mere machines to turn out books to trouble future generations of students, and not as living men who took an important part in their world. So, to begin with, Dr. Gummere gives us a sketch of Seneca's antecedents and life. He shows how he gradually rose in the Roman Empire until he became the most influential man in the state under the Emperor Nero, but was finally condemned to death by his master.

Then we have the interpretation proper. We see that Seneca was regarded by his contemporaries as a wild radical, as a dilettante, as a producer of "mere sophomoric exercises." Thus, in his own time, his most important works were slighted, while his statesmanship which we have all forgotten, stood out as the *magnum opus* of the man.

In the next section of the book, we find the influence of Seneca upon the early Church. The early Christians found much in Seneca which was congenial to their mode of thought, so much indeed that they produced an apocryphal series of letters between Paul and Seneca.

In the Middle ages Seneca became an authority equal to Aristotle, and many books derived from his works were produced under the general head of *Seneks*.

So the book goes on giving in extremely readable fashion a panorama of authors who derived inspiration from the fount of Seneca. Many famous names are included in the list.

The series, if we are to judge from the first book produced, will be of great interest, not only to classical students, but also to the general reader, who only too often is content to let the book of classical antiquities remain sealed to his mind. Dr. Gummere has produced something which should appeal to us, and should be read by us, not only because

he is a fellow Haverfordian, but because of the undidactic, yet scholarly fashion in which he presents a subject, which, in other hands would be arid and uninteresting.

I. C. H.

#### WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IT is a long cry from Christopher Morley to Maeterlinck, from *Where the Blue Begins* to *The Blue Bird*. Is Mr. Morley dissatisfied with Maeterlinck's interpretation or is he trying to amplify and modify that interpretation? The reader of the book can only guess for himself.

Mr. Morley has hit upon the novel idea of representing his characters by dogs. They are not dogs, but are given dogs' names, such as Beagle and Mrs. Spaniel; their children are puppies; but only once does the author commit the horrible indiscretion of calling a female dog a bitch. The story is of Gissing, a neurotic bachelor dog of unknown breed, who takes in a set of foundling triplets and undertakes to rear them to be good puppies. He finds the task more arduous than he supposed, and after a few months gets a longing to go and search for the beautiful blue, which he sees on the horizon at sunset. He drops the responsibility of his new puppies and decides that the way to find the beautiful blue is to become rich. This he succeeds in doing, but finds he is wrong. The way to find it, he thinks, must be through seeking God. He tries theology but decides, after a short sojourn with the Episcopalian clergy, that he is wrong. To be master of everything in sight, Gissing thinks, will be to find out where the blue begins. He tries that, too, as captain of an ocean liner, and is disappointed again. He finds at last, when he comes home to his deserted puppies and takes back upon himself his homely joys and sorrows and responsibilities, that *there* is where the blue begins.

Mr. Morley's flights of imagination are most interesting and charming, and his timid satires of business men and the clergy are encouraging. The principal fault of *Where the Blue Begins* is the failure of the animal personification. One in reading never thinks of dogs at all, merely of human beings with dogs' names. I do not believe that the author himself thought of dogs, and the artifice leaves me with the impression that he is playing to the publisher's advertisements. If he had realized that the charm of his book lay in this personification he would not have dropped it so carelessly. He might learn much from Aesop, or even Swift. The style, of course, is intriguing in its ostentatious urbanity. The author selects the wrong synonyms as often as the right ones, and mixed into it all are a few British affectations which one would not expect from a Haverfordian. *Where the Blue Begins* has the appearance of having been written hastily and without revision, and, as a former

reviewer has said, is only justified by the cheapness of modern printing.

A. J.

*Where the Blue Begins*, by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Doubleday, Page & Company.

The HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election of Howard Comfort of the Class of 1924 to the Editorial Board.

## Alumni Notes

1910

A new translation by James Whitall has come out. It is C. F. Ramuz's *The Reign of the Evil One*. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The *Outlook* for January 10th features a one-act play of Christopher Morley's, "Bedroom Suite."

1914

The University of Pennsylvania published a thesis by Douglas Waples entitled, *Approach to the Synthetic Study of Education*, late in 1922.

1918

We have received a letter from a former Editor-in-Chief of the HAVERFORDIAN from which we quote in part:

Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN:

Here are a few notes for Alumni news:

(1) "Attitudes," a volume of verse by Paul Tanaquil, is in the press now. It should be out by Christmas. It is No. 14 of the *Yale Press Series of Younger Poets*. It contains verse contributed to the better magazines. I am also a contributing editor of *Voices*, a journal of verse published in Boston.

(2) The *Smart Set* for November contains a story by me called "The Rat of the One-night Stands." The December number

has in it "The Last Class." The latter story is semi-autobiographic and mentions Haverford College. Mr. H. L. Mencken calls it "a superb piece of work." It will be translated by Dr. H. Winand and published by the Georg Müller Verlag in Leipzig as one of a collection of modern American short stories selected and prefaced by H. L. Mencken.

The January number will contain a story called, "The Battlefields." Most of my work will appear in *The Smart Set*, I hope. Poems of mine have appeared in recent numbers, and more are forthcoming in "Shadowland," "The Wave" and "The Laughing Horse."

(4) I am American Field Service Fellow in Comparative Literature at the University of Paris. I am a candidate for the degree of Docteur des Lettres, which, so far, no American has yet obtained.

(5) I received my M.A. from the University of California last June. My thesis was: "La Légende de la Décadence Française: MAX NORDAU."

Sincerely,

J. G. CLEMENCEAU LeCLERQ.

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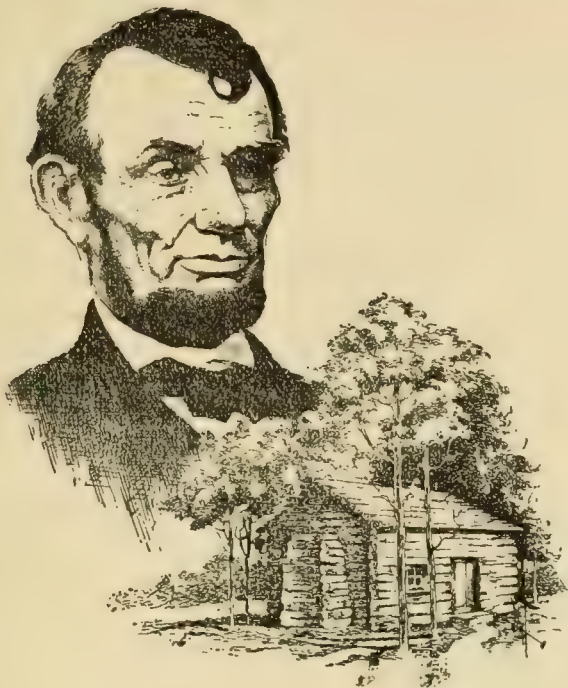
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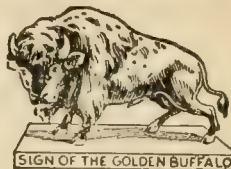
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Volume XLII

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the second month preceding the date of issue. Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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No. 7

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## Local Road Life

WHEN the proud little city of Philadelphia boasted of its "thirty carts and other wheeled vehicles," there were but scant traces of the crowded systems of transportation that had arisen a century later. Soon to appear, however, were small log taverns, scattered along the pack horse trails and often the boarding house of some poor widow or drunkard who thus maintained a meagre livelihood. Many combined the more profitable business of general store to the neighborhood; all were noted for their compactness, squalor, and for the dauntless rapacity of their vermin.

The earliest lines of public conveyances from Philadelphia ran to New York, although at first by no regular schedule, since it was never known whether the trip would take two days or a week. One kind of wagon was generally used for the carriage of both passengers and freight—a flat, box-like affair, painted in glowing colors, with large wheels and an arched canvas cover. Here passengers were jolted past speech on the hard, backless seats, thrown violently about by the holes in the road and then forced to get out to walk up a hill or pull the grimy "stage-waggon" from the mud. Except on particularly bad roads it was drawn by four horses, as were all the later coaches, which it sometimes almost equalled in speed; one line, "The Flying Machine," boasted of making (by frequent relays) the trip to New York in a day and a half.

The coach in use during the Revolutionary period and early nineteenth century was a large, light wagon, mounted on springs, with an open front by which the passengers entered, climbing over the seats; a slightly curved back and straight sides about breast high; over which was a roof supported by eight posts. The French traveller, Brissot, describes it as

an open vehicle whose sides have double curtains of leather and cloth which let down when it rains or when the sun proves annoying, and which can be raised when you wish to enjoy the air and the view of the country. These vehicles are badly hung, but the road over which they run being of sand and gravel, one suffers no discomfort. The horses are good and fast enough. The coaches have four seats and hold a dozen people. Light luggage is put under one's feet and trunks are fastened on behind, but you are not permitted to have too many. This is the only way of travelling, nor is it a bad one.

The coach, as it later became the type now seen in museums and wild west shows, was smaller than its predecessors and lighter than its European contemporaries; a rounded body, brightly colored, with a

tasteful painting of a cow or a pig or something on the door, which was hung upon a light frame by springs of steel and leather. The upper half of each side was open, save for glass windows or leather curtains in the door and apertures on either side of it. The interior, including three seats, one against each end and a loose bench between with a heavy strap that could be stretched across its back, was lavishly upholstered with padded plush. There were also straps from the ceiling and door jambs to assist in entering and alighting. Behind was hung the baggage rack, and the curved roof was encompassed by a low railing so that light luggage might be fastened there. Protruding from the front was the small, precariously high driver's box, with lanterns at the sides, and sockets for his whip and long, tube-like horn. An interesting stage in the evolution had been built on the same lines as this, in which the curve of the roof met that of the underbody, forming a complete oval of the whole, too low, however, for the convenience of those within. In winter a closed, box-like sleigh stage was often run.

The prices for travel on the later stage lines were about six cents a mile and the same for every 150 pounds of baggage above the prescribed allowance. Although the improvements in roads had greatly lessened the delays and inconveniences of travel, they still sacrificed comfort to speed, and on long runs still set out at two or three in the morning and continued through the hot and choking turnpike dust until late at night, with only short stops for a fresh driver and team, or to "water the horses and brandy the gentlemen." Accidents were infrequent and generally caused by a driver's intoxication, or falling from his seat, or both; or often by too keen a rivalry between opposition lines.

The coach had gradually developed to a more perfect form, but not so its driver. Next to that of the landlord, his was probably the most respected position on the road, so that he ever bore an appropriate demeanor. He had attained his situation by skill and unusual sobriety, and was, as M. Ferdinand Bayard describes him, in 1797,

a sort of magistrate who passes on all kinds of questions. He takes part in the general conversation of the travellers, and often conducts it. It is very rarely that one remonstrates with him, even in the humblest way, upon his manner of driving. If debates arise upon the length of the road, upon whether or not it is comfortable, upon horse-flesh or the lineage thereof, upon the private fortunes of gentlemen whose houses are along the road, he is consulted and listened to with much deference.

Another describes him as not only a man of vast information upon road matters, but an active politician who "names his horses after the President and Vice-President and if he has a horse that wants the whip he generally names him after some man he dislikes, that he may keep flogging him." Later accounts are not always so favorable. One corre-

spondent to a Philadelphia paper complains of the stages being hopelessly overloaded and then driven at a furious rate until the inmates are literally piled one upon another, so that after riding a few miles thus squeezed and jammed up, one will be very much puzzled to know his own legs from those of his fellow passengers, male or female, as they may happen to be. To complain is worse than useless and is sure to bring down upon you from the foul mouth of the driver a volley of oaths and low abusive language, and you have no means of redress unless you choose to take the law into your own hands and chastise the fellow. A remedy by statute should be provided for passengers, as is the case in other countries.

Each driver was responsible for one team, which he never left, therefore the stage horses were well groomed and in good condition.

The same system was applied to the freighting business, for when one wagon company had set stations along the road, each with relays of horses and drivers to dispatch the wagons to the next, they proved over hasty, with too little care or repairs, so that the way was soon strewn with wrecks. The average charge for hauling freight was about six dollars a ton per mile, each wagon carrying three or four tons.

The wagons were known as "turnpike schooners," "Pitt teams," but most commonly, "Conestogas," after the valley in Lancaster County where they were originated, and for which the wagoner's cigar was also named, the indomitable "stogie", selling at four for a cent. The peculiar characteristic of the Conestoga was its curved bed, each end rising a foot higher than the middle, which added much steadiness. It was strongly but lightly built; the wheels were large, with a broad iron tread; the sides were upright; the ends projected outward; and a covering of white canvas stretched on bows across the top. The underbody was always painted blue and the upper part red, thus adding, till sufficiently coated with mud, a patriotic touch to the whole. The back might be let down for the loading, which, owing to the curved body, it needed some art to accomplish. At one side was a small tool chest, on the rear a feed trough, and underneath a grimy leather bucket swung, filled with grease, and here the customary "cross dog" was tied. The sides were about as high as the neck of the wagoner, who rode upon the left of the first pair of his six horses. There was also a patent brake or lock, to manage which a passenger would often be taken gratis. Such wagons as these were used by the large numbers of Germans and others going West.

Wagoners were divided into two classes, between which a vicious rivalry existed: the professionals, or "regulars," and the "militia," or "sharpshooters"—farmers who followed this occupation during the winter months, and used their smaller farm wagons. In road society, the "regulars" were counted next to stage drivers, and like other good

men given to a hard and tiresome life, they held a reputation for comradeship among themselves, hostility to others, and blustering drunkenness and fighting. On the Lancaster road they were given to such amusements as backing their horses across the road and charging toll from the detested private carriages, or even stages; in which case the driver collected it from the passengers, keeping a "rake-off" for himself. Even when not engaged in such sport, a private vehicle was lucky to pass a train of wagons unhurt. And, after a dull day's jogging on the hard white road in the choking dust and monotonous grind and crunch of an endless line of wagons, it is natural that they should choose to pass a somewhat violent evening.

The wagoners spent their nights at first in any tavern barroom, and later, when their numbers had enormously increased and class distinction grown more marked, at inns of a lower class. "Wagon stands," they were called, ranging in size from the Red Lion at Ardmore to meagre little houses, hardly more than roadside saloons. Here was a broad yard where the wagons were left for the night, each team fastened about its wagon tongue, on which the food trough had been placed. Many had other inclosures where droves of cattle or sheep might be kept for the night. The principal feature of the house itself was, of course, the barroom. This was generally half bar and half fireplace, unless a large, ten-plate stove were substituted. Otherwise it was furnished only with a few benches and drinking pots. The landlord sold liquor, minded the fire and tried to keep the boys from breaking things; while they, between drinks, passed the time in reckless swapping, betting, singing, dancing, fighting, and conversation, until they finally turned in for the night on what small bedding they carried. They slept in the yard in summer, or in the barroom in winter. Cazenove in 1794 thus describes the scene.

In the Downing's town inn where I spent the night there were that same evening 14 Lancaster farmers; each one was driving a big four-horse wagon, with 12 barrels of flour, to Philadelphia. I found them in a room next to the kitchen, all lying on the floor in a circle, their feet to the fire, each one on one or two bags of oats which they have with them to feed the horses on the way; they were covered with a poor blanket, no cap, and all dressed; this lodging did not cost them anything—the inn keeper gave them this shelter to be able to sell them the small quantity of liquor they buy.

It was first on the Lancaster road that the distinction between wagon taverns and those for stage passengers was drawn. In appearance, inns were always much alike, plain stone buildings of two or three stories fronting on the road and generally having a long porch. They had two doors, one the main entrance and the other to the barroom. On a tall pole the sign-board was displayed, where all bore,



appropriately illustrated, such conventional names as "Black Bear," "Buck," "Ship," or that of a popular hero, though often they were more commonly known by the name of the proprietor. There was also a stable, a barn—for nearly every inn-keeper owned a large plantation—and other outbuildings. Frequently a prosperous tavern combined the neighborhood store and a smithy which was usually kept busy all the night in shoeing and repairs. Such an establishment was the nucleus, since replaced by the railroad station, about which a small town might grow. It was always a social center, where people came for their mail or supplies or liquor, where notices were posted, elections, courts and meetings held, exhibits given by itinerant showmen, and where the masculine society was wont to gather in the evenings to sip their liquor and converse on current matters. It is thus described by Cooper in "The Pioneers":

The public, or as it was called, the barroom, of the Bold Dragoon, was a spacious apartment, lined on three sides by benches and on the fourth by fire-places. Of the latter there were two, of such size as to occupy, with their enormous jambs, the whole of that side of the apartment where they were placed, excepting room enough for a door or two, and a little apartment in one corner, which was protected by miniature pallsadoes and profusely garnished with bottles and glasses. . . .

For ten or fifteen minutes, the different individuals, who intended either to bestow or receive edification before the fires of the Bold Dragoon, on that evening, were collecting, until the benches were nearly filled with men of different occupations. . . .

Sundry brown mugs, containing cider or beer, were placed between the heavy andirons, and little groups were formed among the guests, as subjects arose, or the liquor was passed from one to the other. No man was seen to drink by himself, nor in any instance was more than one vessel considered necessary for the same beverage; but the glass, or the mug was passed from hand to hand, until a chasm in the line, or a regard to the rights of ownership would restore the dregs of the potation to him who defrayed the cost.

Toasts were uniformly drank; and occasionally, some one, who conceived himself peculiarly endowed by nature to shine in the way of wit, would attempt some such sentiment as "hoping that he" who treated "might make a better man than his father"; or, "live till all his friends wished him dead"; while the more humble pot-companion contented himself by saying, with a most imposing gravity in his air, "come, here's luck"; or by expressing some other equally comprehensive desire. In every instance, the veteran landlord was accustomed to imitate the custom of the cup-bearers to kings, and taste the liquor he presented, by the significant invitation of "after you is manners"; with which request he ordinarily complied, by wetting his lips, first expressing the wish of "here's hoping," leaving it to the imagination of his hearers to fill the vacuum by whatever good each thought most desirable. During these movements, the landlady was busily occupied with mixing the various compounds

required by her customers, with her own hands, and occasionally exchanging greetings and inquiries concerning the conditions of their respective families, with such of the villagers as approached "the bar."

The democratic serving of all classes alike by the early taverns was not productive of elegance or any great degree of cleanliness. The fare, "homely but wholesome," was eaten at one table; the scarcity of bedrooms was compensated by putting several beds in one room and several travellers in one bed; servants were not tipped, and as a rule, one informally helped oneself.

The later stage taverns were much the same, if not old inns re-furnished with added rooms and better service, and wagoners and such were strictly forbidden. In all there were large ballrooms, where neighborhood dances and assemblies were held. The landlords were perhaps less distinguished than their forerunners, but continued the substantial owners of the property, and considered themselves on an equal footing with their guests. Many filled some position of trust, as a commission in the militia or political appointment, usually that of Postmaster, for his tavern made a most convenient postoffice.

The carriage of the mails from Philadelphia was first made profitable in the postmastership of Benjamin Franklin. Formerly, the mail rider waited until he had enough letters to pay the expenses of his journey before setting out; there was never more mail than he could comfortably carry in his saddle bags, for many entrusted their letters to passing travellers, as safer and more sure. In either case strictly private correspondence was written in code. When stage lines were established they obtained the mail contracts, which lessened the danger of loss to such an extent that in a Philadelphia paper of 1822 is proposed an "Iron Sunken Bottom or Chest," of wrought iron, to be rivetted and barred into the floor of the coaches, with its key kept at the postoffice. "for the security of the mails against robbery." When Chief Red Jacket was visiting Philadelphia, under the guidance of an interpreter and deputation of citizens, he was shown, perhaps with a view to his admonishment, the new mail pouch. It was made of heavy, rivetted leather, with a stout and massive patent lock and chain that might have discouraged a safe-cracker. He handled it critically. "Ho!" he said when they asked why he smiled, "This makes my knife laugh."

*C. C. Sellers, '25*

## *Spring Madness*

### I

*The lapsing daylight merges soon  
Into the gloom of lavender eve,  
And under the rim of a misty moon  
At the end of an April afternoon  
Is the time to rise and leave.  
Hear from the waste of a vast space calling,  
Calling, the voice they must obey.  
With the vigilant calm of evening falling  
Comes the time to ride away.*

*From the dusty desk, from fatuous ease,  
From home, from worry and strife they start.  
They answer the cry in the challenging breeze,  
Seeking how hopefully to appease  
A riotous spirit, a clamoring heart.  
The haste of passage to distant places  
On winds that buffet and collide  
Fires their eyes and illumines their faces,  
As mounted upon the wind they ride.*

### II

*Back in the pink of a breaking dawn  
Through misty wraiths of April rain,  
Aged as if long years had gone  
With faces pinched and features drawn  
The riders return again.  
On frosty hills the low sun shimmers  
In valleys still the night fog lies,  
And the dying fire of the madness glimmers  
Out of the caverns of their eyes.*

*At desk and labor their backs are bent,  
 They twist their lips into common speech,  
 But strange words slip them without consent;  
 Their warped minds focus on one intent,  
 On hopes which puzzle them and beseech.  
 And always they wait and wish forever  
 To hear the call again, and go  
 Away to another land they never  
 Have known and never are to know.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*

## *Beau Brummel*

*All London Town is walking now  
 Because Beau Brummel walks,  
 And London Town is talking now  
 Just as Beau Brummel talks.  
 From three o'clock to five or so  
 His Highness takes the air with Beau.*

*He wears a vest of gold brocade  
 And trousers striped with brown,  
 And thus another style is made  
 Which soon will take the town.  
 For fashions come and fashions go  
 But all are fashioned by the Beau.*

*I met his Grace of Darbyhead  
 Today at Willon Hall.  
 "What's up at Carlton House?" I said,  
 "When is the Prince's ball?"  
 "His Highness does not even know,"  
 He answered, "It depends on Beau."*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*



## Mr. Charles Feuillerat

**M**R. CHARLES FEUILLERAT sat on the edge of his bed eating breakfast. At least, that is what Mr. Feuillerat would have called them both, but to the untutored eye the one looked like a rickety iron cot and the other remarkably like a large piece of milk chocolate. The only other objects in the room were a chair on which lay those articles of apparel which its owner had not already donned; a very small bureau with a large glass covered with twenty years of fly-specks, a tie-rack holding an array of twenty astounding ties, and a black leather kit of rather large dimensions rolled up and fastened with a neat strap. This latter might have been plumber's tools if the kit had been less neat and shining, or a large professional music-roll if the contour had been a little more regular.

Unaware that he was being examined through the keyhole, Mr. Feuillerat sat eating his breakfast.

Rap! Rap!

"Come in."

A fat female face appeared as the door opened a crack.

"May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Feuillerat, glancing in the mirror to see if his hair was combed, which it was, and undismayed by the fact that his shirt was unbuttoned down the front. A corresponding body followed the face, and the whole would have been as prepossessing as it was jolly had it not been for the lack of that article of apparel which "stout" women find necessary for moral support, and for the fact that, in consequence of the one lack, another was just as apparent, which caused a bunch of black cotton stocking to collect around each ankle.

"Sit down," said the host, gingerly removing his clothes from the chair to the bed.

"No, thank you. I just came up to say good-morning."

"Nice day?"

"Yes, but it's too cold and do you know I'm just worried to death about Jane. I sent her to ten o'clock mass and she ain't got back yet and here it is half-past twelve. I'll bet that little rat has just *ruined* her new white stockings."

"Humph!"

"Did you have a good time last night?"

"Purty good."

A short silence ensued, during which the lady gazed around the

room and the gallant finished his last bite of chocolate and yawned with a whole-natured and hearty stretch.

"Will you send Joey out for an *Inquire*'? He can have the funny pictures."

"Well!"

"Well!" said Mr. Feuillerat, startled at the asperity of the tone. Then a light suddenly seemed to dawn upon him. He took a roll of bills from his pocket, extracted eighteen dollars in two dollar bills and handed them to his caller.

She gasped.

"May I have a receipt, please?" he asked with a touch of jeering courtesy, accompanied by a winning smile.

"Of course," and she disappeared down the stairs, Mr. Feuillerat tiptoeing after her to look down from the landing.

"That's the time I fooled her, all right. Thought she was goin' to have another chance to yell all my crimes to the neighbors. But I fooled her this time all right; that'll take her off her high horse." He buttoned up his shirt and put on an extraordinarily low collar and a string-like black four-in-hand, laughing to himself. The landlady returned with the receipt written in blue indelible pencil across a piece torn out of a paper bag.

"You must have had a good night last night," she said, glancing meaningly at the black kit. "But you can't be too careful. You know what happened to my Jemmy."

"Your what?"

"My Jemmy, him that's out on the avenue," answered the lady, whose husband had had some slight exploits connected, in a way she could never understand, with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in consequence of which he was no longer the protector of his wife and family.

"What's that got to do with me?" asked Mr. Feuillerat cheerfully, unaware of her glances at the black kit.

"Maybe you'll find out some day and I'll have to look for a new boarder," returned the lady, who was designated by her friends as a "stone wall widow", and went down stairs.

In less than two winks of a cat's eye the door burst open and a being dazzling to behold burst in. A young man in a large diamond stick pin and a pearl gray overcoat topped by a new derby hat opened the door.

"Hello, Charley!"

"Hello!"

"Say, Charley, I met your landlady on the stairs; she looks as happy as a chorus girl in a new fur coat. What did you do? Pay her?"

"Yes."

"That's great! Just what I came up for. Could you let me have twenty bucks till Wednesday? I got stuck with a Jane last night and spent every cent I had."

"Sure," and Mr. Charles Feuillerat took ten two dollar bills from his well-filled wallet. In the mean time his butterfly friend spied the black kit. He immediately let out a long drawn, low whistle.

"You must have had a good haul last night," he said.

"Purty good."

"Well, you can't be too careful, you know," returned the butterfly with a look lost on Mr. Feuillerat.

"What do you mean?"

The butterfly replied by a sly wink, and, having gained what he came for, departed with an airy "so long".

"I'll be a—" Mr. Feuillerat started, but ended by scratching his head carefully but earnestly. He was about to open the door when it opened from the outside and "Joey" bounced in, almost hidden by a Sunday paper which he was carrying.

"Mom said we could have the funny pictures, so I left 'em down stairs."

"Yes," said Mr. Feuillerat taking the paper and giving the youngster a nickel and five pennies. While he was counting the money out Joey discovered the black kit.

"I bet I know what that is. Pop used to—" but he found himself being helped to the door by one ear, and, before all the infantile wisdom could come out, the door had shut behind him.

Mr. Charles Feuillerat spent the next two hours in the depths of the Sunday *Inquire*'. When he had finished the page on boxing and the Feature Section he read the local news. During the whole procedure he exhaled a blue haze all over the room, the origin of which was a little paper packet with the picture of a tropical animal on the outside. After saturating himself well in scandal and tobacco, he got up and dressed. And after the process Mr. Feuillerat was a picture. On first sight he reminded one of a Venetian pirate-boat. His cut was extremely rakish and his color very convincing. The bottoms of his cuffless trousers slanted away over the heels of gleaming patent leather shoes; his coat was held together by a kind of cord with a button on each end and revealed a vest feebly trying to imitate its "full-dress" cousin in cut; the skirts of the coat were remarkably full and slanted away toward the back; the pockets did the same, and the enormous lapels formed similar angles with the perpendicular. The whole was surmounted by a stylishly coarse-woven cap of brown and white. His suit was near that shade of

purple which undertakers are wont to display on the doorposts of the deceased.

Mr. Feuillerat put the black kit under his arm and sallied forth. He had pressing business, for he walked firmly and swiftly eastward toward the realm mysteriously referred to in the newspapers as the "tenderloin". But his mind was not at ease. He seemed to ponder deeply, and repeated over to himself the words, "You can't be too careful", again and again. Presently he stopped at the side door of a store displaying the arms of the De Medicis and turned the knob. It was locked. He rang the bell. A huge lump of sallow fat face opened the door and asked what he wanted in a not very inviting tone.

"I want to hock this," said Mr. Feuillerat.

"Can't do it today, it's Sunday," returned the lump of fat.

"Oh, all right, then. I just thought you might want it cheap. I'm going out of town, but if you're particular I'll have to go somewhere else."

The lump of fat looked up and down the street and then pulled Mr. Feuillerat rather roughly in at the door.

"You can't be too careful, you know," he said, looking at the kit. He led Mr. Feuillerat into the store. The latter laid the kit down on the counter, unaware of the significance of the remark, and not seeing the glance.

"Ten dollars," said the pawnbroker, without opening the kit.

"What!" said Mr. Feuillerat, and he unrolled the kit, displaying to the astonished man behind the counter a beautifully mounted set of surgical instruments. They haggled a while over the price, then the pawnbroker asked Mr. Feuillerat, "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I found it in a taxi-cab."

"Have you change?" the lump of fat asked.

"Sure," and he pulled his roll out.

"You must have had a good night last night. It's a good thing you came here to flash that roll. You can't be too careful."

Mr. Feuillerat departed with a feeling of vague unrest. When he came to the next corner he drew two large, amber-colored dice out of his pocket.

"Well, they all say to be careful," he said with a sigh, "but it's the first I knew they'd put you up for rolling the bones. But here goes!" He threw the beautiful dice down the sewer and walked sadly away.

*Ames Johnston, '25.*



## Some English Humorists

FOR purposes of criticism, Humor is, like the heathen Chinees, very peculiar. The more we know about the theory of music, the more we can enjoy music. The greater our skill in detecting tints, the greater our pleasure in seeing paintings. But the more we see the inside workings of something humorous, the less we like it, and the flatter it becomes. We have all had the experience of telling some one an excruciatingly funny story, and of having him turn to us with a calm face and say, "I don't quite get the joke of that." Then try to explain the humor of the situation. Just try! So we may say, that from a purely technical and literary viewpoint, Humor is a very funny thing.

Of the host of Touchstones that have tried to make this world less a vale of tears and more a vale of jeers, there are three who have always been my elect. They are Lewis Carrol, Stephen Leacock, and William Gilbert.

Carrol's masterpiece—"Alice in Wonderland"—has been more or less damned by a public which has always considered it a child's book. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are few books written which can give pleasure to young and old, crabbed and gay, rich and poor, bent and straight, as this one. It is so simple, naive, logical (and above all, ridiculously logical), that he who can read it without laughing "is fit for plots and stratagems and such." Carrol's verse is remarkable for its rib-tickling qualities.

*How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tale.  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every shiny scale!*

*How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws.*

Or take a passage from the "Hunting of the Snark." (Almost everybody knows the "Jabberwock," so I need not quote that.)

*Taking three as the number to reason about,  
 A convenient number to state,  
 We add seven and ten, and then multiply out,  
 By one thousand diminished by eight.  
 The answer we get we proceed to divide  
 By nine hundred and ninety and two,  
 Then subtract seventeen, and the answer we get,  
 Is exactly and perfectly true.*

I defy anyone to disprove the premise or conclusion stated above, or to get any pleasure from reading it, now that the secret of Carrol's humor is revealed.

Leacock, like Carrol is not primarily a humorist. He is a professor of economics, but finds writing of humorous and satiric sketches a pleasant avocation. His books, among which may be cited "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," "Behind the Beyond," "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich," and more recently "My Discovery of England," are all uniformly excellent; and one could safely read anything he has written, excepting "Literary Studies" and some textbooks on economics, which have the misfortune to be serious, and be sure of at least one sly smile, if not a hearty and raucous guffaw. He sketches types, the rich man, the poor man, the honest man, and so on through all the calendar. He is always funny, but nothing is allowed to pall by being too funny. He seems to follow Edward Lear's advice which says:

*Then fourthly, there are epithets  
 That suit with any word,  
 As well as Harvey's Reading sauce,  
 With fish or flesh or bird.  
 Such epithets like pepper,  
 Give zest to what you write,  
 And if you spread them sparsely,  
 They whet the appetite,  
 But if you spread them on too thick,  
 They spoil the matter quite.*

The third and last of these men is William Gilbert. It is no mean achievement to write musical comedies that will be produced twenty years after one's death, but Gilbert has done it. His method of attack is to take some patently absurd premise and follow it out to its logical conclusion. For example, in "Ruddigore," the Baronet hero must commit a crime a day, under penalty of suffering death at the hands of his ancestral ghosts. He reasons that refusal to commit a daily crime

is suicide. Suicide is a crime; therefore refusal to commit a crime-a-day is in itself a crime, and the curse should therefore be removed. Quite simple, on the face of it.

Among others of his comedies are "Mikado," "H. M. S. Pinafore," and "Iolanthe." Their clever dialogue and sparkling topical songs (which can be read without their music, and still enjoyed, shades of Irving Berlin!) and above all, the author's hostility to shams and hypocrisy, have been great factors in causing these plays to be revived year after year.

Gilbert has won additional fame as the author of the "Bab Ballads," which he designates as "much sound, little sense." Among the more famous is the "Ballad of Prince Agib" which begins:

*Strike the concertina's melancholy string,  
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything,  
Let the piano's martial blast  
Rouse the echoes of the past,  
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing.*

"Gentle Alice Brown," and the ditty beginning

*Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.*

rank high in the annals of humorous verse, although they are undeniably gruesome.

Humor, as was stated before, is a peculiar thing. Some things which seem funny one day, on another sound as sad as Thursday's oil on Saturday's sardine. But there are some things whose intrinsic humor age cannot wither, nor repetition stale, and the works of these three men are shining examples of this type of humor. Any reader of this paper who is not frightened by its perusal and who has the courage to prospect in the depths of these authors will find himself rewarded for his courage.

*I. C. Heyne, '23.*

## The Embroidered Shoe

“IT IS my duty to perform the ceremonies at the Autumn Festival tonight. I fear I shall be late, good Daughter. Do not wait for me. But look over my collection and retire early.”

Wang-ling, the famous connoisseur of antiques, was speaking.

“Your wish shall be obeyed, august Father,” replied Mei-mei with a bow.

Half an hour after the wealthy collector had left for the Festival his obedient daughter turned to her servant with anxiety.

“Are you sure the young scholar, Hai-shu, is coming? Why is he so late?”

“Yes, my respected Mistress,” answered the old woman, “his friend assured me that he would not fail. Hai-shu is an honorable scholar. He is coming.”

“Did you not see him yourself then?” asked the young woman excitedly.

“He happened to be out when I called to deliver the message which I then left with an honorable friend of his. They are all honorable scholars.”

“A-mah,” cried Mei-mei to the simple-minded woman. “May Heaven make Hai-shu’s friend as respectful as he himself; for my honor depends upon . . .”

A knock on the door was heard.

“He has come,” declared A-mah calmly, moving toward the entrance to let in the visitor while the girl hastily threw on her veil.

The caller was a youth and a stranger to both mistress and maid. They had heard of him and knew him to be a scholar of no mean ability. He appeared in a mourning gown, but his face showed no signs of grief. Bowing to the women before him, he at last broke the silence.

“I was not surprised to have received your message. I, too, have heard of you before. As soon as the period for mourning is over I shall approach your honorable father for your hand. In the meantime allow me to keep something from you as a token of your devotion.”

The young woman was in a state of great agitation because she was happy. It had been her ambition to marry a scholar and not a merchant as her father had hinted. Many a time she had prayed to Kwan-yin. Now she found her prayers answered in the form of a scholar of her own choice. Hurriedly she withdrew to fetch him a keep-



sake. But when she appeared with an embroidered shoe A-mah remonstrated with her gently.

"The shoe is the Master's most valuable possession. He would not part with it thus. Pray, my good Mistress, let the honorable scholar have something else." Mei-mei proved deaf to her words, being beside herself with joy. Tremblingly she handed it to the stranger and spoke without betraying her emotions, "Your unworthy maid, too, desires a token from you."

Strange as it may seem, the young man became confused and hesitated for some moments. Then he unloosened the belt of his gown and gave it to the girl.

"Am I not worth more to my father than the shoe?" asked Mei-mei triumphantly after the scholar had left.

Midnight came and the excited girl was still awake. She had heard her father come in and was mentally following him through the house. As he approached the back door, there was the sound of a scuffle, a drawn-out hiss and the deadened thud of a limp body. Terrified, Mei-mei called the old servant who ran to the back of the house to return screaming and weeping. Some unknown assailant had stabbed the old man whose body lay stretched upon the floor. The murderer had escaped through the garden and the next morning, the embroidered shoe which the girl had given her lover was found under the wall which surrounded the house. All that had been love within her changed to hate for the young scholar and to bring her father's slayer to justice was the sole aim of her existence.

Judge Wang Ling-kai was as sagacious and experienced as any that ever handed down a decision from the court of Shanghai. He saw that Mei-mei's evidences against the youthful Hai-shu were plausible enough; but knew intuitively that he was guiltless. The belt which was alleged to have been given by the scholar could not have belonged to him. He was in mourning for his father so could not have used a belt designed for the occasion of one's mother's death. Mei-mei was not sure it was the same young man whom she had seen the night of the Festival while A-mah had bad eye-sight which made her testimony unreliable. He withheld sentence and declared the court adjourned.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pawn this belt for two hundred pair of cash," said Judge Wang to one of the court attendants.

"Ay, honorable Judge, the belt is not worth half that much," came the courteous reply.

"Go to every pawnbroker in the city," instructed the Judge.

"Before you come to the last one you shall have found your demand acceptable."

The attendant did as he was told and found his labor well paid. Wu-sang, the pawnbroker on Nanking Road, paid him the Judge's price.

"Respected Sir," said Wu-sang to the Judge, "my record for the day of the Festival reads: 15th day, eighth moon, rented one mourning gown with belt to Liu-shih at fifty pair cash. Gown returned (16th day) without belt. Charge four hundred pair cash."

Judge Wang dismissed the pawnbroker with no little gratification and issued a warrant for Liu-shih. But at sight of the defendant a cloud of doubt darker than ever hung over his mind.

Liu-shih proved to be a new complication.

"I received A-mah's message to Hai-shu," he confessed. "I knew he was in mourning and, therefore, forbidden to comply with the girl's request by the doctrine of the Great Sage. But I was curious and decided to learn of her on his behalf, intending to acquaint him of the affair in case she proved favorable. Accordingly I rented a mourning gown and went in his name. What took place between us is already known. Upon my return I discovered to my great amazement that I had lost the embroidered shoe on the way. I therefore kept the affair a secret, not having any evidence to show. As to how the shoe came to be under the wall of the Wang-ling house, who murdered him, and under what condition, I have not the least bit of knowledge."

"Where had you been on that day previous to going to Wang-ling's house?"

"To Wu-sang's shop for the mourning gown."

"Did you see anybody else besides Mei-mei and her servant?"

"Yes, I saw Wu-sang."

"That I already knew," roared the heretofore calm and dispassionate Judge. "I mean another place and person than the pawnbroker's."

"I remained at home and saw nobody else," was the firm reply.

"This is more than a puzzle," declared Judge Wang and closed the court.

He passed that night in deep meditation.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Nanking Road in the shop of Wu-sang, the proud owner sat crossed-legged by his cash-chest. A long bamboo pipe extended from his mouth to the top of his shoe where it rested, vigorously sending up puffs of smoke. His mind was as much wrapped up in thought as his body was by the fumes. His half-closed eyes followed the smoke from his mouth and watched it turn into countless little circles which he wished could be transformed into cash. Ah, cash. Had he not made

an extra couple hundred pair the day before? If a man lost what he had rented from a pawnbroker was not the pawnbroker entitled to profit? Most assuredly. Then he remembered he had almost made a fortune on . . . He got up to wait on a customer. He found the customer not wanting anything but having something to offer. However, so long as there was any likelihood of profitable business he was willing to talk obligingly. He liked to expound upon the principles of sound business such as his. He could prove convincingly the importance of the slightest change, be it natural or superficial, upon the pawnbroker's trade; and, for example, he cited the recent celebration of the Autumn Festival. Could such a busy business man as a pawnbroker find time to attend the celebrations?

"Ay, honorable customer, I closed my shop that day just to go and see the magnificent sight."

"Did you also see how the red dragon and the green dragon fight for the possession of the magic talisman?" asked the customer suddenly becoming enthusiastic.

Wu-sang said he did and the customer gladly disposed of his merchandise at whatever price the wise pawnbroker was willing to pay, and bid him a good day.

In point of fact there was no celebration and the dragons were more imaginary than real. Wu-sang's ready acquiescence made the stranger chuckle to himself while on his way from Nanking Road to the court. For who would have sold so readily to the adroit Wu-sang but the honorable judge himself?

Once within the gates he sent for the pawnbroker and the other suspects, at the same time announcing his intention to bring an end to the case. When all had been gathered before him he addressed them:

"The murderer of Wang-ling is among you, so the gods have told me. Confess and I shall be lenient."

All stared at each other in blank astonishment. None, however, was more bewildered than Wu-sang who had not recovered from the surprise of his arrest.

"The judgment of the gods is fairer than that of man," continued Judge Wang solemnly, "and their punishment more severe. Since you refuse to confess I shall appeal to the gods."

He led them into the dark temple and gave them water to wash their hands with. Having done this, he placed them close to the wall.

"You are in the presence of the spirits," he told them in the dark. "I command you to remain facing the wall. The spirits will write their sentence on the back of him who is guilty."

A few moments passed and the prisoners were ordered to come out.

"You are the murderer," said the judge to the pawnbroker who discovered too late what a judgment of the gods meant. He had washed his hands in ink. He had feared the writing of the gods and had hidden his back against the wall which had been whitewashed by order of the Judge. On coming out he had covered his back with his own hands printing on it the words of the gods. The wretched man completely broke down but after regaining his composure, publicly related his crime before his execution.

"I felt sure that some irregularity was connected with Liu-shih's renting of the mourning gown and decided to watch him, hoping to be benefited by my labor. I followed him to the house of Wang-ling and finally saw him drop the embroidered shoe as he was turning down the street after leaving the house. I picked up the shoe and judged it to be of great value. It occurred to me that by possessing its mate also I could get a handsome price for them. I returned to the house and succeeded in breaking in through the back door. Suddenly Wang-ling confronted me with a weapon. To escape was out of the question. I did what I considered to be safest and escaped by climbing over the wall, dropping the shoe as I did so."

S. H. Chang, '25.

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## Night—and Alone

*Night; and alone I watch the drifting snow  
Solemnly eddy and swirl in breathless air,  
Draping a fleecy blanket everywhere  
With tender mothering grace—so sure, so slow—  
And nestling down, the weary earth dreams, low  
Beneath the frosty coverlet drawn with care  
As a mother smooths her drowsy infant's hair  
And tucks him in when evening candles glow.*

*Yearning, I see the soft ingathered fold  
Brood lovingly with its expanse of white.  
Yearning, I wait with vague desires, and numb  
For your warm touch and voice. Still ever cold  
And silent fall the snowflakes through the night  
While you come not—ah no, you will not come!*

John Reich, '24.



## Johannes Kreisler

WHEN it was in Berlin, *Die Wunderliche-Geschichten des Kapellmeisters Kreisler* was the outstanding European dramatic triumph. Now this fantastic melodrama has been brought to America under the name of *Johannes Kreisler*, and is being produced intact in its forty-two scenes under the direction of Frank Reicher. Svend Gade invented the technical work specially for Carl Meinhard and Rudolf Bernauer, who had conceived the idea of presenting Hoffman's visions and mental conflicts in dramatic form and who saw the novel opportunity of giving pictorial expression to his emotions and flights of thought. The play is based upon the novelist's *Die Serapions Brüder* (the name of a small club of Hoffman's literary friends), in the writing of which he drew upon early reminiscences, and more specifically, his unhappy passion for a lady to whom he gave music lessons.

The curtain rises upon a black stage. Gradually the lights come up and disclose the Serapion Brethren who are holding an all-night session. Kreisler, the half-mad musician, enters and demands that he be left alone with Theodor, his faithful friend, so that he may unburden his griefs. The two leave the table as the scene again turns to pitch blackness. Immediately the lights disclose Theodor's room, which is set on one side of the stage. The couple enters and Kreisler starts his tale.

When the song writer was young, and wandered over the hills of Bamberg—the scene fades out and he is seen strolling through a hilltop grove—he fell asleep and had his first conception of his opera *Undine*. It came as a vision of sea nymphs paying homage to their queen; a beautiful scene in limpid greens and blues. Vague fears and doubts entered, symbolized by a crowd of black forms fleeing before a slave-driving monk, but these are dispelled by the artistic beauty of *Undine*. He was awakened by the singing of the Woman, Julia, the ideal woman, such as he conjured up for his *Undine*.

Kreisler became employed as Julia's music teacher, and learned to love his fair pupil. There was the inevitable barrier. Her family wanted her either to marry a rich man for his money or to enter a convent. The musician was filled with the distorted imaginings of an unbalanced mind, now thinking of the Black Mass where Julia, chained to a pillar, is being whipped by the hooded monk, and again of Bluebeard with his most recent wife. Capping the climax, in reality, he was forbidden the house when her family learned of his love for her.

In the second part of the play, Kreisler tells of his love for Euphemia,

the one of noble birth, another counterpart of his Undine. She was surrounded by a group of bigoted aristocrats who endured his boorishness and impetuosity only for her sake. It was through her that *Undine* was finally to be produced, but this very impetuosity which she loved in him was that which caused his downfall, for, after many acceptances and rejections, he finally refused to insert into his opera the banal ballet which one of the court favorites had organized. Was love, then, only for fools and aristocrats? This was the burning issue which seared his tortured heart. It was this which made him imagine himself flicking off the heads of his tormenters with his baton; and then again the black man appeared over whom he had no control.

The story continues in the third act with Kreisler's recent experiences with the actress who played Donna Anna in Mozart's *Don Juan*. She is the true Undine, combining the beautiful voice of Julia with the gentle nobility of Euphemia. Kreisler had spent a week of agony at the theatre in the hope of seeing her again after her first appearance in the rôle. Then, going into a trance in his box after the performance of the night before, he had one of his visions. Locked in the deserted theatre, he heard the voice of Donna Anna, and, starting up, saw his Undine singing to him from the stage. He descended to her, floating through the air, and for the first time held her in passionate embrace. His bliss was but momentary, for she slipped limp from his arms. This ends his narrative. As he is sitting crushed by the fantastic tragedy, one of the Brethren enters and announces that Donna Anna had died the night before. It is, for the last time, the black man, in real flesh and blood!

The sheer force of acting, in itself, is marvellous throughout, with Jacob Ben-Ami in the part of Kreisler. At every junction, the music lends itself to the setting, never letting the illusion fall. Scenic changes are remarkably rapid and complete. When one scene is lighted, nothing else appears, and the very darkness adds to the setting. Of course, from merely the financial standpoint, such a production could take place only in a few of the greater theatrical centers of the world, nor could the multiplicity of scenes be adopted very largely or successfully by the usual type of theatre. They do not need it under ordinary circumstances, and the danger lies in that such methods may be applied as a substitute for real dramatic art.

If ever the reproduction of the weird hallucinations of the frenzied soul, and the telling of history backward is justified, it would seem to be in just such a case as this, where the story is the continuous relation of a narrator, and where the phantoms of imagination live again in all their reality in the mind from which they originally sprung. *Johannes Kreisler* presents no thin thread of plot, or one story used to illustrate

another, but a real trilogy, united in the ideals and personality of the protagonist while the other characters change their rôles, but not their ultimate relations to the hero. As it stands, *Johannes Kreisler* is a masterpiece of modern dramatic art taken from every standpoint, and it may be well for the more skeptical conservatives in matters artistic to follow this development with a view to appreciating the modern trend of drama.

*F. C. Haring, '24.*

*J. F. Blair, '24.*

## *Contributors' Column*

DEAR CYNTHIA:

I am a young man of seventeen attending a small college. In an adjoining town there are many nice girls but there is one of whom I am extremely fond. I am a fairly good-looking fellow with but one slight defect, and that is, I wear glasses. This girl's actions convince me that she cares for me, but I cannot tell her how much I love her and say all the pretty things I want to her because just when I'm about to get started, she picks up her knitting, for which she has the very bad habit. I said to her:

*You drop a stitch, or two, or three  
So calmly it can hardly be  
Mere accident. Oh! I descry  
An admirable reason why  
You do so; for whenever we  
Intransigently disagree,  
To gain time for some repatee,  
Or to invent a shrewd reply,  
You drop a stitch.*

*Your knitting to a vast degree  
Piques and discountenances me  
Eternally; indeed, when I  
Propose, before you signify  
Your pleasure, I expect to see  
You drop a stitch.*

I have tried in every way possible to overcome this disadvantage, but all to no avail, so I appeal to you for a suggestion as to how I may avoid this difficulty.

ANXIOUS.

(Can any of our readers suggest a remedy?)

## Alumni Notes

1885

Rufus M. Jones writes the leading article in the *Bookman* for February, entitled, "The American Parent and Child." Dr. Jones is also the editor of *Religious Foundations*, which has just come off the press of Macmillan and Company. It is what might almost be called a Haverford publication, having been made possible by Haverfordians. The book is a collection of intimate essays on religion by men who are not afraid to say what they believe in spite of all dogma and prejudice. Dr. Jones writes three of the short chapters; Dr. Elihu Grant writes a chapter; the Reverend Willard L. Sperry, who gave the Haverford Library Lectures in 1922, writes a chapter; and Dr. Francis C. Peabody, who gave the

same lectures several years ago, writes a chapter. The other chapters are written by men who have had experience in preaching to and teaching college men.

1903

*The Harvard Theological Review*, a quarterly publication, carries an article in the January issue by Dr. Henry Joel Cadbury called "Between Jesus and the Gospels."

1910

Christopher Morley has come out with two important magazine articles in the past month. The *Outlook* for January 24th publishes "Confessions of an Amateur Lecturer," and the *Literary Review* for the week before prints a short article on "'Rare' Books."

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election of Irvin Coltun Heyne, of the Class of 1923, to the Editorial Board.

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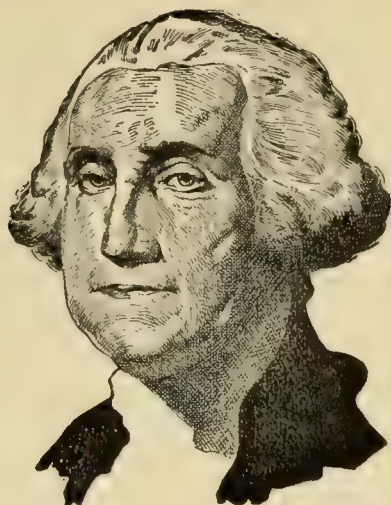
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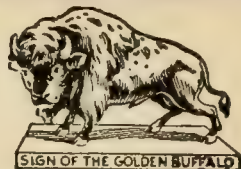
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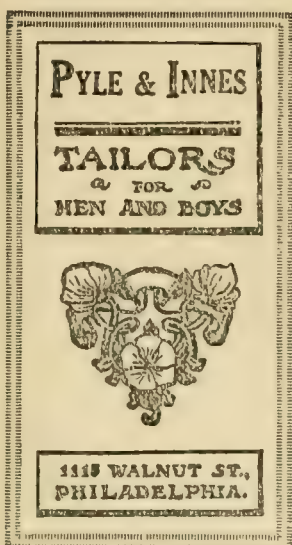


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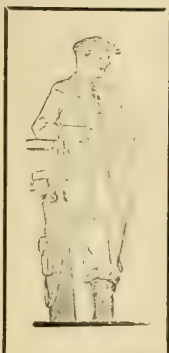


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# The Haverfordian



April, 1923

Volume XLII

Number 8

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## A Great Haverford Poet

[The Collected Poems of Nathaniel Witherspoon; edited with introduction and biography by Prof. Oswald J. Barker, Ph.D., Cambridge.]

TRULY it may be said that America is careless of her own. Nathaniel Witherspoon has been dead a bare twenty years, and to his fellow-countrymen today he is, for the most part, a name only, if that much. Probably, for the (so called) College Student, he is simply the man who struck General Richards in the face, as he was leaving the White House by a side entrance, and, in so doing, to quote the wise words of Lincoln, "gave the whole (civil) war a turn it might otherwise never have taken." I am not desirous of minimising this historic gesture, so fraught with heavy consequences, but surely, in the perspective of time, it is the least of his claims to fame! That blow has passed, with all it stood for and entailed, into the limbo of history, but the real works, the poems and that starkest and most naked of all short stories, *A Concord Jack and Jill*, remain. Certain lines of his poetry have become household words in every American family of any pretensions to good taste, and yet the author's name is forgotten. What politician, for instance, could locate the line he is so fond of using, "We live in stirring times," correctly in its context in the *Railroad Ballads of a Gipsy*? And, as a final proof of the obscurity into which Witherspoon has unaccountably fallen, I recently heard a student (of Haverford, if you please) remark, quite innocently, that not only did he not know the name of the author of *The Last Song of Ulalume*, but—he had never even read it! Perhaps, this candid and ingenuous youth would be surprised (in a mild and gentlemanly fashion) if he were informed that the MS. of the *Last Song of Ulalume* now reposes in a glass case in Haverford College Library. Life is full of little surprises, even for the young.

Professor Barker's definitive edition of the poems is all the more timely, in the face of this scandalous oblivion into which Witherspoon has fallen. It is to be hoped that it will revive interest in a great national poet. And, in passing, let me say that Professor Barker is eminently the right man to do justice to his subject. His *Life and Times of Sidney Porter* has already proved him a stylist of the first water, and his recent edition of the Swinburne-Whittier correspondence shows him to be a true scholar into the bargain. To the appraising of Witherspoon he brings an enthusiasm tempered by discretion, a wise humour for the foibles of the man which only serves to emphasize his genuine appreciation of the greatness of the poet. His short life of Witherspoon is a little gem in its way, and readers of Professor Barker do not need to be informed that he has discovered fresh material and solved one or two tantalising mysteries. The genesis of the poem "Love lies all a-mort,"

for instance, and Witherspoon's connection with Mrs. Wilmott in 1879, turn out to be a very harmless affair, after all, and it will come as a relief and a surprise to most readers to learn that Longfellow's splenetic assertion that "every decent door in Boston ought to be slammed in Witherspoon's pestilential face" has no bearing upon this episode, but refers to an umbrella which Witherspoon had carried off, by error, from Emerson's house after a New Year's party with Longfellow and George Peterson, the noted Orientalist. These and similar discoveries are gratifying to the lovers of Witherspoon, but on one point I feel that Professor Barker's enthusiasm out-runs his tact. The whole question of the last five years, with the unfortunate business of the Prudential Insurance scandal, might well have been passed over in merciful silence. An error of taste or justice may or may not have been committed, but it is expense of spirit in a waste of shame to argue the point, and, in the life-time of Mr. Vanderdellen, already an old man, it is both unkind and indiscreet to re-open the whole question. It would have been well had Professor Barker remembered Witherspoon's own words in *The Sleeping Sentinel*:

*If the Moon and Stars may slumber  
All the night, then, all the night,  
Dogs that lie, or beasts yet dumber—  
Let them sleep—for they may bite!*

As he was in the end, so he was in the beginning. The very first poem that Witherspoon composed—the *Lines Written After an Examination in the Dead Languages*—contain the true Witherspoon philosophy. Henley might not have blushed to own to them at any period in his turbulent career. It is a moral pleasure, as Professor Barker says, to quote them:

*I am not as the Others are,  
Those fools that go from bad to worse,  
And, careless of an alien star,  
Round out existence with a curse.*

*Nor am I not as Others were,  
Rememb'ring things were best forgot,  
Who greet the sunrise with a stare,  
And call it names—and know it not!*

*Nor am I yet as Others would,  
That neither sin nor saint it well,  
But, wishing harm, achieve the good,  
And, dreaming Heaven, wake in Hell!*

*I am not as the Others—that  
I cannot emphasize too much,  
The vogues that slurk, the knaves that pratt,  
The lug-faced lubes, or any such.*

*But I am one that feels and sings,  
Full throttled, yet of love illumed,  
And I'll not mourn, if so be things  
Are not as I had once presumed.*

This tune goes manly; there is something in its opening lines which, as Professor Barker says, appeals to the heart of our race. We feel that such a young man will go far. And he did, in the very next poem—*The Melancholy Song of Me*, beginning with the lines,

*Oh, I alone am only I,  
There is none other Me!*

It was the reading of this priceless lyric that caused Emerson to observe profoundly to Senator Bowyer, "I feel it—I feel it, if I may say say so, in my bones—this young fellow has gotten to the root of the matter. He has meat in him undigested now, but we shall hear more of him in the near future."

After that came years of quick and, perhaps, facile triumph—*The Railroad Ballads*, *Songs of Illinois*, the not altogether successful epic of *Jonah*—and then once more in 1878 Witherspoon rose to the heights of himself in his romantic tragedy, *Lorenzo of Lucca*, with its vivid and terrible picture of Renaissance Italy, its uncompromising attack on all forms of gambling, its eager, intoxicating passion. Some of us can still picture, in our mind's eye, Edwin Booth in the rôle of Lorenzo, the ruined gambler, stooping over the sleeping form of his aged mother, a dagger in his hand—can still hear his voice as he recited that heart-rending soliloquy of mingled remorse and villainy—nay, in memory, still shudder at Cornelia's pathetic cry when she awakes to the horrid realities of the scene:

LORENZO:

*There was a time—ye know it well, ye Heavens—  
But wherefore call upon the Heav'ns that stoop  
Their careless brows above our puny deeds,  
Unknit, unwrinkled and unkind—they're deaf,  
They reck not what a mortal hand may do,  
And, in the doing o't, so bungle up the deed,*

*Tis shouted glibly from th' astonished house-tops—  
 And yet, I say, there was a time—there was—  
 And would 'twere back again—when I had wept  
 From these sad eyes, more faster than the trees  
 Of Araby their gum, tears,—idle tears—  
 That beggar all description in the telling,  
 To slit the gullet of a thing I love.  
 Fie, out upon it! Psha, for shame! brute tears,  
 Unmanly drops, that water babies' cheeks,  
 Why so, I brush ye hence! Nay, things ill done  
 Were best done quickly, or else done not at all!  
 Let her not wake, O ye sweet Heavens, not wake,  
 Till I am thoroughly done with what I do!  
 So, cheerly, heart! and, hand, to work!—O, Mother!—  
 Up, sleeves, 'tis even so!—the steel's edge bites  
 Beneath the sentient thumb that tries its temper!—  
 Forgive me, Mother, but—O, thus—and so—  
 And so—and thus—and thus and thus—it must be!*

*(Stabs mother, and exit up stage, dragging body)*

CORNELIA (*waking*):

*O, woe! for shame! nay, who's done this? What, stabbed,  
 Quite stabbed! here's naught but blood! What, murdered! Ah!  
 (Dies.)*

Again, Professor Barker makes the only adequate remark on this passage: "Why this is Shakespeare! here's our gentle William's amazing vigor! The Swan of Avon's unutterable feeling for the tears in things! Witherspoon, thou hast triumphed!"

*Lorenzo of Lucca* probably represents Witherspoon's high-water mark. In his later work, he hovers unequally between the mystical and the realistic. In his *Voice of the Middle West* with its magnificent opening:

*I come like the trumpets!  
 I go like the shawms!  
 I swirl on the waters of Jordan!*

he moves in a supra-mundane world, in which only the poet and the philosopher and the reformer can follow "the cloudy meanderings of his apocalyptic genius." (Professor Barker's shrewd and happy phrase.) The closing stanza, however, has force and pertinence:



*In the Day when the Trumpet is sounded,  
 When the Ocean re-vomits its Dead,  
 In the Hour of the Yawning of Graves,  
 I shall be heard, O my People,  
 Never you fear, O my Daughters;  
 When the Angel reads over his Book,  
 And the Judge sits down on his Throne,  
 Then, in the Day of Damnation,  
 When the Goats are divided from Sheep,  
 The Sinners are parted from Saints,  
 Damned to the left,  
 Saved to the right,  
 Then shall my Voice be heard,  
 Heard, and the Angels shall shudder,  
 Heard, and the Judge shall resign,  
 And they that are saved shall be troubled,  
 For fear of my dread revelations,  
 In the day when my Voice shall resound,  
 The Voice of the Great Middle West!*

In his *Lines to Miss Emilie Godgeon* (afterwards the third Mrs. Witherspoon) we have the poet in his most realistic vein, as, for instance, in those haunting lines that come as a refrain at the end of the first ten stanzas,

*"Nay, hold it not apart with skinny thumbs,  
 The loose-lipped laughter of thy jagged gums."*

Surely, says Professor Barker, no cooler or more objective analysis was ever made by poet of the charms and wiles of female coquetry.

But when all is said and done, it is *The Last Song of Ulalume* which really counts. With all due respect to Professor Barker, it matters little whether it was inspired by Mildred Henniker or Angela Witherspoon, the poem is the thing. It has the macabre fantasy of a lyric from the hand of Poe, the unfinished pathos of *Kubla Khan*. All the world knows (or rather, to our shame I say it, we ought to know) the story of its birth. All the world knows (with the reservation already made) how the Governor of the Jail, entering Witherspoon's cell one morning, found the poet seated at the table, with his head fallen forward, and a scrap of paper dangling from his one cold and lifeless hand. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle with a song upon its lips, or, to put it more clearly, with an unfinished lyric on its hands—

*From out the depths of haunted isles,  
Encircled by a dreaming sea,  
From havens lying miles, ah miles!  
Away, she came to me,*

*With how sad, soft and silent pace  
Across the dim and startled land,  
No smile upon her pensive face,  
A sackbut in her hand;*

*Her ice-cold feet came faintly hid  
In dreary seas and moaning bars,  
Her cloudy head was lost amid  
The idlesse of the stars;*

*Her voice was older than the hills,  
Her eyes were bright as malmsey-wine  
That brimmeth o'er the cup it fills,  
And she was thirty-nine\*!*

*She raised the sackbut in her hand,  
And struck a chord, a sound of doom,  
And chanted through the aching land  
The Song of Ulalume.*

*The music of that sackbut,  
'Twas fairer than the morn!  
I strive to win it back, but—  
(Here the page is torn)*

*Edward J. Harker, '03.*

---

\*This safely makes it Mrs. Witherspoon, not Miss Henniker, who was born in 1851.

*A Promise*

*Come when you will, lord Death, you will not find  
Your liegeman is reluctant to depart,  
Or leaving life, cast any look behind  
Or strive to gain reprieve. No, I shall start  
With pleasure at your voice, and undismayed  
Leap up, clear-eyed, lithe-limbed, from life to death  
Expectantly, my hand in your hand laid.  
Since of my love I freely yield my breath,  
Come as a friend, with open hand and face,  
Not steal upon me, shrouded and disguised,  
As plighted lovers meeting in embrace  
Cling to each other, proud and unsurprised,  
I shall seek peace beneath your ebon wings  
And in your bosom find the truth of things.*

*John Reich, '24.*

# The Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amon

**A**FTER seven years of tireless effort, the search directed by Howard Carter, a former American artist, and backed by Lord Carnarvon, has resulted in a discovery of unprecedented treasure. Four chambers of a royal tomb have been opened, which contain unique wonders of old Egyptian art. It was evident that the tomb had been broken into and robbed, probably during the reign of Rameses X, when tomb robbing was carried on to a marked degree by engineers and laborers. Yet unlike all former discoveries, the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amon was so superficially robbed that even ornamental candlesticks were found there. It is likely that we have the inspectors of Rameses X to thank for scar-ing off the marauders.

The crowning feature of the whole discovery was the finding of King Tut-Ankh-Amon's body, lying untouched in the great sarcophagus of gold. All doubt as to whether the king's body would be found untouched was cleared by finding the Pharaoh's seal on the coffin bolt still intact. This fact now definitely establishes the discovery of the tomb as the most important of its kind ever made. It is the first time an unripled royal body has been found in Egypt, and it will now be known how a king of the eighteenth dynasty was wrapped after death and the the exact disposition of the magic amulets placed to safeguard him in the other world. Among a bewildering mass of objects littering the annex to the sarcophagus' chamber, the mummified heart, liver, and intestines of the Pharaoh were found in jars under the protection of four gods. The image of a giant cat beautifully painted stood guard over the coffin. Since the walls and ceiling of the room show remains of unfinished paintings, it seems likely that the king died before the completion of the burial chamber.

Although some of the other finds are known to present-day archaeologists, undoubtedly many new things have been discovered which were formerly either entirely unknown or known only by legend. Never before has a king's throne been found. They have been known to us only by representation. The Pharaoh's throne, covered with gold and silver and inlaid with semi-precious stones, is said to be one of the finest specimens of Egyptian art yet brought to light. The front is decorated with two beautiful lion heads, while upon the back is a tableau representing the King and Queen under the "Aten" rays, in relief inlaid with silver and semi-precious stones upon a gold background. Both the King and Queen in this instance have their original names as of the "Aten" faith, namely Tut-Ankh-Aten and Ank-Nes-Aten.

Beside the throne were found four chariots which had to be taken apart to permit removal through the passages from the first chamber.



The floors of the chariots are of hide, one being of leopard skin. The bodies themselves are of exquisite openwork carved in minute detail, inlaid with colored glass in imitation of precious stones and embellished with gold bindings. Some of the wheels were sheathed with thin gold and bound with ornamental bands.

On the other side of the throne stood a long-bodied animal, spotted in a pattern of ebony clover leaves on a gold background. The body of the sacred cow forms one of the sides of a royal ceremonial couch. Between the horns of the animal is a large disk representing the "Aten" rays.

Stacked on top of the couch were a bedstead, a stool of wood and papyrus, a wonderfully inlaid box of semicircular shape, and two *sistra*. The *sistra* are musical instruments of metal whose musical power was not impaired by three thousand years of disuse. Under the sacred couch were elliptical boxes filled with food for the dead King's soul. Among these have been recognized mummified haunches of venison, trussed duck, and joints of game.

In front of the couch there was a long wooden box painted white with ebony trimmings, which contained the undergarments of the King, numerous ceremonial staves, one of which was decorated from end to end with gold beetles, a royal mace, six cubit measures, and many arrow shafts.

Unique among these discoveries was a cluster of vases of a design never before found. These are magnificently carved and ornamented in alabaster. Extended like wings on each side is an openwork design of drooping lotus flowers, symbolizing the binding together of the two kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt, which immediately preceded the first dynasty. On the margins of these ornamented extensions are the Rupthen marks which mean "a hundred thousand years," showing that the Egyptians had a good idea of the antiquity of their race. The vases contained perfumes that sent off a very faint aromatic odor when set in the sun. More perfumes were found in little pots at the bottom of a box covered with linen. It is known that there was a great market for unguent in Egypt during the eighteenth dynasty. At ceremonials the Egyptians would fasten a spike on which was speared a ball of perfume to the top of their wig. As the banquet hall became hotter, the ball melted sending down a stream of cool perfume over the head of the wearer. What an unparalleled situation—that the same perfume which served to fill the royal palace at Thebes can be sensed after nearly thirty-three centuries!

A number of boxes and caskets whose contents have not been fully examined as yet were also found in the first chamber. Indeed, some of them have not even been opened. The second chamber is crammed

with objects which will not be disturbed until next fall. A model boat about six feet long could be recognized in this chamber from the doorway. It is supposed that this was put there so that the King's soul could go boating in the Milky Way, which the Egyptians considered the Heavenly Nile.

Standing in front of the sealed door covered with marks of the inspectors of Rameses were two black life-size statues of Tut-Ankh-Amon holding wands. Directly behind the sealed door was found the sepulchral chamber, which is about three feet below the level of the outer room. The gold and blue canopy over the sarcophagus stands about ten feet high. Directly opposite is the inner room of the tomb. Its floor is a few inches lower than that of the sepulchral chamber and is piled high with treasures. On one side there are thirty or forty boxes arranged in regular order, apparently unrifled by robbers, although several of the lids have been opened. The rest of the things are piled together in bewildering confusion. There are gilded chariots, beautifully carved boats like quarter moons, and many other articles necessary for the welfare of the royal soul in the other world. Probably the most romantic find is the King's royal robe made of gold thread and adorned with precious stones and amulets. The Pharaoh probably wore it on great state occasions. Most of the contents of these two rooms will also be left for removal and examination until next fall. The tomb will soon be walled up for the hot season.

The importance of these finds will probably be more appreciated if a little is known about the life and times of the dead Pharaoh. King Tut-Ankh-Amon, who ruled about 1350 B. C., was the son-in-law of Amenhotep IV or Ikhnaton,\* as he was later called. Ikhnaton was the son of Amenhotep III. A great deal is known about the reigns of Amenhotep III and IV from the Tell-el-Amarna letters, which take their names from the place where they were found.† These letters were written from Palestine and other subjected regions in the cuneiform characters of the Babylonian language and give an intimate insight into the oriental politics of the time. Thus the story of the heretic king, Ikhnaton, and how the empire declined in his reign, is well-known and authentic. He overturned the popular religion in favor of a monotheistic cult, namely, the worship of the god Aten (sun's disc) in place of the many other sun gods. He carried out this idea in as thorough a manner as possible. Furthermore, he reformed art as well, doing this by freeing it from all the more rigorous conventions to which it had been subjected. He

---

\*Ikhnaton, Achenaton, or Khuenaten (Pleasing to Aten). The Babylonians wrote down only their consonants. Thus any number of translations may be found by using different vowels. Probable spelling—Khntn.

†Tell-el-Amarna is the Arabic name of the town which was erected on the site Ikhnaton's capital, Akhetaton.

believed in representing a thing as it appeared to him rather than as artists had for hundreds of years before him. However, he neglected the economic and political issues during his reign, and his reform was a dismal failure. He died without leaving any male heir to the throne. A son-in-law, Semenkhare, who had married his oldest daughter, acceded to the throne for a month or two and then died. Tut-Ankh-Aten, who had married his third daughter, Ank-Nes-Aten, then became the rightful heir. Shortly after his accession he changed his name to Tut-Ankh-Amon in honor of the god Amon, probably because the priests of Amon were regaining their former political influence. This is not known to a certainty, however, and is one of the questions which may be definitely decided by the recent discovery.

Aside from the fact that Tut-Ankh-Amon reverted to the old religion in a very complete way, very little is known about his reign. The tomb of a Viceroy of Ethiopia named Huy which was opened up a good many years ago gave excellent information as to the Pharaoh's foreign relations with Ethiopia, but of his other affairs little is known. Indeed, the last few years of his reign have become so obscured that even the length of his rule is an open question. In the many boxes already found, but not yet examined, it is hoped that papyri will be found which will throw light on this subject and increase our knowledge of the other interests of this period. So there is good reason to expect some interesting historical information. Parallel with this, and quite as interesting to the unhistorical reader, is the artistic value of the discovery. Since Tut-Ankh-Amon restored the old religion of Amon to its former splendor, it seems reasonable to suppose that he attempted to restore all the customs of his grandfather, which would mean a reversion to the older and much stricter school of art. But was this the case? From the most authoritative reports from Egypt it seems that the new finds are to a greater extent far more beautiful than anything which has yet been found, lacking the stricter conventions of the earlier art. It is probable that the lure of the realistic was too great to force a complete acceptance of all the former artistic canons immediately. Much more will be known about this when the objects have been more carefully studied.

But there can be no manner of doubt that if the present interest in the discovery continues, King Tut-Ankh-Amon dead and resurrected will do more for Egypt than he ever accomplished in life. Already the tourist trade to the tomb has exceeded the best previous records.

*John M. Fisher, '24.*

*Wesley M. Heilman, '24.*



## Summer Foolery

“O-O-OH, Jimmie! there’s a snake under that stone, right over there. I saw him run under there myself. Let’s get away. He looked so horrid.”

“Where’d he go? Under that stone? I’ll have him in a minute,” and Jimmie, turning over the stone, made a thrust with his hand and had the writhing little monster firmly in his fingers.

“Don’t touch him. Throw him away. He might bite you.”

“’Fraid cat, he’s just a garter snake and can’t hurt you. Here, look at him. Hasn’t he got the funniest little eyes?”

“Take him away. O-o-oh, don’t let him touch me! James Sinclair, if you dare to . . .”

Jimmie turned away in superior disdain and, dropping the frightened beast to the ground, allowed it to wriggle away.

“Girls are funny things. What do you want to be afraid of a snake for? Silly!”

“Silly, nothing! I’ll bet I’ve had more Algebra in school than you have.”

“I haven’t started Algebra yet. I don’t start until September. Mr. Martin’s tutoring me in Arithmetic every morning.”

“Silly! You’re older than I am, and I’ve had Algebra for a year and don’t have to study it in the summer-time. But father and I talk French every day, and I practice my piano an hour in the morning.”

“They used to make me take piano lessons. I hate piano lessons. Going in swimming this afternoon?”

“No, the water’s too cold.”

Jimmie again assumed the air of superiority. “That’s when it’s best when it’s cold. Look, there’s a cedar waxwing on that spruce. Mr. Martin says you don’t often see them here in Nova Scotia. Let’s keep quiet and watch it.”

They sat down against a fallen log, he intently watching the bird, she watching him. But, as he paid no more attention to her than if she had been the log against which he was leaning his back, she soon tired and became restless. Her gaze wandered about the whole landscape, while her mind wandered also, making even greater leaps than her gaze. They were seated on a grassy hillside which sloped gently down for three quarters of a mile to the beach, beyond which Digby Basin seemed, as viewed from their vantage point, to shoot up again to the sky. It was a rough, newly cleared bit of the forest, dotted with fallen logs and old stumps, and hemmed in at a distance by a rail fence, for it was pasture land for the oxen. Down near the water’s edge a yellow road rounded



the cove to come into sight for a stretch, only to follow the shore again out of sight. An ox-cart dragged slowly past accompanied by the distant music of the ox-bells. Digby Basin was at high tide and the weirs merely projected the tops of their long lines of dusky poles above the water's surface. The Basin was hemmed in on all sides by land except for one small opening, Digby Gut, far across, directly opposite them, which opened into the Bay of Fundy and the world outside.

The girl's glance jumped from one object to another, pausing occasionally to rest on Jimmie. She frowned to see him still spell-bound by the antics of the miserable little waxwing on the bough. The cool breeze from the woods brought her a rich sense of balsam, pausing a moment to lift the scarlet bow ribbon from her hair. Suddenly she happened to spy her foot.

"Jimmie," she cried aloud, "my shoe lace is untied. Tie it, please."

The bird, surprised, fluttered and flew away to a distant thicket of alders. Jimmie turned impetuously.

"There, see what you did. You frightened him away. What do you want?"

"My shoe lace is untied, Jimmie, and you should tie it for me."

"What's the matter with yourself? Can't you tie it?"

"Now don't be grumpy, Jimmie. You should tie it. Tie my lace, and please don't be grumpy."

"But you scared away my cedar waxwing, and I wanted to be able to tell Mr. Martin all about him." Nevertheless, grumblingly, he stooped and tied the offending lace.

She jumped up without a "thank you" and started skipping down the hill. "Come on, it will soon be tea time, and mummy told me not to be late."

They did not stop at the road, preferring rather to use the beach for their journey home.

"Oh, Jimmie, daddy's going to take mummy and me back to Philadelphia tomorrow. You'll come down to the boat to see us off, won't you?"

But Jimmie was thinking of the disturbed and forever lost cedar waxwing and made no reply.

She looked at him curiously and made another attempt at conversation.

"When we get back to Philadelphia we're going to have lots of fun and you'll come down from Boston to see us. Now that I'm thirteen mummy's going to let me take dancing lessons and we're going to have oodles of parties."

They had come to a long flight of wooden steps leading up from the beach to the verandah of a cottage.

"There's mummy waiting on the verandah for me. Good-bye, Jimmie, and come to the boat in the morning to see us off."

"Good-bye, Beth," he said as she skipped up the steps.

The next morning as the little C. P. R. boat tooted its whistle and cast off its moorings from Digby dock a girl looked wistfully over the railing. She could not understand. Jimmie had not come to see her off. But turning she spied a Canadian boy in a blue sailor cap standing on the companion-way, and she immediately essayed to attract notice.

*Dudley Pruitt, '23.*

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## *A Sonnet*

*Along a crowded city street I passed,  
Pressed closely by a thousand rushing forms;  
I watched the morning sun which melted fast  
The snow left by the worst of winter's storms,  
And stopped to see the city's pigeons fed.  
When all at once my glance met laughing eyes,  
A boy, so far I could but see his head,  
With one swift smile had captured by surprise  
My heart. Too quickly did the crowd erase  
The sight, as winter clouds the sun eclipse.  
A thousand times since then I've seen his face,  
His hazel eyes and ever smiling lips,  
And in my heart where loneliness once reigned  
Invincible, today there rules a friend.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

# Editorial Comment

WITH this issue we are giving up the pen of office—we lost it, but that makes little difference; it is just as valuable none-the-less. We must now take the time to cast the customary bouquets—bouquets in the form of boomerangs, for every one thrown out must needs return to us. Is it not true that whenever we thank others for interests and attention shown, we are praising ourselves for being worthy of attention and for having inspired interest? We are not modest, you see. It does not pay. Other people might take offense at being neglected.

We therefore take this opportunity to thank the contributors of the past year for their excellent aid in making us a possibility. We thank the faculty for reviewing us so gently at the risk of having their critical ability cast under a cloud. We thank our subscribers for reading us; at least we hope they have read us, for we must insist upon being worth reading. And, lastly, we thank our indefatigable business board for having lined our coffers at the expense of our kindly benefactors.

Literary interest at Haverford has taken a new turn. The muses of verbiage have found worship in the most unexpected sources covering a much wider field of undergraduate humanity. Football men are writing triolets, and business managers are reading them, and most truly are the chemist and the Greek student lying down together. Day by day we have counted them, and we find that the number of our friends is increasing steadily.

As all farewells must look into the past, so must they look also into the future, and we have found from our horoscope wondrous things approaching. We are about to set under way, with the renewed life of a new board, a motion for the intercollegiate association of magazine publications. We of the old board can take no credit. We have been too lazy, but we bless the fair heads of our successors and wish them good-fortune. Just as much benefit through comparison and standardization as the newspapers have found by association, so much benefit the magazines should find. Intercollegiate association is an enlarging influence as well as good publicity. There is also the possibility of competition which we feel will not be at all to the discredit of Haverford.

Another "wondrous thing" has already been started on foot. That is the undergraduate honorary society of publishers. It is an attempt at the friendly union of all Haverford publications, with an honor attached. Senior members of the boards with nothing to do may find here a solace for their woes. Editors-in-chief with nothing but their

own publications in mind may find here an interest in the other man's work. Brotherly love and self-satisfaction are guaranteed.

And so "with unreluctant tread" we say good-bye, knowing full well that the world is yet before THE HAVERFORDIAN because THE HAVERFORDIAN is coming before the world.

Remember please that fifteen dollars is to be awarded this June to the author of the best short story published in THE HAVERFORDIAN during the year.

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election of Charles Coleman Sellers, of the class of 1925, to the Editorial Board.

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## *March*

*Clutch tight with icy fingers while you may,  
Dread winter. Wrap your freezing leaden skies  
Around the listless earth. Take now your day  
And shake the naked branches till their cries  
Echo and moan as the wandering ghosts.  
Uproot the forest monarchs . . . blast the land!  
Yes, work your will, fulfill your proudest boasts  
And wreak the vengeance of your blighting hand.  
Across the sullen skies there steals a breath  
Of waking spring. The byred cattle rear  
And snuff the freezing wind, while underneath  
The crusted snow, the year's first snowdrops peer.  
Soon winter's savage wrath will fade away  
When fairy-footed spring makes holiday.*

*John Reich, '24.*



## The Miraculous Rescue

**A** MAURY, Viscount of Bucarde, to his dear friend and counselor, the most reverend Wibald, by God's Grace Bishop of Crotale, sends greeting and all good wishes.

I write this because I know how well you wish to hear truly of the rescue of your loved nephew, the young Dean of Bois-Josselin, saved by me (through the miraculous intervention of the blessed Saint Remi) from the heathen on the shore of Palestine. Know then, that having set sail on the feast day of Saint Agapetus in the month of September, in a ship I had hired at Marseilles, I and my knights and all my people arrived in safety before the King's camp in Cyprus. There we tarried awhile, waiting for the remaining ships to come in, and there I first met the Dean of Bois-Josselin, who, as you know, was then in the company of Lord Erard of Monteigne.

When all was ready, that vast fleet, which hid the sea with its crowded sails, turned towards Egypt, the landing place of the Crusade. After a few days, a storm broke suddenly upon us, scattering the ships and driving ours far out of her course, alone upon the sea, save for one other, the ship of Lord Guy of Merun, who sailed close to us; and we to him, for he had pilots skilled in all those shores, but we had none. The tempest unabating, however, we were one night blown apart and in the morning could see nothing but the stormy clouds around us. Then all our people clapped their hands and cried "Alas! Alas!" for we were lost and without help.

We sailed slowly, watching the lonely horizon, and on the second day I promised a painting for my chapel at Bucarde, done in honor of Saint Remi, if he would bring us to a safe landing; and I prayed also that we might meet the other ship again. So we made a procession around the ship in honor of Saint Remi. That same hour a vessel was sighted coming toward us, and the Master-mariner said, "Here, God willing, is my Lord of Merun!" and stopped the ship to let him overtake us.

But by evening black clouds again had hid the sky, so that we could barely see their white sail, far across the waves, when it rose out upon the swell. The thunder grew, and now and again the lightning, terrible to see, cut through the sky and flashed upon the wave crests. Then the wind died as the rain began to fall, hissing around us on the sea. The cabin light was burning, for it was like night, and I told one of my priests to pray, but we could not hear his words for the noise of the rain and the thunder and the flapping of the great wet sail upon the mast. Thus we lay tossing and rolling until dawn.

Then we saw again the other vessel, small across the water. Long black smoke rolled out of her hull.

"Now, by the Shining Forehead of God," said I, "if we only save my Lord of Merun from this fire, I shall pilgrimage to the shrine of the holy Saint Denis at Montmartre, but if we save also his pilots, I shall go as well to that of Saint Chrysolius at Commines." Then Geoffrey of Chaumes, one of my knights, promised three of his nine nails of the True Cross to the Church of Saint Hilarion at Espalion, and Jehan D'Autoil his knuckle bones of holy Saint Eutychus to the Church of Saint Macarius at Paris, to lie with the three ribs already there, and every man promised some sacred deed or thing, for the Lord of Merun was a great warrior and dear to us all.

So low was the wind that when we reached that ship she was burning fiercely, and all her people in the water clinging to wreckage and to one of her masts which had been cut away. They were not Frenchmen, but Saracens, a thousand shrieking devils, who might have swamped us, had we stayed there long. Five of them we took on board, leaving the rest to go to Hell in whatever way Providence ordained.

I asked these five men whether they had seized their ship from the Lord of Merun (for so it seemed to all of us) and whether those in her had been killed and they answered "no" to both. So I had them put to the torture and then they said "yes," that their galley had captured the ship of the Lord of Merun and had taken him and his pilots and all his company ashore to their master, whose pagan name I have forgotten. They promised to guide us thither and I said that if we met treachery they should die in the most excruciating pain that Christendom had devised.

They brought us to a rocky shore above which stood a great castle, gray in the distance, which they said belonged to their lord. There was a little cove with a jetty inside, and near the cove a wreck lay on her side, grating and pounding on the bottom as the waves rolled in and broke over her. People stood on the shore and in the surf, gathering the wreckage that was washed in.

We landed at the jetty and I sent one of my Saracens to the castle with the friar who was our interpreter of Arabic. Then all my men, dressed for war, came out upon the jetty and fenced it off from the mainland with spears thrust into the ground, that the bargaining might be on equal terms.

By and by a band of Saracens came up over the little hill above the jetty with a dreadful noise of horns and kettledrums, all armed, with turbans on their heads and gaily colored garments that fluttered

in the wind and showed their armor glittering beneath. Their lord was at their head, an old man, carried in a gilded palanquin. Behind them came a great rabble, many with bows and spears.

Then my interpreter told me that these people held for ransom your noble friend Lord Erard of Montaigne, together with such of his company as had escaped that shipwreck which we saw (who were all present, including the Dean of Bois-Josselin) but that of my Lord of Merun they denied all knowledge. "Now, by the Shining Forehead of God," said I, "these men have slain Lord Guy with his good pilots and fed upon their flesh!" So I ran among them with my sword, and all my men after me. The Saracens fled, so sudden was our attack, and the old man, their master, crawled from his gilded palanquin and followed them, and had not Satan given him a turban to stop my sword things might have ended differently, for he brought his cursed infidels back upon us. Although we rescued those prisoners and fought fiercely returning to the jetty, their arrows caused many a glorious martyrdom that day.

It was late when I brought my men again into the ship. That night we lay against the jetty, with the Saracens all around us, shooting arrows; but we had a small mangonel fastened to the deck and threw stones and fire darts and bottles of lime to keep them from coming too near.

In the morning we sailed, guided by the pilot of my Lord of Montaigne, and soon reached Damietta, where the King was. Thus, by the Grace of God and Saint Remi, your nephew was saved for further good works, and know, that the picture I promised for the chapel at Bucarde is being made, but the pilgrimage to Montmartre I shall not perform, for that was to save the Lord of Merun from a fire, and he had arrived safely at Damietta, long before we; and as for those four Saracens I had, I hanged them for a lot of lying, heathen dogs. Farewell.

*C. C. Sellers, '25.*

## *Watchword*

*Through tumult and ill-starred confusion  
We face the fortune we must meet,  
Uncheated by the smug delusion  
That no misfortune can repeat.  
We waste no time in melancholy  
Repentances for ended folly,  
Strongly transcending our defeat  
By this our watchword, "No Retreat".*

*From conflicts ended in disaster  
We pass intrepidly the same,  
As if the fates had made us master  
Of those who think they overcame.  
And how triumphant is our going  
Unlaurelled always, only knowing  
That there at least is never shame  
In failures which no man can blame.*

*You lovers of abandoned causes—  
You unsuccessful who compete  
Without the fanfare of applauses  
To hail you down the ringing street,  
Join us, whose quenchless exultation  
Requires no temporal ovation,  
Join us through fortunes we must meet  
In our victorious defeat.*

*N. E. Rutt, '23.*



# The Green Goddess

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

THE present seems to be the heyday of melodrama. Never, since William Shakespeare stemmed the gory tide of the "Tragedy of Blood," have so many Monsters, Bats, Cats and Canaries, appeared for the public's palate. If our poetry shows "realism run mad," our drama, in this phase, shows just as conclusively "romanticism run mad." In melodrama motive is sacrificed, character is sacrificed, realism itself is sacrificed, on the altar of excitement. The theaters play to the galleries and the galleries are filled with "flappers" the slogan of whose cult is "A thrill a day."

We congratulate Mr. William Archer in that he has succeeded in amusing the "flapper" while not entirely boring the "philosopher." He has sacrificed realism for excitement, but has left plot and some character.

We remember the Gothic Romances of the eighteenth century which supplied the "thrill" for the eighteenth century "flapper." The reader is put in sympathy with persons found in extraordinary, and altogether impossible situations. The reader lives the life of the hero or heroine, experiences all the shudderings and heart palpitations of the dangerous moments, but thanks God that he is safely cushioned in an armchair before a roaring fire in the library. An emotion without the experience is delightful, ah! but who of us would like to undergo the actual experience.

Mr. Archer has placed the story of *The Green Goddess* in the realm of the impossible for the sake of emotional excitement. An airship falls into the Himalayas, and its three occupants find themselves in a land of South Sea Island savages, governed by a Raja with the culture of the Occident and the wealth of a Hindoo prince. He possesses a beautiful palace, fixed with all the modern conveniences, including electric lights and wireless, which have had to be brought for a three weeks' journey over the impassable Himalayas by . . . camel back (we must suppose). With an altitude of thousands of feet the inhabitants of Rukh live and dress as would the natives of Bombay. What could the Himalayan kingdom of Rukh produce to supply the mighty wealth of their Raja? Possibly diamonds or pearls?

But William Archer has supplied a small amount of true artistry in the figure of the Raja. Character delineation is well done. A savage

dressed and educated, carrying with him all the polish of an Occidental education, is a difficult character to handle. But Archer has made him intensely human throughout. He shows himself the gentleman, the host, the diabolical planner, the savage priest, and it is all worded with the utmost skill. In the third act he shows signs of genius by having the Raja, in the midst of all his suave gentlemanliness, turn suddenly and in the harshest terms tell Crespin and Traherne of his hatred for the race Occidental. This point shows us that, whatever may have been our misgivings at first, our gentleman Raja is a human at heart and a savage human at that.

As to plot, we wonder at the advisability of introducing the sub-plot of the love triangle. It lends interest to the three English characters, but does it not seem a little unfortunate that one of the characters for whom the sympathy of the audience has been obtained should end tragically in order to satisfy a purely minor plot? We are afraid, Mr. Archer, that you are here guilty of playing to the "flapper" audience's desire for excitement, the firing of revolvers, and other nasty recreations.

What a pity that the author of *The Green Goddess*, with all his apparent gift for play-writing, could not have forgotten the "flapper" galleries for the moment and devoted his genius purely to the satisfaction of the "philosophers"!

D. P., '23.

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## Babbitt

IN REVIEWING Sinclair Lewis's latest book, *Babbitt*, one must inevitably compare it with his familiar *Main Street*. There are certain improvements in the new book which are apparent to the thoughtful reader. Mr. Lewis's style is so much more restrained (of a younger writer one would have said "more mature") that no rational person can imply of the author of *Babbitt* what many did of the author of *Main Street*, namely, that he was a cynic, a scoffer, a misanthrope. And yet, despite this new restraint, he has lost none of his pristine fervor, although he has metamorphosed it somewhat. In *Babbitt* the author rails heavily, but with an ever-present, sub-cutaneous hope that the whole tribe of American business men is not going quite to the dogs aesthetically and will not remain wholly unregenerate. In *Main Street*, on the contrary, we find nothing but the author's righteous indignation redolent of the W. C. T. U.

While in reality there may be no more plot in *Babbitt* than in *Main Street*, it is less obscure. Here we watch continually the ineffectual struggle against his middle-class self and environment of a thoroughly standard American business man. He is a person whom Rose Macaulay might easily have called the "Perfect Potterite." In *Main Street*, on the other hand, between gobs of vehement description and scathing character study, we glimpse an un-standardized woman (at least not standardized to Gopher Prairie doctrines) of tawdry aesthetic ideals engaged in an attempt to deck the crude inhabitants of a small town in the pink ribbons of a superficial "culture". She fails, of course. But whereas one must instinctively sympathize with George F. Babbitt in his realization of non-success, one becomes highly impatient with Carol Kennicott and her un-realizing feminine stupidity.

Finally, the two books have this in common: they are both tragedies of revolt against bourgeois smugness.

\* \* \* \*

George F. Babbitt is by far the most important character in the book; the others move about him and are interesting only as they affect or are affected by him. Thus the problem of discussing the book is largely boiled down to the problem of delineating Babbitt (the "George F." is superfluous). This in a review is impossible; Mr. Lewis has done it, and done it beautifully in four hundred pages. The alternative is to epitomize him by certain characteristic facts:

He was an Elk.

He was a Booster.

He called evening clothes "soup and fish."

He "respected bigness in anything."

And lastly, one reviewer sums him up cleverly by quoting Babbitt's soliloquy aimed at his half-brother's baby, and accompanied by the customary pokes:

"I think this baby's a bum, yes, sir, I think this little baby's a bum, he's a bum, yes, sir, he's a bum, that's what he is, he's a bum, this baby's a bum, he's nothing but an old bum, that's what he is—a bum!"

I. L. H., '26.

## Alumni Notes

1885

There is an article in the *Bookman* for February, by Professor Rufus M. Jones, entitled, "The American Parent and Child."

1887

Henry Herbert Goddard, Professor of Psychology in Ohio State University, has an article, "The Scientific Program of Child Welfare" in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*.

1908

A story, "Their Christmas Luck," by T. Morris Longstreth,

has appeared in the December *St. Nicholas*.

1910

The *Outlook* of January 10th contains "Bedroom Suite", a one-act comedy by Christopher Morley, and that of January 24th, his essay, "The Confessions of an Amateur Lecturer." He has another article, "Rare Books," in *The Literary Review* of January 20th.

1917

William Henry Chamberlin has an article, "Russia and Foreign Capital," in *The Freeman*, of January 24th.

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Christian Life, Faith and Thought, Part one, London [Friends'] Discipline	\$ .70
The Rise of the Quakers, <i>T. E. Harvey</i> .....	.90
Later Periods of Quakerism, <i>R. M. Jones</i> .....	8.00
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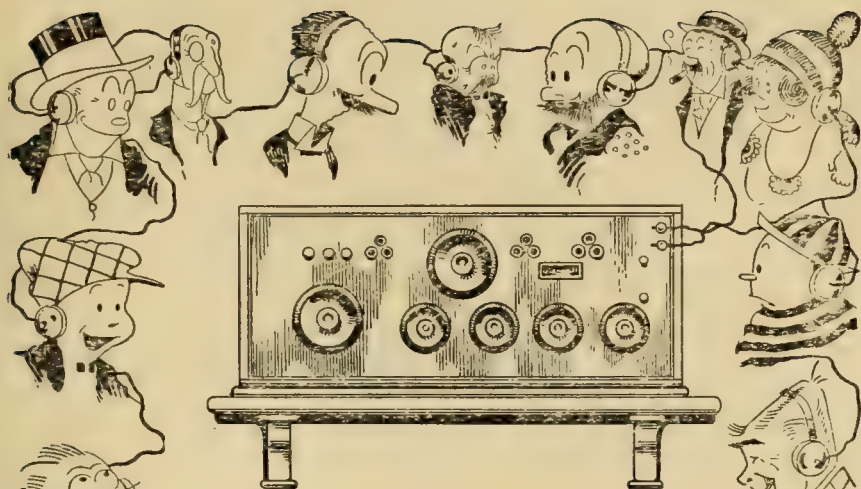
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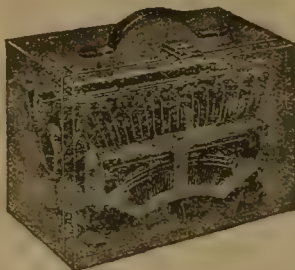
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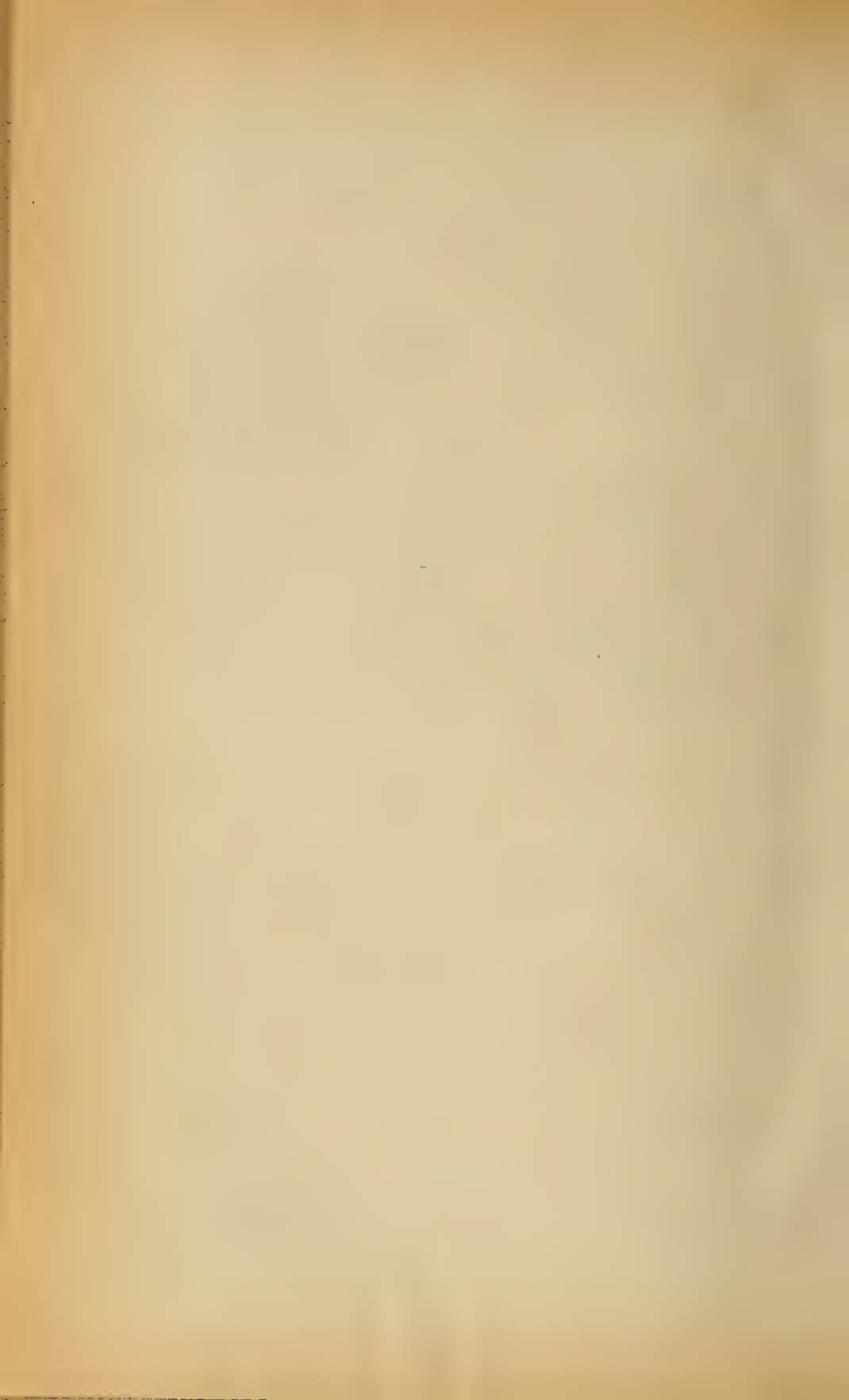
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VOLUME 43

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1923-1924



# The Haverfordian



May, 1923

Volume XLIII

Number 1



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## Page Dr. Freud!

*The scene is laid in a study. As the curtain rises we see a student sitting at a desk putting the finishing touches on a thesis. On the desk are many books, among them volumes on "The Cartesian Doubt," and handbooks of composition. The student finishes his work, and looking at his watch, perceives that there are still five minutes before his next class. He seats himself in an armchair, takes up a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," and begins to read. In a few minutes, he nods and then falls asleep. The room gradually becomes darker, and then lighter. Seated around the room are various characters.*

THE BELLMAN. In writing a serious essay, one must never be serious. Leave that to editors of humorous magazines and vaudeville artists. Then, one must never begin an essay with anything that has the least connection with the topic under discussion. Above all, never let the title give the reader any hint as to the contents of the article. For example, a discourse entitled *Parallel Lines* would draw few flies. But if the title were changed to *Parted Forever* or *Unbending Fate*, and if the essay were written as a novel, with the main characters AB and CD each yearning to meet the other, but kept apart by stern Father Euclid, and finally united by Einstein, who comes dashing up on his good steed Relativity with a reprieve, why, the essay might even become a best seller. (*He excitedly tingles his bell.*)

THE CARPENTER. I doubt it.

THE BUTCHER. Why couldn't it work out? And for that matter, why stop at parallel lines? Think of all the fine plots shut up in the five books of geometry. We have the eternal triangle, with its three angles to the case, only one of which can be right; F. Scott Fitzgerald could write a good flapper story on the Theory of Limits; and all Sociologists would find the locus of a point about a point the perfect example of the Vicious Circle. Lewis Carrol might have done it, but he's dead.

THE GRYPHON. Yes, he's dead. (*The Mock Turtle says nothing, but sobs bitterly.*)

THE CARPENTER. I doubt it.

THE WALRUS. Oh, shut up. You always doubt everything.

THE CARPENTER. I doubt, therefore I am; I am, therefore I doubt.

THE DORMOUSE (*who awoke just in time to hear the last speech*). Nonsense, that's just as logical as saying: "I live, therefore I sleep; I sleep, therefore I live."

THE HATTER. It is for you. (*The Dormouse falls asleep again.*)

THE DUCHESS. And the moral of that is——

A VOICE. Art, not morals! (*The Duchess subsides.*)

THE BUTCHER. Besides, we needn't stop with geometry. We could have an Imagist picture of the Binomial Theorem, a symphony written about a repeating decimal, and a sonnet sequence of chemical formulæ.

THE CARPENTER. I d——

THE HERALD. Order in the court, the trial is about to begin.

*The room widens and lengthens. At one end, we see the King of Hearts seated upon a dais. The Carpenter is in chains before him. Other characters appear from time to time.*

THE KING. Herald, read the accusation.

THE HERALD (*first blows three blasts upon his trumpet, then unfolds a piece of parchment*).

*The Queen of Hearts once had much faith  
Until that fatal day,  
When the Carpenter came with all his doubts  
And took her faith away.*

THE KING (*to the jury*). Consider your verdict.

THE HERALD. Not yet, not yet, we must hear the evidence first.  
First witness!

*The Hatter enters. Has evidently just come from a tea, for in one hand he has a cocktail, in the other, a cigarette. He says nothing, but fidgets from one foot to the other.*

THE KING. Well?

*The Hatter says nothing, but nervously tries to puff at his highball, and inhales a quantity of liquor into his lungs. He chokes, and is removed.*

THE HERALD. Next witness!

THE HERALD. Please, your majesty, someone has left this here.  
("This" is a piece of paper, folded.)

THE KING. Aha! This is the most important piece of evidence we have gotten yet.

THE CARPENTER. I doubt it.

THE KING. Order in the court. (*To the Herald*) Is this paper in the prisoner's handwriting?

THE HERALD. No, your majesty, it is typewritten.

THE KING. That makes it worse. If he hadn't wanted to conceal his hand, he would have written it.



THE CARPENTER. But, your majesty, I don't own a typewriter.

THE KING. That proves you were up to some mischief.

THE BELLMAN (*sneeringly*). Nonsense, you don't even know what is written on the paper.

THE KING. Herald, read the paper.

*The Herald blows three blasts on his trumpet, and then unfolds the paper.*

THE HERALD.

*They said that I had doubted all,  
And lost his faith in them.  
She said that I was at the ball,  
But spelled it with an "m".*

*He sent them word you did not doubt,  
We know it to be true.  
If she should cast the matter out,  
What would become of you?*

*If I or she should chance to see  
Some faith in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set it free  
And leave all doubters there.*

*If things were only as they were,  
'T were better there than here.  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.*

THE KING. That certainly settles the case if anything does.

THE BELLMAN. What rot! Why you don't have the slightest notion what they are all about.

THE KING (*reading*). "They said that I had doubted all." (*To the Carpenter*) You doubt everything, don't you?

THE CARPENTER.

*Yes, I am a doubter and scoffer bold,  
And a learner of all things true,  
A sneerer tight and a skeptic bright,  
And a seeker of knowledge, too.*

*(He shakes his fists and tears his hair,  
And everyone feels afraid;*

*And they couldn't help thinking the man had been  
drinking,  
So the Bellman simply said):*

THE BELLMAN.

*Oh, Carpenter, it's little I know,  
Of the manners of scholars you see.  
So I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be*

*At once a doubter and scoffer bold,  
And learner of all things true,  
A sneerer tight and a skeptic bright,  
And a seeker of knowledge, too.*

THE CARPENTER.

*My doubts are not as others' doubts,  
For I but doubt to learn.  
Since perfect truth is my desire,  
For knowledge I do yearn.*

*You may seek it with candles, and seek it with hair,  
You may hunt it with storks and hope;  
You may threaten its life with a railway share,  
You may charm it with smiles and soap.*

*I said it in Hebrew, I said it in Dutch,  
I said it in German and Greek,  
That in order your perfect knowledge to touch,  
Great doubts are the means you must seek.*

THE BUTCHER.

*The thing can be done (he ponders), I think.  
The thing must be done, I am sure.  
The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink,  
The best there is time to procure.*

*(So engrossed was the Butcher, he heeded them not,  
As he wrote with a pen in each hand,  
And explained all the while in a popular style  
Which the jury could well understand.)*

*Taking doubt as the subject to reason about,  
A convenient subject to state,*

*We add knowledge and truth and then multiply out  
By a skeptic's opinion of Fate.*

*The result we proceed to divide, as you see,  
By wisdom and certainty too.  
Then subtract all your faith, and the answer must be  
Exactly and perfectly true.*

THE KING. The jury will now retire and consider the verdict.

*The jury, consisting of the Walrus and a multitude of oysters, file  
out into an anteroom. In a few minutes the Walrus comes out alone, and  
hands a paper to the Herald.*

THE HERALD (*turns to the King for permission, then reads*).

*The Walrus and the oysters sat  
Within the jury room.  
And there they deeply pondered  
About the Carpenter's doom.  
And in this mighty project  
Much time they did consume.*

*"O Oysters," said the Walrus,  
" 'Tis time our work is done.  
Shall we return our verdict?"  
But answer came there none——  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
He'd eaten every one.*

THE KING. Off with his head! Off with his head!

THE BELLMAN. Seize him. (*He excitedly tingles his bell. Gradually  
the Bellman vanishes, but the bell continues tingling.*)

THE BUTCHER. I've seen many a bell without a tingle, but this is the  
first tingle I've heard without a bell.

*The bell continues tingling, the characters fade out, until the original  
room reappears. Again the student is seen, still sleeping. The class bell  
is ringing. The student awakes, seizes his thesis and rushes for class.*

*Irvin Heyne, '23.*

## Peter Porcupine

BEFORE the little town of Farnham, nestled among the green hills and hop farms of Surrey, spread out across the River Wey, one of the few scattered houses behind the trees that lined the farther bank was the quaint "Jolly Farmer" tavern, which faced the end of the old stone bridge. Its landlord was George Cobbett, a well-to-do farmer and a man better educated than was usual with those of his humble calling, who boasted that his four boys could do as much work as any three men in the parish. The third son, William, born in 1762 and destined to become famous in the history of English and American journalism, was early blessed with an ambition to outshine his brothers and rise above his father. To this worthy man, an ardent though minority supporter of the American Revolution in taproom politics, he owed what little schooling he received.

At the tender age of eleven, William, who had but recently obtained employment in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, heard described the royal gardens at Kew and on the next morning, telling no one, started thither, "in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees." On the way, he says, he spent his last three-pence for Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, whose title excited his curiosity and which, so far as he could understand it, "delighted me beyond description and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect." Thereafter he felt an increasing interest in books—though he never found one more to his liking than the *Tale of a Tub*—and read all that were lent him, by the head gardener at Kew while he was employed there.

William Cobbett, however, soon aspired to even higher things than Kew, where the "King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass plot round the foot of the pagoda." He shortly returned home, but was still far from satisfied. At one time he tried to enroll in the navy, but the kindly compassion which had admitted him to Kew here turned him down. After this, he was "spoiled for a farmer." At the age of twenty-one, on the spur of the moment, he mounted the London coach, not to return for seventeen years.

In London, he was sheltered by a kindly hop merchant, a friend of his father, but steadfastly refused to return home. For a while he became a clerk in a lawyer's office, but the "roguery of this earthly hell" disgusted him (he was, as he tells us, "constitutionally virtuous"), and, chancing to read a recruiting poster promising glory and riches to all loyal young men, he enlisted in what he thought was His Majesty's



Marine Service of the poster. "By Jases, my lad," said the Irish recruiting officer, "and you have had a narrow escape." So Cobbett was sent to that "fine, flourishing and plentiful country of Nova Scotia" to join the "oldest and boldest" regiment in the army.

As a soldier, he avoided the dissipations of his comrades and gave himself chiefly to reading, the study of grammar and of the French language. He gradually rose to the position of sergeant-major and clerk to the regiment. If his own account be correct, it must have been here that his long-developed vanity became an established characteristic. He even taught his officers, from the colonel down, how to drill, and corrected their grammar. He acquired a strong sense of his own capacity. "As I advanced in experience," he says, "I felt less and less respect for those whom I was compelled to obey. From nineteen to twenty-seven is not much of an age for moderation, especially with those who must necessarily despise all around them. But the fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country." He still found time, however, diligently to continue his self-education.

Cobbett's low opinion of his superiors was not unfounded. He had detected widespread peculation of government funds, and with a view to prosecuting the offenders, he obtained his discharge when the regiment returned to England in 1791, although he had some reason to hope for a commission without purchase. Shortly after, he married a soldier's daughter, then employed as a chambermaid, whose cleanliness and honesty had pleased him ever since he first met her in Nova Scotia, at the age of thirteen, scrubbing out a wash tub.

When he first came to London, Cobbett was a Tory, but since then had adopted more liberal principles. He was too proud of his origin and too sensible of the needs of the laboring class not to have done so. He became a disciple of Thomas Paine, "the heathen philosopher," and in other respects a strong republican, although he had always too much independence of judgment to belong entirely to one party. In London he wrote, *The Soldier's Friend*, a pamphlet decrying the abuses he had witnessed in the army. While this brought him a reputation for radicalism, no one was more ready to turn back to the good old days than he. He believed in the superiority of the feudal system and that degeneration had set in with the Protestant Reformation, causing the decline of the agricultural laborer, whom he loyally supported throughout life. He bewailed the substitution of shops for the good old fairs; and later, when engaged in English politics, he opposed the monarch's relinquishing his title of "King of France," and even schemes of popular education, on the ground that children were better unacquainted with the unwholesome literature of the day.

The prosecution of the officers was a failure. Their system of fraud was too widespread in both military and civil service, and Cobbett was hindered and plagued at every turn until success seemed impossible and he fled to France. As a rule, he had absolute confidence in himself, but here the odds had grown so great that he was willing to compromise his reputation rather than risk financial ruin. He was scarcely settled in France than the revolution seriously broke out and he took ship at once for America. He lived for a time at Wilmington, where he was joined by his wife, and then removed to Philadelphia, supporting himself by teaching English to French refugees at six dollars a month. He also compiled his *Tuteur Anglais* which was good enough to remain a standard text in France for fifty years.

Cobbett was a tall man, somewhat stout, with a complacent sunburned face surmounted by thick yellow hair, brushed back, and supported by one small superfluous chin. He had "a bright smile and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little." His bearing was erect, his manner as cheerful and vigorous as his style of writing.

It was impossible for Cobbett to remain outside of American politics, then so bitterly contested. He was nowhere happier than in political conflicts and his life was one long round of them. He was intensely awake to all about him; nothing was below his praise or blame. He had pugnacity, resource and a serious eagerness to bring everyone to his own opinions, coupled with a clear style and polemic powers admirably suited to "the hurly-burly of a newspaper campaign." Although at times his honesty was doubtful, Cobbett himself was never one of the doubters; convinced of his own integrity he tenaciously supported whatever impressed him as right with invincible energy, courage, and ignorance. "I wrote for fame," he said in after years, "and was spurred forward by ill treatment."

In Philadelphia, the Democrats outnumbered the Federalists, whose stronghold was in New England. Great public celebrations were held with every new triumph of the French revolutionists, whose praises were sung in the papers as extravagantly as everything English was damned; a constant fire of pamphlets was maintained by hot-headed *Tickletoby* or *Sim Sansculotte*, while only occasionally there appeared a staid rebuke to all this wildness from the pen of *Scipio* or *Publicus*.

When William Cobbett came among the rabid Republicans of Philadelphia, however, all his Republican tenets deserted him. Their support of the French and hatred for Old England, whose empire was then commonly believed to be on the wane, aroused his patriotism, as well as did their blatant national pride, for no one, I think, of Cob-

bett's self-esteem, can long endure the same quality in others. "Hearing my country attacked," he says, "I became her defender through thick and thin." So he deserted "that ragamuffin Deist," "Tom" Paine, and opened his career with a pamphlet entitled, *The Tartuffe Detected, or, Observations on the Emigration of Dr. Priestly*. Joseph Priestly, the object of this attack, was an English theologian and scientist whose house at Birmingham had been burned by a mob because of his Republican leanings. He fled with his family to America where he was immensely popular. Matthew Carey, the leading bookseller in Philadelphia, refused to publish the pamphlet and grossly insulted Cobbett by addressing him as "my lad." So our author brought his work to Thomas Bradford, Carey's rival, who accepted it, but asked that its virulence be modified. This Cobbett would not do and Bradford contented himself with suppressing *The Tartuffe Detected* from the title, for the safety of his windows. Here follows an example of Cobbett's argumentation:

Either Priestly foresaw the consequences of the French Revolution or he did not foresee them. If he did not, he must confess that his penetration was far inferior to that of his antagonists, and even to that of the multitude of his countrymen; for they all foresaw them. If he did foresee them he ought to blush at being called "the friend of human happiness"; for to foresee such dreadful calamities, and to form a deliberate plan for bringing them upon his country, he must have a disposition truly diabolical. If he did not foresee them, he must have an understanding little superior to that of an idiot; if he did, he must have the heart of a Marat. Let him choose.

Cobbett's attack on the "Theologi- Metaphysi- Philosophi- Political Unitarian Doctor" won him fame both in America and England where the pamphlet was republished. He became affiliated with the Federalists, although they could never depend on his support. He had no equal among the Democratic pamphleteers. In spite of occasional fallacies of argument, as in the above passage, where he begs the whole question by the phrase "consequences of the French Revolution," he far outstripped his antagonists, many of whom could only resort to threats and abuse. His style had an "honest bluntness" which, while apparently carelessly expressed, carried force and an exact meaning, an honest bluntness which frequently became as coarse as his humor. In sarcasm and satire, though keen and effective, he never equalled his model, Swift.

Cobbett's next work was more purely political. His *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats* came in answer to *The Political Progress of Britain, an Impartial History of Abuses in the British Empire*, which had been burned by the hangman in England and its author, James Thomson Callender, imprisoned. He had escaped, however, and fled to America



where he republished his work. Unfortunately, Cobbett knew so little about the political progress of Britain that *The Bone to Gnaw* consists largely of personal opprobrium on "Newgate Callender," or "Tom the Tinker"—Cobbett had a faculty for inventing suggestive nicknames—and on the follies of the Democrats and their revolutionary ideal.

Cobbett's next publication was *A Kick for a Bite*, an unfavorable criticism of an unfavorable criticism of the *Bone to Gnaw* which had appeared in the *American Monthly Review*; here he largely devoted himself to discussing the faults in his reviewer's grammar. He also wrote a second part to the *Bone to Gnaw*, first using the famous pseudonym of *Peter Porcupine*, having been compared to that animal by one of his enemies, because, according to common belief, the porcupine discharged its quills as weapons of offense. Here he ridiculed the proceedings of *The United Irishmen* of Dublin and upbraided the Democrats generally, concluding with an intimate view of French atrocities. "At the very name of Democrat, Humanity shudders and Modesty hides its head."

Early in 1796 he began *Porcupine's Political Censor*, a monthly newspaper in opposition to the Democratic *Aurora*, which, however, like his pamphlets, was the size of a small magazine. It had developed from another periodical, *A Prospect from the Congress Gallery*; both contained news interspersed with the comments of Cobbett. Discovering that Bradford was trying to mollify the *Prospect* to suit his customers, a violent quarrel had ensued, and Cobbett became his own publisher. He opened a print shop opposite Christ Church, exhibiting in his window portraits of George III, coupling Franklin and Marat together, with a large view of "Lord Howe's decisive Victory over the French fleet" nearby, and "every picture that I thought likely to excite rage in the enemies of Great Britain." He practically abandoned his anonymous character and *Peter Porcupine* became more a standard than disguise. He was famous and happy, the object of numberless attacks by the infuriated Democrats. They poured upon him their vilest vituperation, especially devoting themselves to elaborate accounts of imaginary floggings he had received in the army. Even, in the exhaustiveness of abuse, his wife was not spared. The accusation which he most resented, however, was that of being a paid British agent. Yet he constantly boasted of his English birth and as constantly refused to be naturalized, and no doubt our people were largely justified in their resentment to being lectured on their own affairs by a foreigner, especially when he did it so well.

He says, beginning an answer to a number of attacks,

"DEAR FATHER: When you used to set me off to work in the morning, dressed in my blue smock-frock and my woolen spatterdashes, with my bag of bread and cheese



and bottle of small-beer swung over my shoulder on the little crook that my grandfather Boxall gave me, little did you imagine that I should one day become so great a man as to have my picture stuck in the windows, and have four whole books published about me in the course of one week." Thus begins a letter which I wrote to my father yesterday morning, and which, if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven bless him! I think I see him now, by his old-fashioned fire-side, reading the letter to his neighbors. "Ay, ay," says he, "*Will* will stand his ground wherever he goes." And so I will, father, in spite of all the hell of democracy.

When I had the honor to serve King George, I was elated enough at putting on my worsted shoulder-knot, and, afterwards, my silver-laced coat; what must my feelings be then, upon seeing half-a-dozen authors, all *Doctors* or the devil knows what, writing about me at one time, and ten times that number of printers, bookbinders and booksellers, bustling, running and flying about in all directions to announce my fame to the impatient public? What must I feel upon seeing the newspapers filled from top to bottom, and the windows and corners of the houses placarded with a *Blue Shop for Peter Porcupine*, a *Pill for Peter Porcupine*, *Peter Porcupine Detected*, a *Roaster for Peter Porcupine*, a *History of Peter Porcupine*, a *Picture of Peter Porcupine*? The public will certainly excuse me, if after all this, I should begin to think myself a person of some importance.

At the very moment that I am writing, these sorry fellows are hugging themselves in the thought that they have silenced me, *cut me up*, as they call it. It would require other pens than theirs to silence me. I shall keep plodding on in my old way, as I used to do at plough; and I think it will not be looked upon as any very extraordinary trait of vanity to say that the *Political Censor* will be read when the very names of their bungling pamphlets will be forgotten.

He received innumerable blasphemous and threatening letters; these he published, with notes and comments, as,

*Cut-throat Letter*.—I yesterday received the following cut-throat letter through the penny post; and I lay it before the world that they may judge the temper and character of my enemies.

"A friend to America but an enemy to bloody England.

"PORCUPINE.

"You infernal ruffian, it is my full intention, when or wherever I meet you, to give you one of the greatest lambastings you ever got, etc., etc.

"Believe me, you infernal ruffian, it is my full intention to give you a damned whipping when I meet you.

"When you publish this, take care of the streets and alleys you walk in.

"This is to inform this infamously *free man*, that I know he is a base scoundrel and that he no more dares attack me than he dares go to any country where there is a gallows."

One letter, he published in a separate pamphlet, *The Scare Crow*, with notes on the grammar and morality of its author.

In answer to several "histories" of himself, Cobbett wrote an autobiography, *The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine*, under the misquoted motto, "Now, you lying varlets, you shall see how a plain tale will put you down." When in the summer of 1796, "Mad Tom" broke forth into another violent attack on Washington and the administration, Cobbett devoted his whole September *Censor* to republishing George Chalmer's scurrilous *Life of Paine* with "remarks and reflections." Shortly before had come a *Bloody Buoy Thrown Out as a Warning to the Political Pilots of America*, more detailed horrors of the French Revolution. The *Censor* was later renamed *Porcupine's Gazette*.

The imaginative biography was a favorite method of proving one's enemy a rascal. In 1797 Cobbett parodied the efforts of his opponents in *The Confession and Dying Speech of Peter Porcupine, with an Account of His Dissection*, beginning with his infancy, when

such was my propensity to vice that I could not resist the temptation to *pilfer* even from my grandmother. In this I discovered a baseness and a depravity which rogues disallow; for they make it a point of honor not to steal from each other.

There follows an amusing relation of his subsequent execution and dissection, together with a *Will and Testament*, in the following vein:

*Item,* To F. A. Mughlenburg, Esq., Speaker of a late house of Representatives of the United States, I leave a most superbly finished statue of Janus.

*Item,* To "Tom the Tinker," I leave a liberty cap, a tri-colored cockade, a wheelbarrow full of oysters, and a hogshead of grog. . . .

*Item,* To Thomas Lord Bradford (otherwise called "Goosy Tom"), Bookseller, Printer, News-man, and member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a copy of the Peerage of Great Britain, in order that the said Lord Thomas may the more exactly ascertain what probability there is of his succeeding to the seat which his noble relation now fills in the House of Lords.

Cobbett had an annoying way of attacking the very liberty which made his attacks possible. When his opponents resorted to opening his mail and other underhand means to ruin him, he ascribed it to this same liberty and laughed at the doctrine of the rights of man and the democratic equality of all men and the constitution of the United States. At one time they thought they had him, when he was sued for libel by de Yrujo, the Spanish ambassador; they had the case transferred from the Federal to the State Court, presided over by Judge M'Kean, a strong Democrat and de Yrujo's father-in-law. He narrowly escaped conviction, and improved the occasion in *The Republican Judge*, a pamphlet after his usual style.

A libel suit seemed the only way to silence him, and Cobbett's reckless daring soon involved him in another. It was brought by Dr. Benjamin Rush, a Democratic physician who had gained prominence during the yellow fever epidemics of 1793 and 1797. He was a Quaker and a friend of Paine, and so Cobbett ridiculed him unmercifully. Rush called his treatment for the fever, which consisted of calomel and bleeding on a large scale, the "Samson of Medicine," and Cobbett declared nothing more fitting, for his quackery had killed more Americans than ever Samson did Philistines. Rush he compared to Dr. Sangrado of *Gil Blas* and published parallel passages comparing their opinions; he nowhere tried to refute Rush's theories and his scurrility "would have been contemptible had it been less happily pointed." After a delay of two years, due, as Cobbett observed, to the difficulties of packing a jury, his trial began. Not only was popular prejudice, but a clear case against him. The damages were assessed at five thousand dollars, a far greater sum than that demanded by Rush. Cobbett moved to New York, where he started *The Rush-light*, a paper devoted entirely to "the American Sangrado." After five numbers had appeared, in June, 1800, he sailed for his "native land, where neither the moth of *Democracy* nor the rust of *Federalism* doth corrupt, and where thieves do not, with impunity, break through and steal five thousand dollars at a time."

When Cobbett landed in England he was warmly welcomed as one of the most powerful political writers in the world. He was a Tory now, and he founded a newspaper, *The Porcupine*, which upheld the true Tory principles for a year and then failed. Again his versatile mind was changing. Although he believed that the sinking fortunes of the agricultural laborer might be raised by a return to better days, he had too much common sense not to see that this rise could only be accomplished by reforms through the Whig party. Moreover, the Tories had concluded the Treaty of Amiens, in 1802, while Cobbett sided with the Whigs in desiring to continue the war, for, though he could speak kindly of the French as a whole, he had an unconquerable prejudice against those "blasted with the principles of the accursed revolution."

He shortly established the *Political Register*, another periodical, after the design of the *Censor*, which he successfully continued for over thirty years. It appeared weekly during this time, with all the news and Cobbett's remarks thereon. He bought a little country place at Botley on the River Hamble, in Hampshire, with a pretty farm house and a garden, where he made agricultural experiments. He wrote histories, a *Cottage Economy*, *Woodlands*, a treatise on trees and planting, *Advice to Young Men*, which, like other of his works, gives his own biography

as the safe example to follow, *Rural Rides*, a journal of political tours through England, containing the best of his many famous and inimitable descriptions of country life and scenery, and many more, including the indefatigable *Register* with its message of reform. Here he opposed the War of 1812—his attempts to prove it unsuccessful were republished in America, under the title, *The Pride of Britannica Humbled, or the Queen of the Ocean Unqueened*, etc., and involved himself in two years' imprisonment for libel. In 1817 he again fled to the United States to avoid another sentence.

Cobbett's humor and common sense generally kept him from making a fool of himself. There is one known exception. After spending two more or less peaceful years in America, where he rejoiced "to see a free country again," he returned, bringing with him the now sacred bones of Tom Paine, which had been poked away in some "little hole" in New York. In the custom house at Liverpool he arose and dramatically announced, "Here are the bones of the late Thomas Paine," and the crowd rushed forward to stare over the inspector's shoulders at the noisesome remains. The officer poked around among them a little in search of contrabands and then closed the box. "Great indeed," said Cobbett, "must that man have been whose very bones attract such attention." In London, he tried to sell rings containing locks of the corpse's hair, to raise a monument to Paine. All this injured his reputation and exposed him to endless ridicule.

In later life he was assisted with *The Register* by his eldest son, William, born at Philadelphia; he had six other children. In 1833 he entered Parliament for Oldham, after two defeats in Coventry and Preston. His popularity increased as his enemies; his war against all that he believed wrong he continued with unabated vigor until the summer of 1835, when he died quietly at Normandy Farm, in Surrey, where he had moved a few years before. His heirs continued the tradition by fighting over their legacies. Tom Paine, whom he had affectionately kept by him all these years, lay idle until 1844, when he was donated to Mr. Tilly, of 13 Bedford Square, East, London, and has not been heard of since.

Cobbett was buried in the churchyard at Farnham, where an elegant altar-tomb with a cast-iron railing was set up. A committee was formed to erect a memorial monument, and one of his old friends, Sir Francis Burdett, subscribed a bond for £2,000 which he had lent to Cobbett and which Cobbett had ignobly claimed to be a gift. The memorial was never realized.

C. C. Sellers, '25.



## *A Threat*

*When you rejoin me in the Outer Dark,  
And I, a spectral ghost, and you, a wraith,  
Meet in the silence of the sphere's void arc,  
Voiceless and shadowy, I'll still have faith  
That you will remember, and place a hand  
With phantom lightness on my phantom-wrist.  
Together, we will haunt the shadow-land  
And flit on aimless wings across the mist.  
But if you pass me by on soundless feet  
Without remembrance of me, I shall know  
Love, too, is dead. Then softly I'll retreat,  
Laughing in ghostly silence as I go,  
And pass across Death's portal to the earth  
To resurrect my love within new birth.*

*John Reich, '24.*

# On Snowbirds

MR. REJECTOR:

There hath come upon me of late that all is not as it should be with our world. My friend, the Student, has recently borne in upon me that in the present winter season the chronic hallucination that such a one is a snowbird has broken out as virulently as before, a situation which he deplores, and which he thought might be a topic suitable for dissertation in your pages. Now by "snowbirds" he means all those who disport themselves in the snow, polluting it with the tracks of their bare feet, and anon the shod feet of the photographer in their pursuit. For these snowbirds, saith he, inhabit visibly only the back page pictorial section of the *Evening Public Account Book* and the *Evening Notice*, stalked thither by wary camera men who follow, as I have already said, the tracks of their bare feet, or as my sinful Student friend is wont to express it, their tootsies. In the literature subjoined to these representations, the individuals to whom my friend refers as "snowbirds" are more inelegantly designated, I frequently find, as "polar bears," which, sir, I think a reflection upon the intelligence of the constituency of those journals. Perhaps if a pun, the lowest form of wit, never excusable, and in my own mind fit cause for the *immediate* execution of the punster—perhaps, I say, if a pun were intended, "polar bares" might be taken as the alternate meaning, but I hardly suppose this *gaucherie*, as our Gallic cousins say, would be permitted in even the daily press, which, as I read it, I hold in ever diminishing esteem. But snowbirds, returning to my friend's words, are generally found sitting in the snow or perched upon the deep-covered bank of some secluded bourne, provided it be within easy reach of the Kodak, at other times flying high into the air and turning swiftly toward the surface of the brook, immersing themselves completely, then hastily betaking themselves to the bank again for the warmth of their fellows' company in the drifts. For such occupations they wear the conventional summer bathing garments, vying amongst themselves for who can expose the most of his or her body. For know, Mr. Rejector, that not only do men indulge in this sport, but likewise to as great as extent, young females. And to no less a degree do these unregenerate individuals share the shameful practice of displaying their persons to the physical eyes of their companions and the photographer, and through the instrumentation of the latter, the race at large. In the event of a member of the supposedly weaker sex having her picture brazenly cast abroad, the title may read, "Mermaid disporteth in dead of New Jersey winter," or eke, "Mermaids and Polar Bears celebrating King Winter's Carnival in Fairmount Park."

Such an *aberratio mentis* occurs in but few persons, I am happy to be able to say, and indeed to do these people justice, they generally select some wild location not unbefitting their savage instincts, perhaps the beach at Atlantic City, removed from the direct public gaze, crawling out of their wintry lairs at irregular times, without warning except to such journalists as they may desire, but once they have cut the cake of custom, their *summum desideratum* seems to be the attraction of observation.

Mr. Rejector, I have a confession and a request to make. I am at present most philosophically minded—may I then use your valuable space for a few reflexions on what impels our brothers—for we are all descended from Eve, and more immediately our common forefather who built him an ark to preserve the animal kingdom from annihilation—what impels them to behave this way in deepest winter? . . . I interpret your silence to mean that my proposal meets with your approbation.

Well, then, have you ever observed the fundamental difference between masculine and feminine styles? Just as females are ever eager for novelty and difference from the dress and show of those with whom they come into contact, ever seeking to be distinguished by their conspicuous appearance, so men on the contrary attempt to become less noticeable by conforming to what the rest of the male kind doth. In this way, a female may attract favourable comment if she appear in a red bonnet when all others wear blue, but if a man display himself in a pair of red "plus fours" or a Paisley-made cravat, the volume of sound emitted by his attire would subject him to unfriendly notice. Let me then state my first conclusion, that it was not the sterner sex which first took to amphibious hibernation, but rather the fairer. Sir, I hesitate to apply to *Le Sexe* the adjective "gentler" or "weaker," realizing though I do that custom and literary tradition alike countenance the usage, for I always strive never to misrepresent the facts, and at the risk of incurring the ladies' most serene displeasure, I beg to set myself on record as cordially believing that physically they are no gentler than their brothers, and more especially their consorts, and in any other way than physically, no weaker. For with your implied permission I will elaborate on this proposition. If a female have set her heart on anything and find her husband obdurate in its refusal, if she be wise she will not seek physical strife with him unless her aim with any missile be surer than his, but will rather adopt the attitude of one deeply injured, marring her fair face, and making swollen her lustrous eyes, with tears;—she will soon find herself in the arms of her spouse, who with many endearments promises her anything she would have, will she dry her eyes and smile on him again. This eternal drama, as surely as it happens, leaves the weaker (forsooth!) bearing away the palm, and her lord confounded at wherefore he had opened his purse strings. But there be others not so

wise whose lack of consideration leads them to violent encounter even though they have no hope of immediate victory, but by a constant study of Xantippe, whom we have no choice but to consider their tutelary saint, they hope ultimately to subjugate, and often are successful. The most homely example coming to mind is my own wife, a veritable female Termigisto, a scold, vixen, minx, eternally making the most exorbitant and vigorous demands on my poor finances. Since she has no taste for literature of the better kind, I feel reasonably certain that these words shall never meet her eyes. I mentioned the use of the word "fair" as applied to females—in perfect frankness I must also add that my wife is a notable exception to the rule of feminine beauty, those charms for which I married her having fled under the sustained onslaughts of age. I would never counsel a young man to marry a beautiful face, nay rather an ugly one, that his disillusionment may be less, for if he hath taken the weaker and temporarily more expedient course, he is certain of disappointment when his sweetheart, now his wife, shall take unto herself all manner of artificial ringlets and shall attempt, with what poor success only those who have witnessed it may know, to renew the blush of sweet and twenty. Nevertheless, I should incline to say that of the three characteristics, gentleness, weakness and beauty, the most truly descriptive of these is beauty. I must again ask your indulgence, Mr. Editor, for the insertion of my views on this matter.

My first deduction is that, as we saw, the females found portrayed in winter swimming attire (such is their inconsistency that these identical same persons wear furs in summer) are the ones who have commenced the style, my second is that the men follow them to their haunts. "A woman tempted me" will never be a justification for evil nor foolhardiness, and while I confess myself in no wise tempted by a shivering, blue-fleshed Siren ensconced in a snow bank, 'tis but too obvious that there are those to whom this kind of conduct makes its shameless appeal. Neither can I believe that the participants in these polar aquatic orgies are really edified by their occupation, but indeed run out only in order to have their portrait made, and hasten back once their notoriety is achieved, the women first, the men in pursuit. Unless the pictures definitely show a person submerged, I would still be, as my Student friend would say, from the Missouri.

Mr. Rejector, I have now proven to my own satisfaction the folly of snowbirds, with a digression or two which I hope may not be out of place. I hesitate to subscribe myself knowing the strength of the weaker sex,

Your most obt., etc., etc.,

CRITICUS

*Howard Comfort, '24.*



# Editorial Comment

We do not intend to inform you that we enter upon the task of editing the forty-third volume of THE HAVERFORDIAN with trepidation. Even if we are painfully aware of our shortcomings, we are not going to advertise them beforehand. Nor do we intend to point out the excellence of our predecessors; that has been obvious. We do express our desire, however, for an even more active support from you, the college body. If you would trouble yourselves to turn to the cover of this magazine, you may be surprised to notice that this is your *own* magazine, not ours. This is THE HAVERFORDIAN, and is composed of your own literary productions. Be they good or bad, they are Haverford's best, and for the highest standard of comparison, we have the volume which has just been closed. May we add that we are *not* attempting to establish an alibi?

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English professors are not the only people who write. The Office, on occasion, has been known to issue brief and pointed articles to individuals, and even Freshmen are sometimes bitten by the literary bug. Perhaps, with the return of warm weather and the season when insects are in their element, several of the Class of 1926 may be stung into penmanship. It is not expected that any ambitious Freshman will be able to trace conclusively Einstein's Theory of Relativity through "Alice in Wonderland," but THE HAVERFORDIAN would appreciate any small contribution for destructive criticism. The new Board needs practice.

Editorial elections are based entirely upon the merit of the articles submitted but it is expected for an individual to have at least three such contributions accepted before consideration. The earlier one begins to submit one's work, therefore, the greater is the chance to be one of the two Sophomore editors who are to be elected next year.

The editors will be glad to go over anything submitted and even if it is not accepted the first time, the next attempt may be of such excellence as to be taken without question.

\* \* \*

Truly the new board of THE HAVERFORDIAN has been born under a lucky star. The establishment of the honorary Senior literary and journalistic Π Society at the time of our induction augurs well for us. We hope that the assistance THE HAVERFORDIAN may be able to give the newly-formed society will be reciprocated.

To all Alumni who were active in literary work when at Haverford, a welcome is extended by the new organization. It is not often that the Alumni are called upon to offer moral support solely and the II Society hopes that the opportunity will be taken by literary graduates to help the society by their membership. Howard Comfort, the society's secretary-treasurer, is anxious to get in touch with former members of THE HAVERFORDIAN and the *Haverford News*. The first annual meeting will be held on Parliament Day and your presence will be appreciated.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election of Benjamin Brenckenridge Warfield of the Class of 1925 to the Editorial Board.

THE HAVERFORDIAN regrets to announce the resignation of Walter Ames Johnston of the Class of 1925 from the Editorial Board.

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## *Tschaikowsky—Overture 1812*

*Master of music, sweep the sleeping string,  
Command the brazen trumpets sound afar  
Around the world the martial notes which ring  
Of clashing arms on blood-soaked fields of war!  
Crash through the flimsy veil of halting speech  
And lash our craven spirits till they rise  
To heights of ecstasy beyond the reach  
Of earth-bound thoughts or clouded earth-bound eyes!  
Tschaikowsky, music frees the shackled mind,  
Let Freedom find her voice in symphony.  
As Garibaldi, rising from the grind  
Of serfdom, quelled the tyrants' infamy,  
Burst thou the binding fetters of the brain  
And flood our souls with liberty again!*

*John Reich, '24.*

# Yggdrasill's Ymp

*(A Saga from the Norse)*

A LONE wolf slunk through the edge of the deep woods looking for something to eat. It was near spring and the bare ground showed in patches, but there was nothing to eat. The ribs of the wolf were outlined against his hide. He was hungry. The tread of a horse's hoofs in the snow came to his ears, and he crouched behind the gray bole of a tree. A horseman was coming through the deep woods; the wolf saw the sun glance off his steel head-gear. The wolf was hungry; he did not see the javelins in the horseman's fist—three of them, long and sharp. He waited for the horseman. He would eat now. The horseman was whistling to himself. The wolf crouched and leaped at the horse's throat.

"Yip! Yi—ip!"

"Ho, thou filthy evil one! Thou may'st eat dirt now 'stead of us!" said the horseman to the writhing wolf pinned to the ground by a thick, quivering staff of ash. "Rot thy foul bones where my good shaft has slain thee!"

He rode on, but did not whistle any more.

The wolf lay there many days staring at the sky. The birds came and ate some of him, and the flies and ants carried bits away. The worms burrowed into his skin. But none of them touched the ashen javelin; the worms went around it and the birds never roosted on its slanted length; even the flies never touched it. The spring rains rinsed the clotted blood from it. It always slanted toward the rising sun, and just before twilight if anyone had been there, he would have seen it leaning toward the setting sun. No one ever came that way, though.

One day, when the wolf was almost nothing but bones, the ashen javelin stopped following the sun and stood up straight out of the ground. The trees of the deep woods were even more astonished than before.

A big fir tree spoke to the javelin and said, "Why hast thou left thy friend the sun, O little ash twig? Canst thou do without him now?"

"Yea, in truth, only for twelve times seven days must I follow the sun through heaven. Now I need not follow him." Even as the thick ash staff spoke, three leaves burst from its top, and each leaf bore nine leaflets. "Three roots have gone into the earth from me, O mighty fir tree."

The fir tree said nothing. Day by day the trees around saw the little ash twig wax taller and taller. It got thicker and more leaves came out, and when the fall came, the leaves fell and the wind took

them swirling away among the great trunks of the deep woods. The snow came and froze fast to its little limbs. Year after year the ash tree lived on through winter, spring, summer, and fall; and it grew to be a mighty tree with many limbs and a host of great leaves; and every leaf had nine leaflets. The birds built their nests in the trees of the deep woods, and gray-tailed squirrels scampered up and down their hardy trunks, but no squirrels or birds ever touched the comely ash tree. The wind bent its boughs and the rain washed its leaves, yet living things never came to it. The other trees felt sorry for the mighty tree and thought how lonesome it must be without the merry scrambling of toe nails up and down its sides and along its limbs, and how it must yearn for the bright feathers and sweet songs of the birds; but none of the trees said anything to the great ash for fear he might hurt its feelings.

After many years, one day in the month of springtime, the trees were astonished to see a huge eagle sitting in the topmost boughs of the ash tree. No eagle so huge had they ever seen before. The feathers of its legs came clear down to its toes, which were the color of burnished gold. The trees watched for a long time. The eagle did not stir; he sat there on a topmost bough with his feathers all ruffed and his eyes closed. Although they watched for days, not one of the trees saw him move, and they were afraid to ask the ash tree about him.

In the same year the tramp of a horse's hoofs sounded again in the deep woods. It was at noon on a sunny day in the blossom-month. A warrior was coming through the trees, his harness glinting, his fair long hair and beard shining in the sunlight. He was not alone. From afar the hoary fir tree saw two hands clasped around his body; and when the horse came nearer the fir tree saw a woman riding behind the warrior. She had long and lovely hair that shimmered on her thick black cloak like threads of red gold. The warrior's gear was bright like silver, but his helm was raven black. His hard, white arms were bare to the shoulder and mighty in their muscles. When the horse saw the mellow grass under the ash tree he slowed his pace. When the man saw the soft and shady greensward he drew up. He and the woman stood on the ground, glad to be able to stretch their legs after a long morning's ride. The woman was tall and lithe like a young willow tree. The man took the thick leathern pad from the horse's back and the horse fell to cropping the grass around the ash tree.

The man and woman came hand in hand very close to the ash tree and sat down on the turf. They did not talk much, but looked at each other eagerly. The warrior took off his helm and shook out his fair hair like a dog just come out of the water; and the girl leaned back



braced with her hands on the ground and smiled at her lover. Her shining hair touched the ash's bark. As she leaned back and touched the great tree, all the watching trees around saw the eagle, as if by magic, straighten up, with his feathers smooth, his tail spread out. His eyes glowed like hot coals. The man put his strong arms around the waist of his loved one, touched his eager mouth to her lips, and her head leaned back against the trunk of the ash tree. As their lips pressed together a shriek like the scream of a tortured child tore into their ears. Their bodies stiffened as if turned to stone. It was the eagle. He stood on a topmost limb with his crest standing up, his wide wings raised, his claws biting into the bark. He had screamed, and the horror of his cry echoed in the deep woods. The man and his loved one got onto their horse and rode on their way, chilled in their hearts.

The trees of the deep woods felt cold; they had heard the eagle speak. He was sitting again with sleepy eyes and ruffed feathers.

A month later a little, lively squirrel came running through the woods straight for the great ash tree. He ran across the grass and like an arrow, straight up the side of the tree to where the eagle was sitting. The eagle saw him, but too late, the little squirrel bit one of his toes, turned, and ran straight down again and popped into a hole near one of the great roots. The eagle croaked. The great ash shivered; every bough and leaf shook as though a mighty storm were blowing. Four times the great ash shivered; then it drooped as if tired out.

The old and hoary fir tree was sad.

"What is the matter, my son?" said he.

"The son of Ratatosk has come," was all the unhappy ash tree said. It puzzled the old fir more than ever but he said no more.

The next day some deer wandered into the deep woods. Many herds of deer had come and gone since the budding of the ash twig, and they had never come near it. This time, four big harts came out of the herd and made for the great ash. They started to eat the buds from the lower boughs. The tree moaned. The son of Ratatosk scampered up to the eagle and back into his hole many times, scarcely stopping to take breath, and every fifth time the eagle croaked. The moaning of the mighty ash grieved the old fir more and more. At last he spoke again.

"Do not moan, my son," he said. "The harts bite our buds, too."

The ash still moaned. He seemed to the old fir to be saying something in the moaning, and at last he caught it:

*"Yggdrasill's ash  
More hardship bears  
Than men imagine;  
The hart bites above,  
At the side age rots,  
Below gnaws Nidhogg."*

The old fir was still more puzzled. The melancholy of the great ash was a sadness for his heart. After two days' waiting he spoke again to his friend the ash.

"Why art thou so doleful? Are we not happy here in the deep woods? Tell me thy woes, my son, and I will help thee."

"Thou knowest not what thou sayest, O wise and hoary father. None can help me," said the ash.

"Unburden thyself to me then, that I may sorrow with thee. I have watched thee grow from a twig to the mightiest tree of the deep woods, yet never before have I heard thee moan. My heart bleeds." And the old fir moaned, himself.

The ash tree hesitated and then, stopping its moaning, began to talk.

"I am an ymp of Yggdrasill. That ash is the greatest and best of all trees. Its limbs spread over the whole world, and even reach above heaven. The gods gather there every day in council. Loki cut three splinters from it to make javelins one day. I am one of them. I am an ymp of Yggdrasill; its sorrows are mine."

"Ho! but so great and good a tree must be indeed happy. Why, then, art thou so sad? Thy mighty father will help thee. Sorrow not, my friend."

The ash moaned again,

*"Yggdrasill's ash  
More hardship bears  
Than men imagine."*

"Father, I will tell thee the wonderful woes of the world-ash, my sire. There is an eagle perched upon its boughs who knows many things. The squirrel named Ratatosk runs up and down the ash, and seeks to make strife between the eagle and Nidhogg, who gnaws steadily its third root. It has three roots very wide asunder. One of them goes out to heaven, another to the frost-giants, and the third stands over the fog-home. Four harts run across the boughs of the tree, and bite the buds. They are called North-wind, South-wind, East-wind, West-wind. But there are so many snakes with Nidhogg that no tongue can recount them."

Again the great ash moaned,

*"More serpents lie  
Under Yggdrasill's ash  
Than simpletons think of;  
Goinn and Moinn,  
The sons of Grafvitnir,  
Grabak and Graffjollud,  
Ofnir and Svafnir,  
Must for aye, methinks,  
Gnaw the roots of that tree."*

Both trees moaned; the eagle lifted its wings and the unearthly shriek of a dying child shivered through the leaves of the deep woods.

"Woe! Woe! Let us sorrow together. Together, my son, let us mourn the sorrows of thy father, the bearer of Odin, the World-ash. Let us be sad, sad for the world-sorrows."

The old fir fell to weeping.

*Ames Johnston, '25.*

## Rondeau

*If love were all, my sweet Pierrette,  
And I could all but thee forget,  
If summer days were always fair,  
Then thou and I alone would share  
A happiness without regret.*

*Then life would be a coronet  
With wondrous sparkling jewels set,  
A crown for thee alone to wear—  
If love were all!*

*If love were all, romance might yet  
Return to earth, and thou, Pierrette,  
Wouldst hither fly on wings of air—  
Immediate answer to my prayer.  
Life would be one tense pirouette,  
If love were all!*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

# The New Drama of Expressionism

ONE of those many terms, which, when we enter the field of Art, must of necessity be left loose and indefinite because of its many interpretations, is that latest of ambiguities, "The expressionistic drama." The custom of defining phrases which stand for movements and developments has long been recognized as a vicious one, but in this new confusion of ideas, two opinions stand out as being worthy of consideration, between which there may be some gleam of truth.

Kenneth Macgowan, in his *Continental Stagecraft*, sees Expressionism as an escape for the artists of the theater from that cramp upon art, Realism. He admits that some people regard Expressionism as a narrow, neurotic, formless art which shows itself in the plays on the new German writers like Georg Kaiser, but he is prepared to defend even this sort of Expressionism against the Realism of Augustus Thomas or John Galsworthy. Acknowledging the treachery of definitions, he informs us that Expressionism is the whole movement against Realism, just as Romanticism is applied to the whole tendency against Classicism, and leaves us to infer that the Moscow Art Theater's production of *The Cherry Orchard* is its modern pinnacle of success. This play, however, exhibits none of the characteristics which are found in the other so-called Expressionistic dramas of today. It is, as Mr. Macgowan shows, glorified Realism. Let us turn, then, to the other theory, which may be a little less confused.

Recently there have been several plays distinctly labeled Expressionistic, among which were *Johannes Kreisler*, the Theater Guild's *Peer Gynt*, the Equity Players' *Roger Bloomer*, and last and not least, *The Adding Machine*. From these plays it has been gathered that Expressionism is an attempt to show the naked soul of the characters without having them do it themselves. This theory turns the actor into a mere automaton, his moods and even his deepest thoughts being indicated by the lights and the new stage machinery. Gordon White has pointed out that in Expressionism the author need not bother much with character development, he need not contrive situations, and he need not have his play either coherent or logical. All he needs to do, when his logical dramatic brain forsakes him, is to let his mind wander, then the psychoanalysts will find a profound meaning in the characters' disjointed utterances, and the more pointless the remarks, the more meaning will they find in them.

An example of this is *The Adding Machine*, in which dramatic intelligence seems entirely lacking, yet this is the latest word in Expressionism as conceived by the Theater Guild. The hero, Mr. Zero, is a



crabbed individual who possesses such a standardized mind and sordid soul that even his pseudo-heaven overwhelms him because there are no rules. The mental processes of this unsuccessful "Babbitt" (for he had been a bookkeeper in the same office for twenty-five years) are forcefully hurled at the audience. He is discharged by his employer and immediately we see a cross-section of Mr. Zero's mind: digits revolve around the walls, the desk and employer whirl dizzily, and a splash of red light on the rear wall tells us that murder has been done with a bill file! We follow Mr. Zero through the courtroom, the graveyard, the Elysium fields, and finally his heaven. There he reaches a state of bliss by being allowed to punch a titanic adding machine, and, to his dismay, finds that he has to begin his round of life on earth all over again. The plot is discouragingly inconsistent, and we cordially agree with the Inspector of the Celestial Adding Machine who says, "Yes, this certainly is a hell of a lousy job!"

Joseph Schildkraut once told us that he would a thousand times rather play before an Impressionistic black drop and a perpendicular shadow, which he could change at will into a lamp-post or a tree, than be hindered in his work by the narrowing claptrap of the Expressionists. Thus, too, he accounts for the mediocrity of the new *Peer Gynt*.

*F. C. Haring, '24.*

## Bubbles of Gold

*By*

*Arthur Crew Inman, '17*

**F**LITTING through a web of lyric witchery, the Immortal Lovers, Harlequin, Pierrot and Columbine, laugh, sigh and love in the pages of *Bubbles of Gold*. With fairy grace they captivate the reader and lure him away to a golden Land of Make-believe. All facts of existence are lost in the intangible gossamer of romance, and with delight comes the reminder:

*Reader, you are Harlequin  
Or maybe, Columbine.  
Nay, do not smile so cynically.  
However grey and monotone your life,  
The inimitable, scarlet wine of love  
Has touched, one time at least,  
Your mocking lips with flame unforgettable.*

Perhaps it is folly to attempt to draw a parable from the volume, or to burden the flying music of the poems with a weighty purpose. In spite of the invocation, there are few readers who can honestly claim citizenship to the fairyland of Harlequin and Columbine. Those haunts are too sacred to admit all, and the few happy mortals who have learned the magic password would be rightfully jealous if the profane were admitted.

We are happy, however, to be able to peer with the poet's eyes into the fairy realm and that must suffice us. Mr. Inman reveals a wondrous vista through which:

*The willows drop a greeny lattice,  
Enclosing for me this twilight resting place.  
Between gently swaying branches  
I look abroad upon an outer world  
Where water ruffles blueely to the breeze;  
Where clouds drift fleecily across the sky;  
And where in solitary idleness,  
A single swan preens feathers whiter than the driven snow.*

At times, the poet does tear himself away from his fairy paradise to sing of genuine mortal love decorously cloaked with Harlequin's variegated garments. It is not only Columbine who has created such a quandary—

*Columbine's lips command me nay:  
Columbine's eyes beseech me yea.  
Reddest of lips, bluest of eyes—  
How may I know where favor lies?*

And Harlequin is not the only one to ask:

#### WHY SINKS THE MOON

*Columbine,  
Why sinks the summer moon so soon—  
Into the sea?*

*Columbine,  
Afar I hear the white cock crow the dawn;  
Over the sleeping fields  
The morning mists begin to rise—  
Soon is the day!*

*Columbine,  
The night—our night—is passing!  
Columbine,*

*Are you not sad?  
It is so long, alas,  
Unto another night!*

Nor is he the only one to find:

THE LOVE OF COLUMBINE

*My love is like the wind  
Upon a summer's night:  
Seek not to stay it,—  
Possess it in its flight.*

*My love is like the song  
The wood-thrush sings at dawn:  
Seek but to capture it,—  
The song becomes forlorn!*

It would be cruel to press a critic pen too deeply into the airy structure of the verses. Delicate and fairy-like as Columbine herself, they fade when plucked from their setting. To analyse the golden bubbles would be to destroy them for there is a touch of magic in them. It is not so much what the poems say as it is the voice in which they are whispered. They are like the moonlight on water:

*A witchery of black and white  
Unrolls the sea;  
A witchery  
That enwraps me  
With sheer delight—  
A witchery  
Of black and white.*

Mr. Inman brings no lesson to his readers. With Stevenson, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Sir James Barrie and our other happy fanciful writers, he bears a message of cheer and happiness, and seeks to woo them away from their external surroundings to a delightful land of make-believe. To the young, he cries:

*"Bubbles of gold,  
Emblems of youth,—  
Grasp them! Clasp them!  
Magic are they!"*

And to the old, Harlequin admits, through him:

*"It's lost, my land of make-believe.  
I've sought it high and low:  
But, somehow, it's lost, my wonderful land,  
And, oh,—I loved it so!"*

J. F. R., '24.

## Contributors' Column

(*Editor's Note.*—We regret space prohibits the publication of all the correspondence received but take pleasure in printing several passages omitted from the collected poems as published. We appreciate the evidence submitted by Mr. Cope in vindication of the poet's character and are pleased to present it to our Haverfordian public.)

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

For many years I have been a great admirer of the poems and plays written by my old friend and college-mate, Nathaniel Witherspoon. So, it is with peculiar pleasure that I read the review of his "Collected Works" in the April HAVERFORDIAN, and then the book itself, feeling as I do that this poet should meet the recognition that is due him. I well recall what Professor Chase said about "Nate" Witherspoon, or "Withers" as we used to call him. It was at a tea held in "Bill" Peabody's room, and besides "Nate" and myself, there were "Tom" Yarnall, "Scads" Sharpless and "Bill" Moore, but I fear I am getting prolix, as is the custom of us old men.

What I started out to say was that in reading over the new edition, I was struck with several errors, both in the biographical introduction and in the text.

To begin with, the Prudential Insurance scandal, which seems to trouble our friend Dr. Barker so much, has turned out to be the work of some one else, and was attributed to Witherspoon by Alfred Hopper, who was the defeated rival for the hand of Miss Emily Godgcon. After the death of Witherspoon, Hopper confessed his part in the crime and completely vindicated Witherspoon. I cannot imagine why Dr. Barker has omitted to put that fact into his "Life," unless we are to suppose that he is one of the many literary ghouls who love to batten on the corpses of long-dead scandal without troubling to sift the matter to the bottom.

What especially grieved me was the complete omission of his considerable epic fragment *Elonora*. I have one of the few copies of it and will be glad to furnish it for a future edition. However, I include a portion of it here:

*"From out his ancient city came a Seer  
And with him, Elonora, beauteous queen  
Who, gossip said was daughter, others, wife,  
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow  
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple bloom.  
And she was feared, and shuddered in her fright.*



*To comfort her, then spake the ancient Seer,  
 'The clouds and darkness close on Camelot,  
 And yet from out of darkness comes a gleam  
 Of hope, and one clear call has come to me.  
 To live and wreak my vengeance on the field.'  
 Then thought the maid, 'Lo! They have set him on,  
 To play upon me,' and bow'd her head, nor spake . . . ."*

Just as the discerning critic has called *Lorenzo of Lucca* a work worthy of the hand of Shakespeare, so one who reads this carefully will say: "Why, this is Tennyson himself!"

Your obedient servant,  
 ISAAC COLLINS HOLLINGSWORTH.

---

The Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN.

SIR:

It is a matter of sincere regret to a great admirer of Witherspoon's poetry that in Mr. Harker's otherwise admirable essay, in the April issue of the HAVERFORDIAN, no account has been taken of Witherspoon's most intimate poem of Haverford life. Mr. Harker's omission is perhaps pardonable because the poem in question has been omitted from even the new *Collected Poems of Nathaniel Witherspoon*, edited by Professor Barker. The original MS. in Witherspoon's characteristic hand, has been in my possession for many years. In fact the MS. was once offered to the library for what was generally thought to be a fair price.

Brief as the poem is, it shows several tendencies of great literary interest—an acrostic value worthy of Poe, a form of verse suggestive of Gray's *Elegy*, and in the last line a vigor of language pleasantly reminiscent of the great Elizabethan dramatists. For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with it, I am happy to give you a copy from the original:

*For every time I've cut my hardest class  
 And slept till nine or even—bliss!—till ten,  
 Knowing I really couldn't hope to pass,  
 Ecod! I've sworn to cut again.*

Very truly yours,  
 E. N. ERGY.



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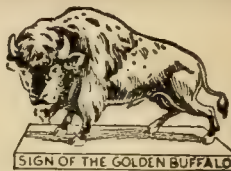
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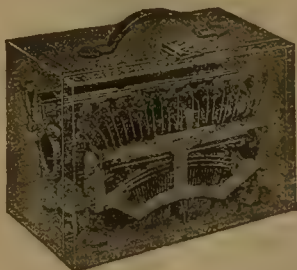
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June, 1923

Volume XLIII

Number 2



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## The Hibberd Garrett Memorial Prize Poems

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes great pleasure in announcing and printing the following winning poems of the Hibberd Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse, for the year of 1923. These two prizes are awarded for the best verse written by Haverford undergraduates, and submitted, through the Registrar, under an assumed name.

Honorable Mention was also awarded to *Tschaikowsky—Overture 1812*, by John Frederick Reich of the Class of 1924, which appeared in the May, 1923, issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, and to *The Sack of Nineveh* by Norman Eby Rutt of the Class of 1923, which appeared in the February, 1923, issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

### *Finlandia*

(First Prize: Hibberd Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse, 1923.)

*O sea! flood-high all night and sweeping strong,—  
Exultant sky whose tattered rack foretells  
The tempest!—hurricane that breaks and swells,—  
Welcome my heart to your triumphant throng.  
The passing night has not endured too long;  
Salute with me this daybreak which dispells  
A waste of darkness—beat the pealing bells,  
And drums that throb beneath the bugles' song.  
Each spattering roller, each gust bearing down  
Carries me closer, carries me closer home.  
The dawn breaks palely—soon, soon I shall see  
The dark hills locking in the harbor town,—  
The sea wall smothered in perpetual foam,—  
Exult with me! O heart, O wind, O sea.*

*Norman Eby Rutt, '23.*

## *The Blind*

(*Second Prize: Hibberd Garrett Memorial Prize for Verse, 1923.*)

*All summer in this garden  
Among my flowers I go,—  
The warm noon sun swings westward,  
The colors shift and glow;  
And in the restless shadows  
That ripple and fade and slide  
Blossom after blossom  
I pick and toss aside.*

*What use to me my beauty  
That you refused to prize,  
This consciousness of power,  
These eager lips and eyes,—  
All talents duly given  
I duly here avow,  
But how shall they appease me  
Though you admire them, now!*

*For I remember moments  
Uplifting on blue seas,—  
A whirl of exultation  
That took sweet pride in these,  
Before their brave perfection,  
Made timid by rebuff,  
From caring all too greatly  
Grew not to care enough.*

*Spring broke with mists and sunshine,  
Soft glows and shallow gleams;  
Spring set the trees to singing  
And filled the land with streams;  
From hilltop over hilltop  
The jaunty March wind blew,  
Gossiping of the impulse  
In buds that swelled anew.*

*Spring sluiced the dikes of reason  
And ridiculed restraint,  
Spring hinted to astonish  
And whispered to acquaint,  
'Til heart and brain and spirit  
And life in me found tongue,  
Laughing with exultation  
That you and I were young.*



*For you the eager breathing,  
The glow in face and eyes,  
The ecstasy of meeting,  
The confident surprise,—  
For you the gift surpassing  
All thought and speech and view—  
I'll whisper it,—my lover—  
“For you, for you, for you.”*

*But you and I remember  
That you no more than smiled,  
You could not see the woman  
In me so late the child.  
You thought the springtime foolish,  
The colors sure to shift,—  
You mocked at me, the giver,  
And would not take the gift.*

*You said with bitter coolness  
And too exceeding truth,  
“Such fancying soon passes,  
It's love's first flush in youth.”—  
O flush before the day-dawn  
That never brought day-light,  
For me a dawn of darkness,  
For you a day of night.*

*And I who came in springtime  
To you whom springtime chose,  
With heart that sang a love song  
And love's own tripping toes,  
All summer through my garden  
Go weary, empty-eyed,  
And blossom after blossom  
I break and toss aside.*

*Your grief to see me listless  
I give what scorn it earns,  
And smile not too sincerely  
At your absurd concerns.—  
All blessings duly given  
I duly here avow,—  
So how dare you reprove me,  
How dare advise me now?*

*For merry words unspoken,  
Fair hopes all disabused,  
For comradeship and courage,  
That you too long refused,  
For jubilant devotion  
That now can never be,  
For these how shall you ever  
Repay yourself and me?*

*It irked your independence  
To give my longing heed,  
And now your independence  
Has made you free indeed;  
For when your zealous interest  
So promptly shunned my eye  
The freedom that I offered  
Passed you by.*

*All day these fading shadows  
Swing eastward on the grass,  
I smell the purple bergamot  
In all the winds that pass.  
A summertime of silence  
On lawn and path and bed  
Mimics among my flowers  
The silence of my dead.*

*Contented am I always  
To see the sunlight climb,  
To hear my life's eternity  
Tick endlessly through time,—  
Too unconcerned to wonder,  
Too careless to recall  
Why, caring now so little,  
I ever cared at all.*

*O you, the blind, forget me,  
Forget my lack of aim;  
I am sufficed by idlesse  
And count it little shame,—  
All counsel duly given  
I duly here avow,  
But do not talk of purpose,  
I do not love you now.*

*Norman Eby Rutt, '23.*

# The Siege and Defense of Philadelphia

1764

TO understand the circumstances of this famous campaign, one must remember that at this time the Quakers, controlling the provincial Assembly, were chiefly settled in Eastern Pennsylvania, and that the Western section, the frontier, was inhabited by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had long been bearing the brunt of the bloody and destructive French and Indian wars. The Presbyterians, whose losses in life and property had been terrible, heartily cursed the Quakers for their pacifism and benevolent attitude toward the Indians, while the Quakers, undoubtedly backward in providing for defense, accused the frontiersmen of having brought their troubles on themselves by maltreatment of the savages. The savages, in turn, were harassing the borders in small war-parties, mostly coming from a large camp on the upper Susquehanna, which was too strong to be attacked by the settlers alone. Once, after a massacre, the exasperation of the helpless white men carried them so far as to send a wagon to Philadelphia, loaded with the mangled, bleeding bodies of the victims.

Best known of the frontier districts was the township and village of Paxton, for there lived a notorious company of Indian fighters, under their loved pastor, the aged John Elder, who held a colonel's commission and preached a militant Christianity that pleased them, and vainly but persistently pleaded their cause to the legislature and everyone in authority. Twice the Indians had come to attack his congregation while at worship, and, finding them armed and ready, had once retreated and once been defeated in a bloody skirmish.

One of the grievances of the "Paxton Boys" and other frontiersmen was that certain Indians—whom they wrongly suspected of connivance with the enemy—should be allowed to live within their borders. There were small camps of Moravian converts to Christianity at Wyalusing, Nain and Wecquetank, to the North, and the remnant of the once powerful Conestoga nation, living by ancient grant at their little town near Lancaster. These were then reduced to twenty persons—men, women and children, who, like the Moravians, subsisted in a meagre basket- and broom-making state, despicable to both races.

The settlers' determination to be rid of the friendly Indians, born of prejudice and the thirst for revenge, was nursed by suspicion and

excused by religion, for "when the Lord the God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them." On a dark night in December, 1763, the Paxton men rode down to Conestoga and murdered the six Indians whom they found there. Then they fired the cabins and moved away, stopping on a hill where the first yellow gleams of the dull winter dawn were glistening on the snow, to watch the fires, the smoke of which rolled high above the sombre valley. The raiders wore fur caps or battered hats on their shaggy heads, rough blanket coats, with breeches, leggins and moccasins of leather. Their rifles were slung on their backs, blood-stained tomahawks swinging from their saddles, and some carried spoil they had taken from the dead. At last headed by, their leader, Matthew Smith, they galloped away, spreading the news as they passed.

The fourteen Indians whose absence had saved them, fled to Lancaster where they were placed for security in the jail. Thither the borderers, one day, set out. John Elder rode with them, vainly protesting, and finally set his horse across the path and commanded them to go back, but they forced him aside at the rifle's point, galloped into Lancaster, broke into the jail, slaughtered the helpless fugitives and were gone before anything could be done. This success inspired them with a desire to repeat it. Shortly before, the Moravians had removed their protégés to Philadelphia, "to maintain them through the winter that they may scalp and butcher us in the spring."

The strength of the Presbyterian party in Philadelphia was shown by their reception of the one hundred and forty unfortunate Moravian Indians. Stoned and hooted by a surging mob, cowering behind a friendly cordon of Quakers, the terrified savages were marched through the streets to the barracks, where the angry soldiery refused to admit them, in open defiance of the order of Governor John Penn. For five hours they remained in the square before the barracks, protected and encouraged by their Quaker body-guard, until lodgings were finally found.

Hard upon the news of the Lancaster massacre came word that the Paxton Boys were already gathering to advance on Philadelphia. A detachment of Highlanders was at that time passing through the city on their way to New York and it was decided that they should conduct the unhappy converts to Sir William Johnson, the Superintendent of Indian affairs. This peaceful solution failed, however, when the Governor of New York refused to receive them, and they were returned with Captain Schlosser and three companies of Royal Americans, under orders to guard them until spring. They were now admitted to the barracks, where "they first met to render thanks to God for the bless-



ing and support, experienced from him during this singular peregrination, and especially, that he had preserved their souls from harm in conversing with the soldiers, some of whom were inconsiderate and wild."

In the meantime, Franklin had written a pamphlet, more pathetic than accurate, describing the massacre at Lancaster, and public opinion was turning more and more against the invaders, especially as it was rumored that they contemplated the death of certain white men as well as red, and possibly a sack of the city and political revolution.

The Paxton men, having taken Sacrament at their church, set out, and their numbers swelled, as they marched, to somewhere between five and fifteen hundred. Their leaders, if any, were Matthew Smith and James Gibson. Their advance was incredibly slow, for they were constantly foraging about the country, stopping at every farmhouse to shoot some chickens or a pig, or poke their guns through a window and give a warwhoop that would frighten the goodwife into prostrations; then they would rush in and drag her husband and children through the mud and pretend to scalp and mangle them before her eyes.

The Quaker City was scarcely in a posture for defense. Certainly the few soldiers on guard at the barracks had no chance against the statistics that were bandied about among the honest citizens, who seemed to have a morbid propensity for the cultivation of marvelous reports as to the numbers, strength and marksmanship of the rioters. Some—less honest—favored the killing of the Indians, provided that no one else were molested.

Expresses were arriving night and day with news of the enemy's approach. The Assembly passed an act extending the English riot act to the province and the Governor called the citizens to the State House and proposed the formation of a regiment of gentlemen to assist the soldiers. Under the ever practical and energetic Franklin, six companies of infantry, two of cavalry and one of artillery were formed and thousands of others pledged to be ready at a moment's notice. Trenches were dug around the barracks and eight cannon were placed to sweep the adjacent streets. All the boats were brought over to the East bank of the Schuylkill, and every householder was to burn a candle in his window at night, that the streets might be illuminated for the military operations.

It is a source of infinite regret that history has not recorded the names and deeds of all the heroes, who stood so nobly between their loved ones and grim Death in this desperate state when women and children were in danger of being "barbarously butchered by a set of Ruffians, whose audacious cruelty is checked by no sentiment of Humanity, and by no regard to the Laws of their Country." But we know that, besides brave Captain Schlosser and his regulars in the barracks, Captain Wood, Captain Mifflin and Captain Joseph Wharton were famous

for their public-spirited endeavor, that Captain Coultas, because of his valor and assiduity in mustering and drilling a company of horse, was rumored to have been proscribed by the enemy—yet even in this appalling situation, only doubled his activity and bustle, and, finally, that dauntless Captain Torbet Frances, one of the most popular of the military leaders, had the invincible idea of an all-consuming sortie in his mind, and never got it out. Moreover, the artillery was commanded by Captain Loxley, a steady old veteran, Lieutenant under Braddock, and, says Graydon, “a very honest, though little dingy-looking man, with regimentals, considerably war-worn or tarnished; a very salamander or *fire drake* in the public estimation, whose vital air was deemed the fume of sulphurous explosion, and who, by whatever means he had acquired his science, was always put foremost when great guns were in question.”

All business was now suspended, and even, to the delight of the younger generation, the schools were closed. The city was ransacked for arms, and every loyal citizen appeared with a rusty flintlock or ancient halbert on his shoulder, a belt stuck full of massy pistols or a sword clattering about his legs. Courier after courier, on foam-flecked horses, thundered up to the Governor’s house with news of the approaching foe.

On the cold and stormy night of February the fourth, in the year of Grace, Seventeen hundred and sixty-four, the first action of the siege took place. “For my part,” says an anonymous Quaker gentleman, “I went to bed as free from any apprehensions of danger as ever I did in my life and slept very soundly till after midnight, when all of a sudden I was alarmed by the ringing of the bells. I listened to know the cause, (being loath to get out of bed, as I had a bad cold) expecting it was a fire, but no cry, no rattling of engines was to be heard; I then laid myself down with a resolution to go to sleep again, when one of the neighbors thundered at the door, and called to us to put out the lights for the Paxton Boys were coming. Up I jumped immediately, whipped on my clothes, and ran to the door, which I had no sooner opened, then I heard the old militia drums with solemn dubb beating to arms, and saw the inhabitants running from all quarters to obey the summons.” All night, in a dismal, drenching rain, a mob of citizen soldiers and the regulars stood on guard. “By sunrise,” he continues, “they had got themselves officers and brought forth those ensigns which were once displayed with such terror at the glorious battle of New Market.” The attack, however, having proved a false alarm, Captain Loxley discharged his pieces as a warning to the invaders, while the poor Indians in the barracks screamed and shook with fear. Although startled by this unusual outburst, yet they still bore the terrors of their situation with

true Christian fortitude, while a number of Moravian divines were constantly at hand to encourage and hold them firm in their faith.

At about noon, a small party sallied out to secure the boats on the upper Schuylkill and to cut the ferry ropes. Scarcely were they back in the city than they recalled having forgotten the ferry at the Swede's Ford, near Norristown. When this intelligence was received, the military chieftains conferred, and decided that a second force must venture forth to secure this strategic point; but hardly had they arrived at this decision, than an express galloped up with the news that the "Paxtoneers" had already crossed at the Swede's Ford and were advancing on their deadly errand. Again, from every steeple, the solemn call to arms was rung, and all was uproar and confusion. "They are coming! They are coming! Where, where? Down Second Street! Down Second Street!" Such of the company as had grounded their firelocks, flew to arms and began to prime; the artillery men threw themselves into order, and the people ran to get out of the way, for a troop of armed men on horseback appeared in reality coming down the street." A cannon was aimed, the gunner stepped forward with flaring linstock in his hand, when a bystander suddenly dashed his hat upon the touch-hole. The horsemen halted, and, with a flourish of sabres, clamored for admittance to the square. They were Captain Hoffman's mounted company of German butchers and carters, and were received as friends.

Captain Hoffman's gallant troop had no sooner left Germantown in their charge upon the barracks, than the Paxton Boys marched in. Having heard of the war-like preparations in the city, they were not encouraged to attempt an immediate attack. Indeed, their attitude grew much more complacent than it had been, so that many curious souls ventured forth to inspect them, and found only a set of happy-go-lucky fellows, dressed no better than "back country wagoners, all armed with rifles and tomahawks, and some with pistols stuck in their belts." They denied all pretensions, except to the lynching of the Indians; on this they were still firm; one, we learn, modestly admitted, speaking of a well-known member of the Conestoga band, "I am the man who killed Will Sock. This is the arm that stabbed him to the heart, and I glory in it."

The authorities now decided that their military successes were sufficient to warrant a peaceful settlement without loss of honor, and appointed Benjamin Franklin and three other great men to parley with the enemy on the following day. At dawn, however, the alarm was again sounded and the staunch defenders mustered with the speed of experience, but soon retreated to adjacent houses before the onslaught of a shower of rain. The summons, of course, was soon found to be groundless.

At this, the citizen soldiery, exasperated by useless trouble and



loss of sleep, demanded to be led out against the enemy. But they were finally, by many reminders of the frontiersmen's bruited skill with the rifle, persuaded to abandon this valorous aspiration. "Gentlemen," they said, "we are ready to go wherever you may command us; and we would much rather you would let us treat with them without guns."

There was, however, no difficulty in negotiating with the rioters, already dwindled to less than two hundred men, who, having authorized Gibson and Smith to draw up a memorial and statement of grievances of the Assembly, agreed to depart. Mr. Chew then harangued the soldiery, excusing the Paxton Boys, as the misguided victims of Indian brutality, all of which those war-worn veterans received with very bad grace.

On the morrow, shops, stores and schools were reopened, and there was a general resumption of peaceful activity. Shortly before noon, nevertheless, a horseman dashed in with the news that the Paxton Boys had broken the treaty and had entered the city. Once more the iron tongue of the State House bell tolled forth its message of awful war, and amid the wildest tumult the people flew to arms. They had indeed come; there were about thirty of them and they were sight-seeing. Some asked to see the Indians, that they might point out certain notorious murderers, and when the request was granted they said that the Quakers had surreptitiously removed the culprits.

And so the Paxton Men departed, and the whole affair, which had been largely gossip and garble between sects from the beginning, became entirely so, and the air was filled with oratory and pamphlets and doggerel verse.

The Moravian Indians dwelt for almost a year at the barracks, where above fifty of them died of the smallpox. The survivors eventually departed for Machelusing, on the upper Susquehanna, with these words of gratitude to the Governor:

"We think it is our first Duty to take a friendly leave of you by presenting our hearty Thanks for your great Goodness to us. We do not come with a String or Belt of Wampum agreeable to the custom among Indians, and as we cannot speak your tongue we must endeavor to express our grateful hearts by this writing. . . . These words come from us who have subscribed this address & from all the Indian Men, Women, & Children now at the Barracks, and we are your true and faithful friends."

As for the memorial of the Paxton Boys, the Assembly ignored their petition for better representation and their other demands, granting only rewards for the scalps of male and female Indians, lack of which, had "damped the spirits of many brave men."

*C. C. Sellers, '25*



## The King of the Moon

THE Great Transcontinental Express ground itself to a top at as metropolis of some half dozen frame houses and a dirt road. Wilmar Mason, a little irritated at the delay, sat up in his Pullman seat and, frowning over the newspaper that he was reading, peered through the window.

"Mighty uninteresting country," he thought. "I don't see how people can bear to live in it. I wonder what we are stopping here for."

His frown was deepened by the sudden entrance of sundry youthful cries and infant screams as the colored porter, overloaded with bags and suitcases, brushed past and deposited his burdens two seats ahead. The cries and screams materialized into a horde of small boys and girls and one baby, kicking frantically in the arms of a large but cheerful German-looking mother. A little man, the father evidently, also overloaded with suitcases, brought up the rear of the procession as they filed past into their seats.

"Jim! Jim! don't run about like that. Come here this minute! Jim! Come here! Miriam, go bring Jim back . . . Hans, wave good-bye to Grandma out the window. That's a good boy."

Mason, feeling very much annoyed at this onslaught of noise, was half inclined to go into the smoking compartment, but, realizing that it would be crowded and filled with smoke, resolved to stay, and buried himself the more deeply in his paper.

Humanity, humanity, all about him, and he, Wilmar Mason, could find no interest in it. This was not as it should be, for he was a writer, a student of humanity, supposedly. That complex, very complex mechanism which men call life in cross-section, was his means of livelihood, his instrument, his tool. A few months before he had imagined that he liked it, but now this collection of frame houses and a dirt road was merely a very dull place to live in, and people who made unnecessary noises were a nuisance. Possibly he had made a mistake as to his calling, possibly he was not the great artist that he had hoped and thought he was. If so, he most certainly should not have left Janet. Things could surely have been patched up between them. But as an artist he could not have her or anyone else binding his spirit in. There could be no mistake; he had been too successful for that. The world had hailed him as an artist and he must accept himself as such.

Five years before, when he had graduated from college as a very young man, he had felt the call of writing and had met phenomenal success in his first attempts. Publishers had claimed him as a new discovery, and almost before he knew it himself he was financially on his feet, with

an assured demand for anything he might turn out. Then he married. Janet had been so much interested in his work, so much the incarnation, the embodiment of that life which he was studying, that he felt he must have her always. Yes, he loved her, and she had thought him wonderful. He could well remember the inspiration his love and marriage had given his work. Story after story was written with such spirit, such feeling, that critics turned and said, "Here is a man with a soul, a man worth watching. He has done wonderful things and will do more wonderful things." Truly Janet had been this inspiration to him. She had watched him work, and, loving him, had moved him to loftier heights and greater depths of artistry, until . . . well, his own thoughts had explained it.

"A woman has no place in art, except as a good subject for artists to handle. A woman's not creative, she's absorptive. She will take, and take, and take, and give absolutely nothing. She is a beautiful subject for man to reproduce in art, but a man will soon exhaust her value and strive for something beyond. As for creating beauty herself, she is hopeless. It all boils itself down to the fact that women have no souls."

He first realized this one day after they had gone to a symphony concert together in the afternoon. She could not understand why he did not want to go to the Malory's card party and dance in the evening, but preferred rather to stay at home in the parlor silently gazing into the open fire. And later when she began to sense that something was going wrong, she made a desperate attempt to keep his love, haunting him with her presence constantly, when he wished to be alone with his work. To be sure he had enjoyed her helping him once, but. . . well, the fact was that women have no imagination; they live in the body, alone.

How he accomplished the separation was a mystery to him. He had pointed out to her that he had a mission on earth, and must fulfil it, wife or no wife. They still loved each other, but he could not let love stand in the way of duty. She took it much better than did the world at large. He glanced down at his paper and smiled cynically.

It was a Sunday edition, opened at the "Scandal Sheet." A great headline stared him in the face:

### HOW WILMAR MASON'S LOVE CASTLES CRUMBLLED

It seemed a pity to have one's dirty linen aired thus. But how could he help it? Why couldn't the newspapers understand as she had and let it go at that?

After the separation she had lived on in the same way at the same old place. He took apartments. He gave her plenty to live on and called on her occasionally. She was still his wife, but he had to live his own life to be able to get the results he wanted from his work. The new life,

the freedom was intoxicating. He joined the ranks of the men of letters; he dined at writers' clubs; he went on fishing trips with world-famous critics. But somehow he turned out very little work himself. He had no feeling, no desire; he could think of nothing to write about. There was Dixon, no older than he himself, who was turning out bushels of stuff, good stuff, too; and Dixon had never been married. Dixon had not met such immediate success as had he, Wilmar Mason, but had spent the first few years after college in shifting about the world. His stories were now full of an exotic atmosphere. Even now he was to be found in New York but seldom. He was a rolling stone, a true O. Henry type. So it was that Wilmar Mason found out what was wrong.

"I've exhausted New York and metropolitan civilization. I've run to seed here. I must get out and find new experiences, new subjects to work on. I'm free, I have money, and the whole world is before me. The West is a new country with a new life. It should give me a new field of activity. Go west, young man, go west!"

He bade good-bye to Janet who took his departure very calmly, making preparations the while for prospective balls and fêtes, for she was an acknowledged society leader.

"She lives in the body too much," he thought. "Like all other women she has no soul."

Now he was on his way to California, planning first to visit San Francisco and then the moving-picture country. His brain hummed with new sensations. The first sight of the prairies brought him the feeling of innumerable Bret Harte stories. He felt young again, young as he really was, young and creative. Plans of masterpieces surged through his imagination. But it was only in his imagination. He had dream-pictures, not actualities. He was strangely lonely, and as the train sped on he silently cursed humanity for not being more pleasant, and the newspapers for not forgetting him, or at least, for not understanding him. "How Wilmar Mason's Love Castles Crumbled," indeed! What did they know about it? He knew what he was about. He didn't want any love castles anyway. People should rather have hailed him as one who could give up mundane enjoyment for his art. . . .

Two soft little hands were placed firmly over his eyes, and the feeling of warm breath tickled the back of his neck. For a moment he could not understand.

"Guess who! Guess who!" A small childish voice broke into the noise of the moving train.

He pulled himself away and turned sharply, frowning slightly at the interruption. Two little chubby arms and a cherubic face, all smiles, appeared above the back of the seat.

"Jimmie! Jimmie! Come here this moment," and the fat German-

looking mother dashed past him to retrieve her small son who had been standing on the seat behind him. "He is *so* naughty. You must forgive him. I can do nothing with him. Now, Jimmie, you must *not* bother the gentleman any more."

Mason grunted indistinctly and buried himself in his newspaper. Why should they have to bother *him* of all people? He had enough on his mind now without having to be bothered by some dozen howling infants. He must get to work on that outline for a new story. The plot had come an hour or so before—a plot which he felt sure would make as gripping a work of art as he had written in his earliest glory. If he could only nail his characters, nail them down in his mind so that they could not get away from him, he was sure that the thing would write easily enough. An outline must be made. The story all hinged in a squatter's grief over the loss of his pal. The squatter, the pal *in absentia*, the girl, the neighbor. . . .

"Mister, who gave you that pitty wing?" A small girl of five was standing before him gazing intently at a ring he had on a finger of his left hand. It was a ring Janet had given him one year after they had been married.

He tried to ignore her, pretending to be most absorbed in the Sunday Supplement. It was queer how five years of youthful humanity could so effectively embarrass him. She stood there with her eyes wide open apparently expecting an answer. A shriek from the other end of the car drew first her attention and then her person away from him, to his vast relief. How could parents be so neglectful as to allow their children to run about in such a manner?

He must return to the story. Let's see—the squatter, the neighbor, the girl, the partner . . . children, children in the prairies, children on farms driving the cows home, children in Central Park playing with dogs—children . . . children . . . Where was his story? Gone! Drat the children!

He looked up with a start to find three pairs of blue eyes, wide open and staring intently at him, three mouths pleasantly and wonderingly half open, three pairs of feet firmly set in a semicircle about his seat. To flee to the smoking compartment was his first impulse. But no, that was cowardly. He would face it out. He looked about for the rest and was surprised to find that his horde of bawling infant ragga-muffins of a few moments past was in reality a family of but three small and neatly dressed children, two boys, four and seven years of age possibly and a girl between them of about five. He knew that he had made the acquaintance of two of them before.

"Now children, really I must . . ."

"Do you belong to this train?"



A spirit prompted him. Children might not be such frightful things after all. They might even be interesting.

"Where are you going?" He addressed the youngest as the one nearest the level of his eyes. The little boy blinked and closed his mouth.

"Where are you going on this train, to Denver, perhaps? Come on, tell me. You've asked your questions, allow me to ask mine. Where is daddy taking you?"

The boy blinked again, and opened his mouth.

"Sampumsco."

"Where?"

"Sampumsco."

"Jimmie means San Fwancisco." The girl volunteered the information. "We're going to San Fwancisco and daddy is going to get us a dog and an automobile and Aunt Mawy lives out there and we had to leave Gwandma behind and I cwied when I said good-bye to Gwandma."

"What's your name?" he asked her.

"Mwiam, and this is Jimmie and this is Hans and what's your name?"

"Do you know my daddy?" Hans asked.

"Why no. I'm sorry but I haven't had the pleasure."

The children took him at his word and stood silent for a moment absorbing it.

"What's your name?" Miriam repeated.

"I'm the king of the moon. Don't you know me?" He wondered how much imagination children had.

"Oh!" said Jimmie. Hans looked scornful, but Miriam began to laugh pleasantly.

"Tell us about it. Tell us about it," she cried, clapping her hands.

"Well once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess, way up in one of the stars. She lived in the brightest star that ever shone in the sky, and there she would sit all day and smile so sweetly—just as you do, Miriam." The compliment was not at all lost on Miriam.

He hadn't the slightest idea how the story was to proceed, but trusted in a blind sort of way that his present audience was no more critical than the world at large had been. The plot seemed to come fairly easily, almost to unravel itself of its own accord. He was surprised to find that he was enjoying himself, finding it pleasant to forget the squatter and his pal for the time being. Semi-silence reigned, fellow travelers blessed the kind gentleman, and Hans forgot his disdain for the "king of the moon" in his enthusiasm for the story.

". . . But the king of the moon had to leave the beautiful princess, although he loved her, because . . . because Hans and Jimmie and Miriam wanted him to come down and see them; and there she sits on her star, where once she had smiled, weeping, weeping."

"Isn't the king ever going back to her?" Miriam asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miriam."

"Tell us another story. Tell us another story." Even Hans joined in the demand.

The whole experience had been too unusual for his nerves and he fled to the smoking compartment, where he found relief in discussing the Japanese situation with a salesman from an eastern canned-goods concern. Men and women may work and think and talk, but the children are the rulers of the universe.

Two cigars did Wilmar Mason consume that afternoon in the smoking compartment, two cigars and twice as many hours, cussing, for taking up his time and his thoughts, the travelling salesman, whom he had first sought out joyfully in his need. But when he realized that a colored gentleman in a white coat was making his "last call for supper" and that to get to the dining car he had to pass through his Pullman, he felt a great disinclination to stir. The courage to meet little children was lacking and that is a courage which even the bravest often do not have. When he did pull himself together and go back through the car, passing them—almost falling over them in the aisle—he assumed the air of one requiring a formal introduction before familiarity, and when they demanded that he "Tell another story," he merely smiled distantly and passed on.

Conscience, with which the gods endowed us, pricked a little at supper, but at that he thanked those same gods that the travelling salesman was not at his table to give him relief. When he returned to his car three little friends came piling around him in their nighties to say "good-night." "Shocking freedom," said the too-prosaic passengers, but in some peculiar way Wilmar Mason's conscience was clear and most uncommonly comfortable. Then, after a while, the porter put him also to bed.

Miriam on the morrow made herself known by looking in on him even before he had risen. She conveyed the information that Jimmie was reading and Hans was having his ears washed by mother, but the baby himself was informing the whole car that he was not being very effectively entertained by father.

That day Wilmar Mason forgot all about the squatter and his pal, forgot Janet, almost. . . almost, but sometimes the children wondered why the big man, the "king of the moon" was so silent. It was not until the night that he had a chance to think.

The Rockies, then California, and he prepared to say good-bye to his friends. He wasn't happy. Queer thing! Two days before he would have smiled had anyone told him that he would be sorry to reach Cali-

fornia and begin the life of his plans, begin that collecting of fiction material which he had anticipated. But now, he knew that he would never be the "king of the moon" again, that he would never be able again to forget the necessity of existence and ambition, that he must be serious again. And that loneliness would return, most surely return. The children were his friends but they must go. If only. . . . If only. . . .

At Oakland he helped the family disembark, carrying the baby down on to the platform himself. At Oakland also he was to meet Harry Hamilton, an old friend, who lived there for his health.

"Wilmar Mason, himself! But where did you get the attachments? Whose orphanage did you pick up?"

"Harry, meet my friends—Miriam, Hans, Jimmie, father, mother, and the baby."

It was hard for him to say good-bye, but somehow he did, and they all passed out of his existence as dramatically as they had entered it, for the baby was far from being satisfied and the other three children were voluble in their excitement. He hated to see them go, passing on down toward the ferry out of sight. They were gone and he was lonely, even with Harry Hamilton at his elbow. If only. . . . If only. . . . Good God! Why not? Resolution never came quicker in his life.

"Harry, when's the next train back? I've got to get back to New York right away."

"What's the matter? Are you sick? Why, man, you're out here to stay for months."

"No, I'm going back right away. I've got to. I've got to."

To be sure he had to stay a week to rest and during that time he never made explanation. Harry was a little hurt when at last Wilmar took a train to go back over those three thousand miles to New York City. On board, fellow passengers wondered who was this mysterious man, who seemed so pleasant and yet so silent.

"He's in love," said one old lady to another. "I know the signs."

But Wilmar Mason lived in the future and was happy.

Five days later he was standing on the steps of what he had once called home. The maid answered his ring. She was a new maid and did not recognize him. Mrs. Mason was out, but would he wait? She might be expected at any moment. Yes, he would wait. She led him into the parlor, and, depriving him of his coat and hat, left him to his own devices. He looked about and saw the same old room, the same furniture, the same pictures on the walls. He remembered the thrill of joy he had had when he had entered that room for the first time and had realized that here was his own home, all his own. He remembered the joy which in some way had not seemed perfect when he bid farewell to the room and the house and the street to go away and be free again.

What was his feeling now? It could hardly be joy. He was too frightened for that. Often in his stories had he analyzed the feelings of a young lover about to propose to his sweetheart. He felt exactly that way. But his sweetheart was his wife. What was he to say? How would he say it? Throughout the trip from San Francisco back he had planned speeches for himself on this momentous occasion which was about to take place, and now they all seemed to have vanished. Janet would be there in a minute; then he must speak, if they were alone together. Perhaps someone might be coming with her. He half wished that she might not come alone. It would be so much easier merely to pay a call and go again. If he spoke she would not understand anyway. Perhaps he had better not. But no, he wanted her to understand. She must understand.

Then he heard Janet in the hallway.

"*Au revoir*, Baron. Thank you ever so much for seeing me home."

She entered the parlor. "Oh, Wilmar! You back? I am very glad to see you. I thought you were going to stay out West for some months."

All the resolves, all the speeches, vanished. Fear remained. Wilmar Mason was a coward.

"I was called back on business. I thought I'd call around and see how you were getting along. You seem pretty busy these days."

"Yes, social duties are pretty pressing. Do you know Baron Andriche? A rather interesting fellow. He brought me back from the horse show."

Janet seemed pleasant enough but very distant. He wondered whether she could still love him. At any rate he could not find the words to speak to her. What was the use anyway. She would just laugh at him. Then he thought of Miriam and Hans and Jimmie.

"Janet, business did not bring me back to New York. You brought me back. I came to see you."

"So? Well, well, that's surprising. Why spoil all your plans for me. I'm just a woman. You have your art to think of."

What was the use. She would not understand. But she must understand.

Out of the window he could see across the street into a park with a small artificial lake and some little boys sailing boats. She noticed where his attention was attracted. She had always been quick at following thoughts.

"Aren't they the dearest things," she said. "I often go out and play with them. They say such funny things."

They both went to the window and looked out. She seemed to him a little less distant.



"Oh, Janet! If only. . . . If only. . . . Why not, Janet, why not?" She was silent for a long time. He could bear it no longer.

"Speak, Janet, speak."

"Where did you find that out, Wilmar?"

"Out West. We learn such things out there."

"We learn them here too, Wilmar. I knew it all the time. But of course you had to find it out too."

Alone, that evening, in his own room—that room which he had not occupied for a long, long, time—he wondered to himself. Out of the window a piece of the moon could be seen.

"It's queer. The 'king of the moon' exists again. What was it I used to say? A woman's not creative, she's absorptive. . . beautiful subject for art . . . gives absolutely nothing. . . No place in the world of art and life . . . Bosh!"

Dudley Pruitt, '23.

## Spring Song

*Like quick winds many-minded on a slope of running green,  
Like waters laughing where before have waters never been,  
My spirit chases shadows over brakes of springing fern  
Unconcerned by groves that hinder,*

*Saying, "Linger,"*

*Praying, "Linger."*

*Till the evening shadows turn.*

*All day my heart finds melodies, all night my ears hear bells;  
I know the songs of rivulets that thread secluded dells,  
Words speak to me new wonder in meanings known long,  
My life is set to music,*

*Always growing,*

*Overflowing,*

*And insatiate of song.*

*The triumph of the flowers sets a tumult in my mind  
Like a blare of winds about me and a sea of light behind.  
For spring has come to stir me with a glorious unease,  
I am joyful as the sunlight*

*Drifting brightly,*

*Shifting lightly,*

*Through the tops of screening trees.*

Norman Eby Rutt, '23.

## *Fox Fire*

*Through dusk that wistfully conceals  
Just as the sun is going down,  
By unfrequented paths she steals  
Beyond the gardens of the town.*

*Above stone walls she sees the blur  
Of crumbling apple blossom gloom;  
In long festoons the lavender  
Of bright wisteria in bloom.*

*And where the last fence row divides,  
She waits beneath constraining trees  
Whose shadow sorrowfully hides  
Her joy in what she hears and sees.*

*A velvet field of violets  
Slants over brows of windy grass,  
Which the last daylight half regrets  
To leave, and the light wind to pass,*

*Down to a hollow under hills  
Whose woodlands shine with bluish light,  
The haunt of wailing whip-poor-wills  
And fire-flies flashing through the night.*

*And down that last slope she keeps tryst  
With an elfin vistant who calls  
To her up from the evening mist  
On laurel-darkened waterfalls.*

*Then back to town—but all the trees,  
The vines, the flowers around her know  
Her longing nothing can appease,  
That sometime, sometime she will go*

*Through shadows falling thick and black;  
She will go down and not come back.*

*Norman Eby Rutt, '25.*

# Editorial Comment

THE HAVERFORDIAN has much in common with an ocean liner when the tugs cast off their cables and she is left alone to face her maiden voyage. With this issue, departs a staunch group of Seniors who have put so much into the magazine within the last several years that it is fitting that THE HAVERFORDIAN should thank them for their services before they go. So far as possible we have endeavored to devote this issue particularly to their contributions, and would inform them that we still consider them as active members of the college's literary organ.

In other words, THE HAVERFORDIAN wishes to make it known that an Alumni Issue will be presented to its readers next year, and, it is hoped, the precedent will be established of producing such a number annually. To those Alumni who are interested or active in literary pursuits is extended an invitation to send articles for this number. It is hoped that some Alumnus will be found whose interest carries him so far as to induce him to give his services as Issue Editor.

For subject matter, "everything that's fit to print" will be acceptable. Essays, formal or otherwise, stories, poetry, literary and dramatic reviews, and articles of particular interest to Haverford, will all find an appreciative reception. Furthermore, all manuscript, whether printed in the issue or not, will be promptly returned. In regard to the length of articles, it will probably be necessary to limit them to less than five thousand words, but let that be no barrier; paper is cheap.

Now we can take a sigh of relief! This is the first opportunity we have had of successfully "passing the buck," and we take delight in doing so. The responsibility of the Alumni Issue will be entirely that of the Alumni themselves. If it is a success, theirs will be the credit; if it fails, theirs the—but we will not discuss that. Haverford has so long stood for literary distinction and so many of her graduates have succeeded in the field of letters that we expect this coming issue to prove not only of unusual interest to all Haverfordians but also of unusual literary value.

# The Study of English at Haverford

THE unique position to which Haverford College has risen among institutions of higher learning in both America and England has not been attained by chance or by widespread advertising, but by the high scholarship of her faculty and students. The best possible way for Haverford to make sure of her future position is for each individual department in the college to look to the completeness of the instruction it is now giving, and to the opportunities it is offering for personal contact between the students and professors. The purpose of this essay is to bring out more clearly a recent step which has recently been taken in this direction by the English department at Haverford.

As the number of students has been steadily increasing, several difficulties have arisen which, in the past, needed no consideration. It has been on the English Department in particular that the burden has fallen of maintaining its traditional intimate relations with the students and, at the same time, its excellence of instruction. That the department has succeeded in meeting the increased demands made upon it is fully answered by the unusually large enrollment in the English courses. Nevertheless, in looking to the future, it has done well in reorganizing and enlarging its field of instruction, and in greatly increasing the number of its conference courses for advanced students.

All students, whether intending to specialize in English or not, will be required to take the general Freshman course, and will be advised to take the regular Sophomore and Junior courses as essential to a liberal education. In addition to these, which constitute three full years of English, alone enough to give the student a minor, there are available fourteen half-year courses from which he can select his specialized field of study. This includes the possibility of taking *Advanced Composition* twice, and the course in *Greek Literature*. In all, Haverford is therefore now offering ten full-year courses in English, over one-half of which are given in small groups limited to twelve students each. It is doubtful whether any American college or university today offers a better opportunity for undergraduate specialization in English.

As to the practical working value of these new conference courses in comparison to the ordinary lecture course of large enrollment, this has already been established in the case of two of the courses to be given in that manner, and the results point very promisingly to a genuine success. Obviously enough, some subjects lend themselves very well to popular lecture treatment, for example, a general survey of any striking period of poetry or drama. But the more detailed study of either of these, or any considerable study at all of straight prose writing, be-



comes an encumbrance to both professor and students when treated in lecture style. Two conference courses with which I happen to be familiar, *Advanced Dramatic Criticism* and *Nineteenth Century Prose*, are both highly successful from the students' and the professor's point of view. As some one said, in a lecture course the student may read the assignment or he may not, but in a small conference course, where he does part of the lecturing himself, he is pretty sure to be familiar with the subject. Great success has been obtained in these two courses this year with student lectures, and this should be a valuable feature of all these conference courses in the future. All the students agree that they work harder, get more good out of and have more real interest in, these small classes than in the larger lecture class.

I shall first give a brief explanation of the courses which are to be offered, and then follow that up with an outline of the plans of study which have been worked out for students who are either specializing or not specializing in English. It is of distinct advantage that the plans in these two cases are practically identical for the first two years, which makes it unnecessary for the student to decide until his Junior year whether or not he desires to specialize in English.

Course 1 is *Freshman English*, which includes an introduction to the study of English literature, surveying the subject briefly from Chaucer to Tennyson. This course is required of all Freshmen. An Honor Course in outside reading, to supplement the limited amount of reading which can be required in the course itself, it offered to those who anticipate specialization.

Course 3 is *Elizabethan Literature, with a special study of Shakspeare*. This course is elective for Sophomores only, who are urged to avail themselves of the opportunity. Courses 5a and 6b are *Argumentation and Debating* and *Advanced Composition* respectively. Both are open as electives for Sophomores and Juniors. Course 6b may be taken a second time for full credit, and is intended only for those having a distinct literary ability. The regular Junior English will be composed of two important half-year courses, 13a, which is *Nineteenth Century Poets*, and 15b, which is *Contemporary Drama*. The former deals with interpretative analysis of poems selected from the works of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats and Tennyson, while the latter gives a valuable study of the technique and practice of the modern drama as illustrated by the best works of Ibsen, Shaw, Barrie, Wilde, Pinero and others. After next year, these two courses will be open to Juniors only.

That completes the list of fundamental courses and leaves ten half-year conference courses to be considered. It is in these that Haverford has her hope of giving her students an unsurpassed opportunity to make more detailed and careful study of the particular fields in which they are

interested than is possible in the larger general courses. These courses will be conducted on the seminar plan, and will be limited to twelve members each. They will be open only to Seniors who are taking English as a major or minor; and also, with the consent of the instructor, to Juniors who are taking English as a major. The purpose of such courses is to afford an opportunity for small groups of students to confer three times a week with the instructor, and to discuss informally the reports made by members of the conference on the topics assigned for special study.

Two of the most important among these limited conference courses will be offered every year; Course 8b, *Chaucer*, and Course 17a, *Advanced Dramatic Criticism*. After next year, this latter course will have as its prerequisite course 15b, *Dramatic Criticism*, and the applicant for the advanced course will probably have to make at least an eighty per cent. average in 15b. Course 17a takes up critical estimates of the drama of different periods and countries—the drama of Greece, Rome, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Norway, England and America—and its general development, tracing, at the same time, the interwoven effects of the drama of each country on that of the others. Courses 3, 12a, 15b and 17a together will give the student an extraordinary opportunity for becoming acquainted with the whole history, development, and present status of the drama, which is today probably the most living type of literature.

Of the remaining eight conference courses, four will be given each alternate year. In 1923-24, the following four will be offered: 4b, *Nineteenth Century Prose*, which is a rapid reading course in the works of the masters of modern English prose, specializing on the great novelists such as Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray; Course 7a, *Anglo-Saxon*, which will require one year of German of all candidates; Course 20a, *Poetry and Philosophy*, another innovation of this plan which should prove to be one of the best and most valuable of these conference courses, and which includes a survey of English poetry, (1) as influenced by philosophers, especially Plato and Rousseau, (2) as influencing ethics, religion, etc., with special reference to Wordsworth and Shelley, and a brief study of Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Goethe's *Faust*. The remaining course offered next year is 21b, *Special Topics in Poetry*, which is a more detailed study of the work begun in Course 13a, with a special reference to Browning. Course 13a will be a prerequisite to this course.

In the following year the above four will be omitted and four more substituted for them. Course 12a, *Eighteenth Century Essay and Drama* will offer the student still further opportunities to study English prose, and a more specific study of the great drama of that period than is available in other courses; 12b, *Eighteenth Century Novel and Poetry*,

will continue the detailed study of that period in the second half-year; Course 16b, *American Literature*, will give a brief survey of American poetry and prose from Colonial days to the present time, emphasizing the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Poe; and finally, Course 11a, *Milton*, will cover the literature of the period in which he lived. In addition to these courses given by the English department, the Greek department is offering *Greek Literature in English Translation*, a most useful course for those who have not been able to study this material in the original. This course will count toward a minor or major in English.

A trifle must now be said as to how this plan will work out when put into operation next fall. Owing to the fact that it is new, all the prerequisites cannot be adhered to the first year. Courses 5a and 6b, elective in the future for Sophomores and Juniors only, will be open next year to Seniors also, since some may have planned to take these courses next year under the former system. Similarly, the regular Junior English courses, 13a and 15b, will be open next year to Seniors, but closed the following years to all but Juniors. In the conference courses, 17a will be open next year and the following years to Seniors only, but next year this course will be practically identical with Course 15b, and will have no prerequisite. This is due to the fact that 15b is not given this year so that there will be no students prepared for advanced work in dramatic criticism.

Haverford College has so many other happy features which will work together to bring success to this reorganized schedule of English courses that the college's literary prestige of the past may be expected with confidence to be upheld in the future. When one considers that the Haverford College Library is one of the best in the country in which undergraduates have free access to all the shelves; that the college is still small enough to allow students working for honors to have virtually unlimited opportunity for conference with the professors of English and Foreign Languages; when one considers the peculiar merit of certain courses given at Haverford essential as a background to the study of English—Philosophy and English History for example; and finally, when one considers the opportunity afforded in these numerous conference courses for the intimate discussion of great books one has reason to look with pardonable pride on the present opportunity for the study of English at Haverford College.

*Franklin C. Morss, Jr., '23.*



## Found Out

I AWOKE bathed in a cold sweat. All my sleeping had been like this since Marguerite had left. I had dreamed, too, as usual, and this time there was a distinctness about my dream characters which startled me to wakefulness, paralyzed with fear. They seemed to be the same characters as those in the story I was writing, and yet, they varied, changed, metamorphosed, keeping only enough of the personality with which I had endowed them to let me readily recognize their true selves. Some lost eyes; some, noses; some, hair; but all were hideously ugly, and all were driven by emotions among which stood out the predominant master—fear.

It was from this contorted dream that I awoke to feel in myself the motive which had stirred those products of my own imagination; it was fear. Perhaps it was the sound of the eery wind, moaning and shrieking through the empty apartments below. Perhaps it was the throbbing of my aching head, or the parching of my burning throat, even worse than last night, with no one to help or soothe. Perhaps it was the persistent darkness which followed my vain attempts to turn on the lights by the switch at my side. Perhaps it was these, but I think it was partly fear of Glenn.

I turned restlessly, impatiently, and tried to sleep. It was useless; my mind constantly reverted to the affairs of the last week, and my physical torment added to my wakefulness. I thought of Marguerite, and how sweet she had been when she left me. It was last Monday that she had left me. Glenn had sworn if his wife came to see me again, he would return; and his tone had implied that he knew all of our guilty love, and meant to have his revenge. I felt that he must have found out about her visit, for she had not been here since, although I needed her most.

On Tuesday I had a sore throat, on Wednesday it was worse, on Thursday I was helpless. These last two days were the worst. Not a soul had come to see me, and I had steadily grown weaker and weaker. I did not attempt to get up on Saturday morning, but tried to make up in the daytime the sleep which I could not secure at night.

It was writing my story which sustained me. It was not a long story, but it was difficult to conceive, and I wrote but a little each day, adding only a paragraph or two. When I had first taken these apartments there had been other tenants in the floors below, but now there was no one in all the four stories between me and the pavement. I had certainly found the quietness of atmosphere in which I had sought to continue my journalism.



Before tonight—this was Saturday—the silence of my surroundings had bothered me not at all, but now it was oppressive and chilling. Try as I might, sleep would not come again. I tossed myself about, despite my throbbing head, and swore dismally. Without, great gusts were tearing and rending the branches of denuded oaks. Within, the melancholy wind played its frightful music through crack and crevice, whining, whining lugubriously. I felt my painful arms and legs. At times they seemed absent altogether. My whole body was stricken by my malady. My swelling head was jumping in some weird, dismal rhythm, its acute distress only emulated by the tension in my throat. That's what it was, tension. It eased my pain a trifle to find that it corresponded to some human term: I had thought it peculiar to myself.

Hark! What noise was that? I sat bolt upright, shivering in spite of my fever. Suppose it should be Glenn Keppler? Dismayed, I dropped back and groaned with the wind, mercilessly beating against my window. The noise sounded like the gleeful patter of elfin feet. I listened for weary minutes, ever hearing this elfin patter during the ghastly lulls in the storm without. Could the outer door have opened, which led into the front room from the stairs? My tortured brain dwelt on those stairs, those long flights of dreary stairs, that separated me from humanity and life. I could not descend them now. I could not even make myself heard on the street below. I must wait for succor—unless Glenn got here first. I trembled, and shuddered at the tiny feet.

What was that creak? It was only a little noise, so faint that my ordinary waking senses would never have reported it at all. My tense nerves were alert in an instant, and I gasped in trying to shriek aloud. The slight movement in the outer room was followed by a hurrying and scurrying of the elfin feet as a fresh burst of wind slammed a shutter against the wall with a resounding smack.

I knew at once what caused the scurrying; it was rats. Simply rats! I felt that I should laugh at my terror, but I could not laugh. My terror was too real—it had not been dispelled upon finding out the cause of its existence. The unknown still had its horror, and the unknown was in the next room.

I felt it—I do not know why. Something had caused that creak. It might have been the wind, it might have been the rats, it might have been some dried-out chair responding audibly to the elements. It might have been, but I felt that it was not.

My bedroom was not very large, and the head of my bed faced the door with the footboard approaching it. So near was bed to door that a man who stood between them could have touched both with no trouble. Yet I was so weak that I doubted my ability to bridge that distance with my feeble steps. Like a magnet, some unseen force tempted

me to make the effort, to open the door, to look into the other room and dissipate my terrors in discovering their emptiness. And yet I dared not if I could.

It could not be Glenn, I argued. He would not steal upon me in the dead of night, and torture a sick man in his bed. No, Glenn was too much of a Christian for that. He was too kind. Kind? No, Glenn wasn't kind, he was just quiet. He was cruel, and I knew he would take revenge.

If only the lights were on. What could be the matter with them, on this night of all nights? Oh, yes, it was the storm. The wires had been broken down. I reached out for my manuscript, and would have liked to write, even in the dark. I did not dare to write, though, for throughout my whole being there dwelt that groundless terror of the Nameless Thing in the room in front. I eyed the door with fascination. Rats, rats, rats—their dancing kept good time to the throbbing in my head. I trembled, shook, groped about me in the dark, and swore despairingly. I was growing mad! No longer could I control my fear. With terror thrusting its spectral hands into my very soul, with no help from man and no hope from Heaven, I decided to see into that north room, if it should be the last act of my sinful life. Better to make an end, in peace, than to suffer long, in desperation. I raised myself to my feet, though it took all my strength to do it, and holding to the bed for support, tottered across the narrow passage-way between it and the door of my bedroom. If there had been anyone without, he must have heard my clumsy, crazy efforts to walk, to reach the door, and turn the stony knob.

Now I had turned it, and now I looked without. All was black, save for two lighter spots at the windows. Not a sound did I hear, save the creaking of the sashes and the rustling of the curtains. Even the rats were awed by my stumbling approach. Silence! Dead, yet alive; comforting, and yet foreboding.

Half reassured, at length, I turned and shut the door. Things seemed quite dizzy; I fell forward, luckily landing upon my bed, into which I climbed as soon as full consciousness returned, and as soon as the throbbing of fevered blood in my head permitted me to do else but groan. Well, I had reached the door and back! That was something. But what a price! Throb, throb, throb—the counting of the seconds which separated me from eternity. My teeth were chattering again. How long their sepulchral rattle had maintained, I had no recollection. I closed them with an effort, and held them fast, while I gasped for water to cool my burning throat.

But let the rats scamper, they could not bother me now. I did not fear the disease, or rats, or death, or retribution. Glenn Keppler had

not come! I dared not face that calm, holy smile, with its abundance of pleading, and its hardness of revenge. Fear? I was the incarnation of fear, and yet it was not so much the physical torment that I feared as the words of bitter reproach.

Thinking again. Oh Marguerite! What sorrow would I not endure, what torment brave, for you?

But my story; I wished to finish it. There in the dark I seized my paper and pen, and impeded by weakness, and darkness, and dread, I scribbled out a word at a time, the story which I should finish before death overtook me.

For such had been my desperation, that I was fully resigned to die. To die, to leave Marguerite? Ah, I should never see Marguerite again. I had felt it when she had left me, but she, darling that she was, had pinched my wan cheek, and kissed me, called me her life, her breath, her existence. Without me, she could not live. No, I should see her often, she said. She would steal down to see me in a day or two—and this was nearly a week. But she would have come; it was Glenn, I knew, who held her back. And I—I faced my end serenely. But I might not see Marguerite!

Scratch, scratch, scratch—an eternity of scratching, pen on paper. Lost on the dilemmas of my inky characters I forgot Glenn, forgot the gnawing rats, forgot e'en Marguerite. My bodily torture was lost in my frenzy of composition.

Softly at first, then suddenly as if in a blast, cold air struck me on the temples. I know not how long I had been writing there before this phenomenon occurred. It startled me, and I was appalled at once by something which I could not describe. Tremblingly I put down my pen and paper, and strained, strained my blinded, aching eyes in the direction of the door.

The door to the north room was open! Smitten with the realization of my fear, I collapsed.

It was daylight, Sunday morning. I awoke bathed in perspiration, yet clammy and shivering. Instantly, the awful events of the night before flooded my memory, and I turned to the open door in alarm. Sure enough, there was a paper fastened to it.

I turned over and hid my face in my pillow. How could I get that paper? I did not know, nor did I care. I did not want the paper, I *thought* I did not want the paper. But the more impossible it seemed to me to get it, the more impossible it became to do without it. I knew it was a message from Glenn. In my childish, beating brain the morbid craving grew and grew. I must see that paper, at any hazard. I fought

off the idea as fanciful, I, who could not scream loud enough to be heard on the street. How could I get to the door again?

I slipped the covers off my body and rolled off the bed to the floor. Slowly and painfully, resting after every advance of a foot, I crawled my hopeless way to the door, and seizing it, rose until I could pull down the paper. Once having secured it, I fell in a heap, and although well-nigh overcome by the shivering which claimed me, I opened the letter. It read as follows:

Early Sunday Morning.

VERNON:

I trusted you, and trusted Marguerite, but trusted once too often. Did you think I did not know of your guilty, lustful love? I said I would come to you the next time she visited you, and I have kept my word.

But I do not reproach, now. Vengeance is not mine—it is not mine to repay. Be sure your sins will find you out. Do you know what it is that is devouring your body, and sending your soul to its maker? It is diphtheria. It reached you from Marguerite, who got it on one of her hypocritical errands of mercy in the slums. She, too, lies dying and praying for water. Perhaps I may take her your love?

I saw you last night as you tottered to the door, dreadfully looking for me. Later, I saw you start when I opened the door of your bedroom, and I saw you faint in your guilty fear. I shall take no revenge; my revenge is in this: Be sure your sins will find you out!

GLENN KEPPLER.

As I finished reading the gruesome message, I fancied I heard a mad, weird chuckle in the big room. I turned my head, but I could see no one—it was fever.

My story, though; I should have finished it. My characters had not yet come to their ends, nor was the moral told. There needed a touch of fulfillment to the tale; there lacked a just and necessary consummation to the plot. Once again on all fours, I made my toilsome way to the bedside.

I was dying—I am dying, I mean. I must delay no longer. I write, feverishly, before my soul passes before its Creator and its judge. I must hurry.

This, my friends, which you read, is my manuscript, my dying tale. I take up the thread of the story where I left it off last night, interrupted by the warning of my last great Interruption. And this is the sentence with which I am ushered into the Eternal Beyond, with its certain trial and its certain judgment:

“Be sure your sins will find you out.”

*Nelson A. White, '23.*



# Abélard

FULL of the exoticism of the Middle Ages and the romance of monastic life is the recent translation by Henry Adams Bellows of the *Historia Calamitatum*, the autobiography of Pierre Abélard. This dialectician and theologian was born in Palets, a Breton town not far from Nantes, in the year 1079, and the *Historia Calamitatum* tells the story of his life from his youth up to his fifty-third or fifty-fourth year. Concerning his standing among his contemporaries, it must be said that he was much more than a name. He was a master of dialectics, no mean constructive philosopher, a voluminous writer, and, as was even admitted by his enemies, a scholarly teacher and a superlative logician. Most of the many hardships which he endured were the direct result of his uncompromising rationalistic philosophy. The great interest in the autobiography is the picture it gives of the man himself and the intriguing background of early twelfth century France.

From his father, although a soldier, Abélard had a heritage of letters, and, himself very partial to logical reasoning, he set out from Palets, in the manner of the Peripatetics, to find where the study of his chosen art was most flourishing. Thus it was that he arrived at Paris, met with and studied under William of Champeaux, the most renowned and meritorious teacher of dialectics of his age. Short-lived, however, was this arrangement, for so brilliant was Abélard that within a short time he set up a school of his own at Melun, soon moving to Corbeil, near Paris, so that he might more easily attack the logic of his master. This he did with no little success, since William was constrained to change his whole philosophy, or, to be more exact, his theory of universals, in which his philosophy was bound up. From this achievement, Abélard gained both fame and following. Going then to the school of William's teacher, Anselm of Laon, he again incurred the wrath and envy of his master, by the brilliance of his interpretations of the Scriptures. Thus, characteristically, Abélard describes Anselm:

He had a miraculous flow of words, but they were contemptible in meaning and quite devoid of reason. When he kindled a fire, he filled his house with smoke and illumined it not at all. He was a tree which seemed noble to those who gazed upon its leaves from afar, but to those who came nearer and examined it more closely was revealed its barrenness. When, therefore, I had come to this tree that I might pluck the fruit thereof, I discovered that it was indeed the fig tree which Our Lord cursed (Matthew xxi, 19; Mark xi, 13), or that ancient oak to which Lucan likened Pompey saying:

" . . . he stands, the shade of a name once mighty,  
Like to the towering oak in the midst of the fruitful field."

(Lucan, *Pharsalia*, IV, 135.)

This brought him back to Paris, where he directed the school he had formerly set up there. Then, too, he continued his glosses on Ezekiel which he had begun at Laon. Through this work he proved that he was no less of a theologian than a philosopher, for, as his school increased in size, so also did his reputation and his pocketbook.

Then, in the midst of the narrative, comes a story of love and intrigue which might easily have flown from the pen of one of the eighteenth century playwrights or novelists. Héloïse, the clever and attractive maiden, is strictly guarded by her uncle, "whose love for her was only equalled by his desire that she should have the best education which he could possibly procure for her." The gallant and prepossessing youth, Abélard, enflamed by her beauty, becomes her tutor, under which cover he has all opportunity to consummate his desire, and, with thoughts little different from those of the present generation, he says:

"In measure as this passionate rapture absorbed me more and more, I devoted ever less time to philosophy and to the work of the school. Indeed it became loathsome to me to go to the school or to linger there; the labor, moreover, was very burdensome, since my nights were vigils of love and my days of study. My lecturing became utterly careless and lukewarm; I did nothing because of inspiration, but everything as a matter of habit. I had become nothing more than a reciter of my former discoveries, and though I still wrote poems, they dealt with love, not with the secrets of philosophy. Of these songs you yourself well know how some have become widely known and have been sung in many lands, chiefly, methinks, by those who delighted in the things of this world. As for the sorrow, the groans, the lamentations of my students when they perceived the preoccupation, nay, rather the chaos, of my mind, it is hard even to imagine them."

There is an elopement. The ardent lover falls from grace, and, wounded in both body and soul, is forced to marry the girl. What more could one ask of any romance?

Disgraced before the world because of this adventure, he was driven to seek the seclusion of a monastic cloister, the abbey of St. Denis, while Héloïse took the veil in the convent of Argenteuil. At St. Denis, Abélard soon came into disfavor because of the soundness of his preachings. For his students, he wrote a tract on the unity and trinity of God, greatly incensing his rivals since it so clearly answered those questions concerning religion which were considered the most difficult of all. Seizing the tract with avidity, his various enemies took it before the papal legate of France, with their criticisms, and Abélard suffered the ignominy of having to cast the book himself into the flames. He was confined to boot, but no sooner had he returned to St. Denis than he was again attacked so severely that he left for a secluded spot in the region of Troyes, to live as a hermit. To him again flocked all the scholars,

leaving their towns and castles to live with him in the wilderness, and, again, slanderous, but this time, unavailing, tongues were set in motion by his teachings in theology. By elective choice of the brethren of the abbey of St. Gildas at Ruits, he was called there as their head, trying to avoid the plottings of his enemies. But this was no sinecure, for shortly after his arrival, the monks, who were notorious for their vile and untameable way of living, soon tried all methods of doing away with him, even to poisoning and bodily assaults. To add to his misery at this time, the nuns of the convent of Argenteuil were expelled. Here Abélard saw the opportunity for more service, and, as a result, with his own money he had them safely installed in his retreat near Troyes. So, with scandal still talking, Abélard ends his account.

For all its preachings and theological debates, the *Historia Calamitatum* might have been written within the last decade. The story is, as Mr. Bellows has pointed out, "one of those human documents, out of the very heart of the Middle Ages, that illuminates by the glow of its ardor a shadowy period that has been made even more dusky and incomprehensible by unsympathetic commentators and ill-digested matter of 'source books.' Like the *Confessions* of St. Augustine it is an authentic revelation of personality and, like the latter, it seems to show how unchangeable is man, how consistent unto himself whether he is of the sixth century or the twelfth—or indeed of the twentieth century."

*Forrest C. Haring, '24.*

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## A Successful Calamity

A COMEDY

BY CLARE KUMMER

**A**FTER a lapse of several years, William Gillette recently reappeared in the leading rôle of "A Successful Calamity." As the guest actor of the newly-formed Philadelphia Theatre Guild in their first production, he played opposite Lola Fisher while the other parts were ably filled by members of the Guild, among whom were many finished performers. By happy coincidence, this same play was produced by the Cap and Bells Club this season, and it is interesting to compare the two.

In the first place, the play itself, "A Successful Calamity", is a two-act comedy of manners by Clare Kummer. The taking powers of the piece depend much more upon the characterization and the exceedingly brilliant repartee than upon the plot. As a matter of fact, the ever-

present sarcasm and altogether witty conversation are done, or perhaps overdone, to the point of boredom when the play is read; although when it is acted, the audience, always less observant, enjoys this all the way through.

The plot is the fairly common one of the society-tired millionaire who, in this case, pretends to be ruined in order to "spend a quiet evening at home." There are many minor complications such as the trials and tribulations of a reckless son and a spoiled daughter, each with various fiancés and fiancées. Finally, the play works up to a climax when the young wife is supposed to have eloped with an Italian painter. It turns out, however, that the hypothetical villain was only helping her to pawn her jewels for her husband; and, of course, judging from the curtain pose, they all live happily ever after.

William Gillette, as *Mr. Wilton*, actually was *Mr. Wilton*. The part seemed to have been made for him, so perfectly did he step into it; and those who had not seen him in "Sherlock Holmes," as the ever cool and calculating detective, will undoubtedly remember him as the T. B. M. *par excellence*. As a matter of fact, it would be an insult to call his acting an interpretation of the part; rather, it was *Mr. Wilton*, living his natural life as he always had and always would continue to live it. Mr. Gillette, it must be admitted, took large liberties with the text of the play. But very rarely did this tampering have an ill effect; and, for the most part, he added to the dry humor of *Wilton* the dry humor of the character's counterpart, William Gillette. Moreover, the fine shadings and *nuances* of the great actor's representation were nothing short of marvelous. As the plot developed in his hand, the alternating combination of slights hesitation and cool decision changed to a whimsical pathos, in which the actor never lost control over himself.

Compared with the professional performance, the Haverford production showed up quite favorably. It is gratifying to note in how many general ideas and particulars, the splendid, one might safely say perfect, characterization of Mr. Gillette's resembled the interpretation of that part in the Cap and Bells play. Here too, the calmness and slow deliberation of *Mr. Wilton* were well brought out; here also, was stressed that quality of smile-provoking jesting which underlies the entire play. Of course it would be absolutely pointless to compare the female characters of the two productions. The difficulties and disadvantages of using men in these parts are too obvious and too pronounced. Regarding, however, the professional showing, it would hardly be fair to omit the praise due to saucy Ann Winslow whose performance as *Marguerite* the daughter, was a close second to that of the leading lady.

In the two interpretations of each of the other members of the cast, as much can be said on one side as on the other. In the Theatre Guild



production, *Eddy* was more care-free, but not quite so impulsive nor so boyishly enthusiastic; *Connors* was older, quieter, more sedate, and less impressionable; *Rafaelo* was more dashing and gay, probably younger, and certainly not so gushing and flowery in his speech; *Beldon* was older and not so level-minded; *Dr. Broody* was much older, more easily excited, and less methodical; and the two suitors of *Marguerite*—*George* and *Clarence* were, among other things, far older—in fact, noticeably too old.

*Fred Roedelheim, '26.*

## Alumni Notes

1856

Campion & Co., Philadelphia, have recently published a poem entitled, "Twentieth Century Comedy," by Edward R. Wood.

1897

Edward Thomas has an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May entitled "The Call to Adventure—The Quaker View."

1902

The February *St. Nicholas* contains "Two Singers," poems by Charles Wharton Stork.

1908

T. Morris Longstreth has a poem, "Hour of Solitude," in the *Munsey* for February. He has also published a story entitled, "As We Forgive Those," in the February *St. Nicholas*.

1917

There are two articles by William Henry Chamberlin, "The Emerging Factory in Russia," and "Working-class Aristocracy," in *The Freeman* for February 7th and 14th respectively.

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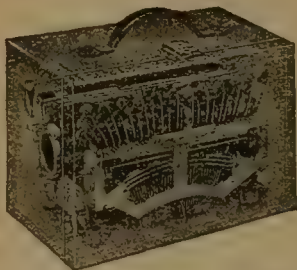
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# The Haverfordian



November, 1923

Volume XLIII

Number 3





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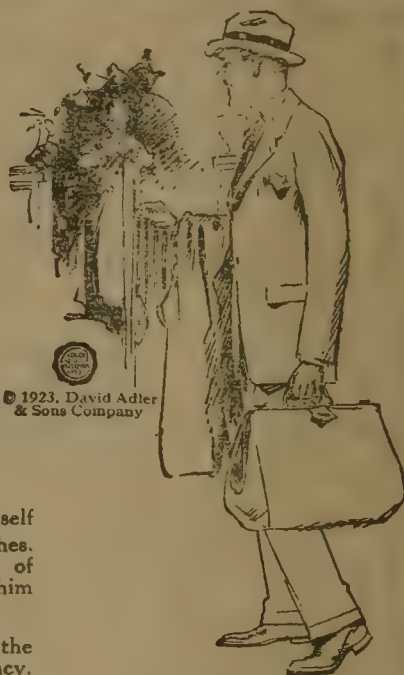
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## Theodore of Corsica

IT IS said that when Anthony Baron von Neuhoff ("descended from one of the most noble and illustrious houses in the county of La Marck") married the daughter of a superannuated linen merchant, he so incurred the contempt and displeasure of his illustrious family and neighbors, that he was obliged to seek peace at the court of France, where, moreover, he was cordially received by "the coarse old Duchess of Orleans." His estate, if he had any, yielded no revenue, but his fortunate romance brought him a son, a daughter, and eleven thousand florins on the timely passing of the linen merchant.

At Paris, he contrived to live as well as Seventeenth Century standards demanded. By a natural aptitude for politics and intrigue he made himself useful to various political agents with whom he came in contact, and was rewarded for these dangerous and delicate services "in such a manner as, if he could have concealed their favors and set any bounds to his expenses, might have enabled him to live both easily and decently." He soon entered the career of a soldier of fortune and was eventually killed in the assault of the Brandenburg forces on Namur.

His widow consoled herself by marrying again and returned to Paris. Here she won the heart of a susceptible nobleman, who took her son, Theodore, from school and made him a page at the court of the Regent, her daughter a lady-in-waiting.

It is probable that Theodore early intended to trust to his wits for a living, for in that age of careless morals and slow communication, professional adventurers flourished throughout Europe. He was an intelligent youth, quick to learn, with an especial gift for languages, so that at fifteen he spoke German, French and Italian fluently. The court, too, was a school in the intricacies of politics, intrigue and the adroit manipulation of cards. He was ingenious, resourceful, courageous and troubled by no conscience whatever. He developed, moreover, a convincing manner of talking, which won him friends and adherents wherever he passed. Thus endowed, the young Baron von Neuhoff began his career.

He went first to the Court of Sweden, possibly as a French spy. Here his qualities were recognized and he was employed in various dark negotiations between Görtz, a Swedish minister, and Alberoni, a Spaniard, concerning their conspiracy to place the Pretender on the throne of England. This gave him many years of profitable and instructive employment, and took him through Spain, England and Holland—all ending in failure for the plot and narrow escapes for Theodore.

He next repaired to Madrid, where his fortunes were easily restored. Acting as a spy for two wealthy patrons, he received almost as much money as he could spend. Here he married one of the Queen's maids-of-honor, the daughter of an Irish Jacobite exile, and was made Colonel of a regiment of German mercenaries. This regiment he was also commissioned to raise, but having devoted the funds supplied him for that purpose to other uses, he found an abrupt departure necessary. His marriage had also been financially disappointing, and he forsook his wife.

Having now lost all official standing, Theodore was obliged to trust entirely to his own talents. He traveled much, under various names and appearances. He was obliged to leave Paris to avoid insistent debtors. In 1727 he turned up in London, craftily eluded the inquisitive police, and left suddenly after having defrauded a number of unwary merchant adventurers. At Rome his genius readily found employment, and three attempts were made to poison him. He cleverly contrived his release from the prison at Leghorn, where he had been confined for defrauding a banker, and began negotiations with certain Corsican leaders, emissaries to the Republic of Genoa, from whose misrule the people of Corsica had rebelled.

The results of their mission had not been satisfactory and they were ready to listen to the proposals of the adventurer. Theodore cunningly compared the manifest superiority of the wealthy Genoese to the hopeless exhaustion of the Corsicans, and his own power and heart-felt eagerness to join the cause of liberty to the signal dangers of doing so. Thus the deputies were ultimately persuaded that their last hope lay in the Baron von Neuhoff. They promised that if he could provide the arms, money and supplies for continuing the war, they could assure him the crown of Corsica. "I am willing," he replied after some hesitation, "to run all the risks that so dangerous an enterprise is liable to, to free so brave a people from slavery; and if I fail therein I shall at least have the glory of leaving a noble example to posterity."

Intermittently through many years, the people of Corsica had stood in revolt against the tyranny of the Genoese. The Island had always been the recruiting ground for the fortunes of bankrupt Genoese politicians, and a vast beaurocracy of every conceivable office, military, civil or ecclesiastic, had been created for these urgent potentates. They were settled in various fortified towns along the coast, notably the citadel of Bastia. They had taken over the valuable marble quarries, and applied monopolies and taxes till there was scarcely a native artisan or trader remaining. Perhaps most burdensome was the high levy on guns, an article which every islander carries "to this hour, as though it were a walking stick." The people, reduced almost to savagery, eked a meagre



living from the forest soil. They were cut down on every side by famine, disease and the slave raids of the Moorish pirates, the fierce vendetta and the still fiercer war for liberty; and almost nightly the silence of the mountains was broken by the wild keening and howling of the mourners around their dead.

Although the rebel chieftains had established a government, under their "Royal Highnesses" Hyacinth Paoli and Giafferi, the Primates of the Kingdom, with a General Diet composed of the "Most Serene," and various other nicely adjusted grades of nobility, from the "Excellencies" and "Most Illustrious" down—although their wild soldiery had been frequently victorious, and Genoa was beginning to feel the burden of her expensive German mercenaries, they were too impoverished to resist much longer without assistance. One party had offered the island to certain European powers; all were ready to accept the rule of an independent benefactor. Only the chiefs, however, knew the secret of Theodore's expected coming.

Thus, while the Corsican soldier, "with his umber-colored face, his scarlet Phrygian cap of liberty, the brown jerkin, the bottle slung behind and the rude native gun," was busy sacking the palace of the Genoese Bishop who had excommunicated him, the German adventurer was far across the pirate-infested seas, in urgent consultation with speculative Jews, interesting the powers of the Turkish Empire in schemes for the conquest of Italy—with Corsica as its base and starting point.

While in March, 1736, Giafferi's forces lay quartered in the harbor town of Aleria, which they had recently stormed and won, a sail was made out across the dazzling waters, and neared, until the eager watchers saw a great ship, flying the English colors, and attended by two smaller craft sail boldly into the harbor and drop anchor. A blue flag with a white stripe was run up, the signal to the chiefs; boats were put off, and the wondering people watched their leaders ceremoniously welcome ashore a tall and majestic personage, respectfully followed by a glittering retinue. He was "grave and dignified, dressed in a flowing scarlet robe trimmed with rich fur, with Moorish trousers and yellow shoes. His face was full, with a small beard and moustache; on his head was a flowing periwig and a large three-cornered cocked hat; by his side a long Spanish rapier, and in his hand a 'crowbill' cane; in his sash of yellow silk was a pair of richly inlaid pistols. This picturesque figure, dressed "*à la Franque*," or in the garb worn by Christians in Turkey, was indeed likely to impress the rude natives, who saw their chiefs receive him obsequiously, and with prodigious marks of respect." This, then, was their miraculous deliverer, this, they learned, was no other than *The Lord Theodore, Grandee of Spain, Lord of England, Peer of*

*France, Count of the Roman Empire and Prince of the Holy See!*

Through the shouting, exultant mob, the chiefs led the mighty stranger away to the principal residence of the town, followed by his colorful train of officers, secretaries, Chaplain, Steward, Lord High Steward, Head Cook, lackeys, waiters and coal-black Moorish slaves. Then Captain Dick set his English tars to the task of unloading their cargo: brazen cannon and barrels of ammunition were brought on shore, great stacks of muskets, clothing and uniforms, grain and stores of provisions, and heavy iron-bound treasure chests.

Theodore next invited all the chiefs to a conference. "If you choose me as your king," he said, "I ask only the power to alter one law amongst you, namely to grant liberty of conscience to men of other nationalities and other creeds who may come here to assist us," a necessary provision, since all his substance depended on Jews and Turks. The chiefs were suspicious of it, but gladly accepted the invitation.

Theodore received them in the most impressive manner he could assume, and in the evening entertained them with an elaborate and exotic banquet, after which he succeeded in delivering a speech to the crowd outside, who fired their guns and shouted "Long live Theodore, our King!" In the morning, he received his ministers in bed, and graciously discussed their problems, while sipping his chocolate "flavored with rosolio."

The next few days he spent in inspecting his new dominions, and in mobilizing and drilling his army. He had also to pacify the Giafferi and Paoli clans, who had flown at each others' throats over a very small matter of precedence.

In a convent at Alesani, the royal party assembled for the coronation. But the chiefs first forced the unwilling Theodore to agree to a list of conditions greatly limiting his power and frustrating his designs for religious freedom and trade privileges for his pagan auxiliaries. May the second had been set as the Coronation Day. The morning began with High Mass, after which the conditions were read to the multitude, and Theodore presented himself on a balcony, amid enthusiastic cheers. Then followed another great banquet, when, "according to national custom, poetical improvisations were given—on this occasion in honor of the new King—Paoli winding up with a special outburst, which he and Garchi recited together, glass in hand, to rapturous applause." The feasting over, Theodore was conducted by his generals to a raised platform in the center of the flower-strewn piazza, where he sat, Paoli at his right hand, Giafferi at his left, and his swarthy, resplendent court arrayed about him—while a crown of woven oak and laurel was set upon his head, and with shouts and the thundering

of cannon they acclaimed the old rogue *Theodore the First, by the Grace of God and the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, King of Corsica.*

Next followed an oration by Paoli, the re-reading of the conditions and the monarch's solemn vows thereto. Then his subjects approached, and in due order of their rank, knelt to do homage, after which "the Te Deum was intoned by two choirs, and amid much ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony, the celebrant gave the *Benedictus* amid an infinite number of shots."

On the morning after, the King lay in bed, with the aristocracy of the realm about him, and appointed his government. Paoli and Giafferi were Prime Ministers, and there was a Grand Chancellor and Keeper of the Royal Seal, a Secretary of War and many others of lesser degree.

Thus established, King Theodore the First wrote to his family in Germany, with whom he was thoroughly in disgrace, and told them where he was and how he did.

His generals, notably Paoli, were continuously subject to violent outbreaks over small matters, which Theodore frequently used some violence to subdue; and he was incessantly hampered by the propensity of the various noble families for sudden bloody brawls about nothing. Only shortly after his coronation, an Italian ship arrived with further munitions of war, the rival clans found an exact division difficult, and while they were shooting at one another, a Genoese galley swept in and carried away the prize. He therefore assembled all the tribes and made them swear to an eternal truce, broken on pain of death, which two chiefs promptly did break and were as promptly hanged.

With patience and skill, the King soon formed the savage native bands into a drilled and disciplined army. Chiefs were made colonels, and knighthoods and dignities were lavished on every useful subject. One officer, accused of treason, was summarily seized and shot as an example. This done, the royal forces marched on Bastia.

That stronghold was closely invested and fiercely attacked, and although it held, and privations within were so great that Theodore formed a regiment of deserting soldiers and escaped galley slaves, a potpourri of Germans, French, Spaniards and Turks. He even commissioned a fleet of privateers, which scoured the coast, flying the royal flag of green and gold, with the inscription. "*In te, Domine, Speravi.*" All this while, however, he was desperately negotiating for the foreign aid which the people expected. Under cover of his military successes, he broke the conditions and offered land and free worship to all settlers, which resulted in the incursion of a vast multitude of Greeks and Jews. Yet nowhere could he find offers of material assistance; even Turkey was too involved with Russia to consider the conquest of Italy. His fickle subjects, moreover, were beginning to



grumble and to listen to the hostile gossip of the Genoese, and of course the coming of the Jews was an offense to the Blessed Virgin, Patroness of their cause. And so his troubles grew.

Defection broke out on every hand; the royalist party became almost a minority. The vendetta was out against him. The Genoese put a high price on his head. He bravely attacked a strongly defended town in person, and failed solely through the jealousies of his generals. In these straits, he executed three noble conspirators who had made an attempt upon his life, raised a strange flag before one of the seacoast towns, told the people it was a signal for the fleet coming to their relief and called a parliament. To this body he appeared in all his grandeur and boldly harangued it. But the chiefs replied that that was an old story, and unless the long-prophesied aid arrived within two months, he was expected to abdicate.

His Majesty had already coined a little money, which sold at a high rate to collectors on the continent. As another resource to fill the royal treasury, he instituted The Order of Deliverance. Members were required to swear eternal fealty to their Grand Master, the King. They were to be addressed as "Most Illustrious," and they were to wear a sky-blue mantle with a green ribbon and a star of fourteen points, seven gold and seven black. "The star was to show on one side a naked figure of Justice holding in one hand a sword, in the other a balance in one scale of which there was a drop of blood and in the other a leaden ball; underneath the balance was a triangle enclosing the letter T; on the other side were Theodore's own royal arms, a Moor's head and a broken chain, an allusion to his escape from the Algerine corsairs." Each knight was to repeat daily, "*In te Domine, Speravi*" and "*Deus noster refugium et virtus*," and was to pay to the King about a thousand dollars, for which would receive ten per cent. interest.

It was brilliantly conceived and admirably suited to the tastes of the islanders. Almost four hundred knights were created with all the pomp and pageantry that the impoverished land could muster. But the time allowed him by the chiefs had elapsed, without other incident and it seemed that his turbulent reign of barely six months was about to close. Theodore, however, was not disposed meekly to resign his power. He published a proclamation, setting forth the benefits of his rule and stating his intention to go himself to bring assistance from abroad. He then made a speech to his assembled government—who broke into tears of repentance and filial loyalty—and quietly set sail.

The King landed in disguise, and continued so, wandering furtively from court to court, making golden offers of land and privilege to ministers and merchants. He was ordered out of Turin and Paris and was



finally imprisoned for debt at Amsterdam, whence he dispatched confident messages of hope to Corsica.

The islanders "received with satisfaction the commands of his majesty." They renewed their oaths of allegiance and their armies returned with fresh vigor to the siege of Bastia. The despairing Genoese made a sally, were ambushed and cut to pieces; alluring offers of peace were advanced, on which the victors, who had been thus fooled before, only shouted "Long live our Prince! Long live our Parent! Long live Theodore the First, King of Corsica!" and dashing under the very walls of the citadel, they yelled, "We will have no king but Theodore! We will never return to the government of the Genoese!"

Meanwhile Theodore, with his usual skill in intrigue and persuasion, had extracted himself from prison and succeeded in interesting some of the merchant adventurers of Amsterdam. Meanwhile Genoa, well-nigh ruined by the war, had besought the help of France, which was eagerly granted. The French troops soon began to arrive at Bastia, whereupon the chiefs issued a spirited appeal to the nations, "cheerfully and unanimously" proclaiming their allegiance to Theodore, "our lawful King and Sovereign, and, in consequence, submit our person, lives and fortunes to the disposal of our King Theodore, whom God preserve!"

Shortly after, a Dutch ship arrived with ammunition and provisions, and the news that Theodore himself was on his way. Later, still more supplies were brought in a great galley of eighteen guns. Then a third vessel put in at Aleria with the King's nephew and more munitions of war. And finally, the great ship of all, the *Jesus Maria Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory*, bristling with guns and attended by one smaller vessel, swept down from the cloudless horizon, and, with a thundering salute, announced the arrival of King Theodore.

He was enthusiastically welcomed; but unfortunately the wary Dutchmen would land no cargos till paid for them. Theodore stormed and fumed and hanged the captain of the *Jesus Maria Joseph and the Souls in Purgatory*, but to no purpose. Then the French cruisers seized four of his vessels; the loyalty of the fickle population began to ebb, and he was obliged to depart again with the returning Dutchmen.

It was not long after a decisive victory had been won over the French, that Theodore returned. Realizing the admiration of the English for "the brave Corsicans" and their growing hostility to France, he had gone to London, where quite a sum was raised through private contribution, and British warships permitted to supply his transportation. Once more there was the joyful landing, the salutes of musketry, the shouts of "Long live Theodore, our King!" To celebrate the oc-

casion, he issued a general pardon to all his subjects, "given at Balagna, in Santa Reparata, January 30th, 1743, and in the seventh year of our reign, which God render happy and exalted."

Theodore at once made use of the presence of the British men-of-war by ordering the nearest Genoese forts to surrender. The Genoese issued a remonstrance and England proclaimed her neutrality. At the same time, French reinforcements were pouring in, and the chiefs grew more and more disaffected, until finally the clever adventurer realized that his position was untenable. So he left the French to their own devices for acquiring the island, which they ultimately succeeded in doing, and for the last time sailed out of sight of Corsica.

The unhappy monarch made his way to London, where he was well received, as a curiosity. He lived fashionably to the usual climax of being arrested for debt. He was confined in the King's Bench prison for seven years, visited by many, a standing subject for the lively humor to the wits, notably Horace Walpole. As his son wrote, "he sometimes found assistance in the compassion of the humane; but oftentimes they made a barbarous sport by insulting his fortunes, and accompanying their benefits with abusive jests." He grew sour, crabbed, assumed an exaggerated air of dignity and importance, and when he received any especially generous testimonial, would solemnly dub the giver Knight of the Order of Deliverance, with shaky hand and rusty sword, as he sat in state in his dingy little cell.

When he died he was magnanimously buried with mourners and all the most elegant funeral equipage, at the expense of a certain "opulent oilman," and Walpole, having written this clever epitaph, set up a marble tablet to commemorate it:

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERRED  
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,  
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH DECEMBER 11, 1756  
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE KING'S BENCH PRISON  
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY;  
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE REGISTERED  
HIS KINGDOM OF CORSICA  
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS

*The grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.  
But THEODORE his moral learn'd ere dead;  
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,  
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.*

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*

## *The Present*

*Today the beauty of the world is swelled  
By all of good the long past years have held.  
Nothing is dead—the dust and crumbling stone  
Are shadows of realities alone.  
The form and color of the artist mind  
Were only roughly on the stone defined.  
The great ideals of beauty given birth  
Live on forever to enrich the earth.  
The golden age of Greece has passed away  
While its rich spirit spreads abroad today.  
Each empire in its dying took its wrongs  
And left to live its beauties and its songs.  
Each corner of the world gives rich bequest  
Through every passing year to all the rest,  
So that a unity of being grows  
And walls of time and distance overthrows.*

*Donald Messenger, G.S.*

## The Second Smile

MR. SMITH was plunged in the abysmal depths of despair. He had a most consuming sense of his own futility combined with a vindictiveness quite foreign to his usual good nature, but none the less intense, all rolled into an ugly kind of *katzenjammer*. Oh for a chance to catch that girl again! Mr. Smith seethed inwardly. Oh just let him find her, just once! And if the story ever got around—well, everyone knows how tongues will wag in a summer community.

Marianne! Mary Anne! d'Obrian! *O'Brien*! That was the crowning insult. No use denying, though, that she had it all over anybody else for looks! And Lord! how that girl could dance! (He pinched himself regretfully and with deliberation, to assure his awakedness.) And she'd gotten away with practically every red cent that he possessed. What a royal laugh he would get when he arrived home! He didn't dare show his face abroad on the beach or in any of his old haunts. The head waiter at the cabaret had suppressed a smile last night, and now he felt sure why it was. (Damn that fellow! Why couldn't he have tipped him off! Probably leagued with her. Then *that* was why he put them at that table and probably doped the ice tea.) Well, there wasn't any use crying over it, he reflected, as he rose from his bed, where he had been sitting. Probably better get out of here as quickly as possible.

He commenced to pack, with neither his usual care nor deliberation. Socks and shirts followed each other into his suitcase in complete disorder, and then he hastily jammed the lid and slapped his straw hat upon his head. Should he notify the police? Of course that was the obvious thing to do. But then it would get in the papers. Sure as shooting. Wouldn't do at all. Couldn't afford the publicity. He could see the account now. "Mr. Smith, a World War veteran, and prominent in legal circles, was relieved of practically all possessions by a young woman. . . ." Worse and more of it! Just when he was hoping for a substantial raise on the way to partnership in the law firm of Smith & Wheeler. The Old Man, what would *he* say? No, the police were out of the question.

He slammed out of his room, paid his bill, and sought the station. Nothing for an hour. He might as well eat first. . . .

Mr. Smith had done his bit with the cavalry, had returned home to find his position waiting for him, and had been rather fortunate with it. He was traveling the legal road to success, and along this highway had accumulated a small flat and a machine. He had survived the



attempts upon his liberty made by match-making mothers, and was consequently enjoying life immensely until he went shoreward on his vacation. Patrolling the Boardwalk in the evening (what resort does not boast a Boardwalk since Atlantic City's rise to fame?), he encountered Mr. Lipstein, a former buddy, and Mr. Lipstein, telling him "where to get it," had acted as his cicerone through the evening. In the course of their perambulations they met two ladies, unescorted, known to Mr. Lipstein, and the two parties joined forces without further preliminaries. Presently drawing up before a smart cabaret, Messrs. Smith and Lipstein, with their ladies, entered. Mr. Smith had managed to remember the name of the Marianne d'Obrian, but had failed to hear the name of the other lady. He deduced that her origins, like those of Mr. Lipstein, were Semitic. However, here they all were together, and seemed all set to have a good time, so Mr. Smith accepted the situation without reservations. He sat with Miss d'Obrian, danced with her, talked with her, ate with her, drank with her, found they knew the same Parisian haunts, and in short, he was quite captivated by the charm of Miss d'Obrian. Verging toward the bibulously unconscious, he learned somehow, probably from Miss d'Obrian herself, that she had no intentions of matrimony, with him nor anyone else, but that she considered him a very good friend. She gave his hand a confirmatory squeeze, and set his heart to pumping overtime. So he resolved to defer further inquiry until the next evening, and to that end made an engagement to call for Miss d'Obrian at that time at her hotel. The quartette parted on good terms. Mr. Smith could only vaguely reconstruct what happened thereafter, but concluded that Mr. Lipstein had deposited him at home and in bed.

Punctual to his promise, Mr. Smith called for Miss d'Obrian, and found her more ravishingly beautiful than before. It just didn't seem right for any girl to have a corner on all the good looks in the world—and yet here she was!

At the same cabaret, that same night, Mr. Smith saw fit to reopen the question. It seemed that Miss d'Obrian had not changed her mind to change her name since last night, but she still considered him among her very best friends.

"And that's why I've decided," she said in a very embarrassed manner, "to ask you if you'd do something for me."

Naturally, Mr. Smith was very eager to do anything for Miss d'Obrian

And then she explained that she had just fallen into a legacy of a good many thousand dollars, but that it was not yet transferred to her account ("You, of course, know all about the legal red tape.") and that it would be more than kind of him if he could help her along

until the knots in the tape were loosed. She explained that she was "about twenty-five thousand in the hole." Mr. Smith whistled, and made some remark about "lettin' yourself shlip so far."

Then feeling awesomely self-righteous, he delivered a little lecture on how a woman should administer her affairs, with side references to the Federal Inheritance Tax. Twenty-five thousand was entirely too much for her to spend or for him to lend her. However—well, she would only want it for a month at the outside, or until the will was probated, or whatever the word was, and that would amply cover the entire sum. But still—no, the figure was entirely too large, even for Marianne, for whose smile he would willingly have sold his soul. But he said he'd think it over.

Apparently it was Marianne who did the thinking over. Her gay mien was clouded, she sniffed once or twice, dabbed her eyes once or twice, let her attention wander continuously, and quite confounded Mr. Smith's good humor by her wistful sadness.

She successfully touched Mr. Smith's heart, and he had a sneaking feeling that she would soon duplicate the operation with his pocket-book, particularly when she dropped some reference to her invalid mother and a younger brother who wanted to go to the University. Beside this, Mr. Smith disliked seeing a lady cry. It spoiled his good time and ruined her good looks—quite annihilated them. So Mr. Smith brought the topic back, and in the following wise.

"Now dearie, you need twenty-five thousand, and I can't conveniently let you have but fifteen, even for a month. But I'll tell you what we'll do." Here he produced a coin inscribed "Republique Francaise—50 centimes." "This is my lucky coin. I'll toss it and you call. If you win, you get the whole thing, if you don't, you don't get any."

Marianne nodded, and half murmured, "Mary, help me!" At this Mr. Smith's heart melted, and his finger joints turned to water, so much so that when Marianne called "Heads" and he flipped the coin, he failed to catch it, and it rolled under the table. A passing waiter stepped on it and kicked it. Did he turn it over in the process? Mr. Smith felt sure he had, for the head was unmistakably up. But, like a gentleman, and a slightly below-sea-level gentleman at that, he drew a blank check from his pocket and filled it out to the order of Miss Marianne d'Obrian for \$25,000, and signed his name. She wrote a receipt on the back of a menu, included a promise to repay, and signed *her* name.

Mr. Smith was ecstatic. Normally hard-headed and business-like he had shown a streak of kindness and nobleness which he almost failed to recognize in himself, and he was indulgently proud of himself. True, he felt a kind of vacancy in his wits, corresponding perhaps to a vacancy

in his purse, but she was a perfectly nice girl, and as safe as the Bank of England with the British Fleet on the steps. What a funny idea! He laughed aloud and said he had just thought of something. Evidently Marianne thought of something too, for she smiled to herself, and looked too bewitching for words. A French girl—and black-haired—and bob-haired—and just slightly made up—and that black lace dress—with the scarlet flower at the waist—it was too much!

(Hence small wonder that Mr. Smith should think "This is too much!" as he slammed his last half dollar on the counter as he finished eating lunch. Thank fortune he had bought a round-trip ticket! He rambled toward the station again, thinking unkind thoughts, and turning over in his mind how to recover that \$25,000.)

They danced some more, and had finally departed. He took her to her hotel, and there—oh, joy! oh, bliss!—she kissed him impulsively and without invitation. Then she squeezed his hand again and murmured, "For being so nice to me." (The most expensive kiss he'd ever had, he reflected bitterly.) This morning he had called her up to see if she wished to sail, and the clerk had plead guiltless of the acquaintance of any Marianne d'Obrian. Her room number? Oh yes, he probably meant Miss O'Brien, Miss Mary A. O'Brien. Yes, she fitted the description. Yes, left on the Owl to Philadelphia last night. No, no address. No, didn't know anything about her, except what everybody did. ("Here, gimme the General Manager!") The manager was affable and glad to help, but could suggest nothing except the police, which Mr. Smith was unwilling to try. He furnished the welcome news that Miss O'Brien was the season's most sensational and beautiful divorcée, that her season on the Riviera had been a distinct financial success, that she had arrived at the shore about the same time as Mr. Smith, and that she had departed some few hours previous. And further, that if Mr. Smith wanted additional information, he could find it, with embroiderings, in the Saturday edition of a famous big-city daily.

Mr. Smith attacked the local office of this paper and in a few minutes saw all that he wished, and more. With his curiosity but not his anger well satisfied, he hastened to his hotel and instituted a vain search for the menu bearing the receipt. His only conclusion was that when she had embraced him the night before, she had removed the receipt from his pocket. By luck he reached Mr. Lipstein over the telephone, but Mr. Lipstein had no suggestions to offer. Mr. Lipstein was sympathetic to the point of boredom, and offered tangible temporary financial assistance, while Mr. Smith fumed that what *he* wanted was a flat \$25,000. Mr. Smith's altruism, you see, had entirely disappeared, and he was profanely himself. Mr. Lipstein continued sympathetic, but as



the barometer of Mr. Smith's temper was rising, he broke the connection, then left his receiver off. And these incidents bring us to the point where Mr. Smith was packing his bag, most informally, as we have seen.

During his trip home, Mr. Smith hit upon a plan of employing a private detective, a friend of his. Thomas Cassidy was the man for the job—no question about it. Hence, arrived at his office, to the expressed surprise of Smith *père*, he got Tom on the wire, and explained his predicament. Tom expressed sympathy, which was becoming a monotonous experience for Mr. Smith, but in addition said he'd like a week to make his final report.

And sure enough, after a silent week, Tom presented his full-fed form inside the door of Mr. Smith's office and jovially said, "What next?"

Mr. Smith considered. "Where is she now?"

It seemed that she was awaiting his pleasure outside. Did he want her brought in? Perish the thought! Where was the cash? Tom produced a small satchel from which he extracted \$23,500. He explained that she needed \$1,500 a week to live on. Mr. Smith counted the bills and replaced one of four figures in the satchel. The others he put in his safe. Then he swung round in his chair to Tom and asked, "How come?"

Tom helped himself from Mr. Smith's cigar box on the top of the desk, and bit off the end of his selection. He directed the bitten morsel past Mr. Smith's nose out the open window, whence it disappeared. Then he seated himself, and commenced, while lighting his cigar, to speak with great deliberation. "Me boy (*puff*), ye know (*puff*) there's no virtue like that av modesty in yer own exploits (*puff*). These are dommed fine cigars ye give yer friends. (*Two long reflective puffs.*) She wint from the shore to Philly, and managed to cash the check, though I understand it was quite a nuisance for her to identify herself. She finally convinced the man who does the payin' that she was hersilf and no one else, and he came across, which naturally was what she wanted, before you had a chance to have the check stopped. I learned all that when I went to your bank and saw the check punched 'Paid,' and traced it backwards. The question was, what did she do with your money? (*Puff.*) Now, thinks I, if she's wise, she'll pry loose from the coin so fast as she can, whin, be Sain' Patrick, that's just what she does! She sint all but \$1,500 to her husband. (Here Mr. Smith registered surprise.) Oh, didn't I tell you? She's married, all right. Ye see, she had this one all along, but nobody knowed anything about him, and keeps him going by what she makes on marrying other men. Well, I happened to see me friend Crompton, and he gave me an earful, which I naturally liked to hear, because it's a break from running down these



fool second-story jobs. It seems (*puff!*) that Crompie had chased her once himself, and she gave him a mean trip after her, and he learned quite a lot about her. Well, he told me all that stuff, and all I had to do was find out where she had sent the money, which she did by money order to some place in Pittsburgh. Then I went out there and told the old boy in a little heart to heart what it meant for him to be caught with that stolen stuff of his wife's, and it got him pretty worried over the prospect, and he saw reason and came across, which was lucky for us. What about her? Oh well, naturally she had better sense than go out there too, and she did the wisest thing she could have, namely, she went (*puff*) back to the Shore! The old boy was kind enough to tell me that.

"What, without any persuasion?" exclaimed Mr. Smith.

"Oh, just this," explained Tom, taking a wicked looking short-barrelled gun from his pocket, and laying it on the blotter. "Pick it up . . . it won't bite . . . see, it's pretty good imitation, ain't it? I can't afford to take any chances of hurting the poor dears and killin' all me evidence, so I use this. Only wood. Well, it feels like steel between the ribs, and 'tis grand stuff to loosen the tongue-tied. So I pretends I'm going to the shore, but I really takes up me lodgings under the man's doorstep, so I'll know when the Missus comes in. He telegraphs come home like hail the cops is after yez, and last night in she walks into me arms on her own front porch. I snapped on the bracelets before she knew, and wit' me imitation Persuader, there ain't nothing for her to do but come along. She naturally felt a little peeved at first, but I believe she's quite herself now. Wouldn't ye like to see her? I brought her all the way so ye could."

On second thought, Mr. Smith elected to have her brought in.

She stepped into the office with the grace of a queen, and forced a little smile. Mr. Smith thought that was real sporting of her, particularly when she said, "Well, I guess you win."

"Say, if I'd been as game as you, I'd be king of the world." His good humor was reasserting itself. He became positively magnanimous. "Come here, Mary Anne," said Mr. Smith. Hoping for lenience, perhaps, Mary Anne came and Mr. Smith fished in his pocket for a little coin: "Republique Francaise—50 centimes." "A lucky coin to remember me by. No hard feelings." And Mr. Smith, being now quite sure of himself, bent to kiss her. Tom strolled to the window and whistled a bar or two. The ceremony completed, he turned about to receive instructions to deliver Mary Anne at the Pittsburgh train, and stick with her until she left.

Captor and captive departed and Mr. Smith put on his hat and went out. The following day's paper contained this item:

"Mr. Alfred Smith, of Smith & Wheeler, attorneys-at-law, was robbed of his watch yesterday afternoon in his office by a young woman who came to consult him. She removed the watch from his vest pocket while his attention was otherwise engaged, and he did not notice its absence until after she had left. Efforts to recover the time-piece, valued at fifty dollars, were unsuccessful because the young lady had left town.

*Howard Comfort, '24*



## *The Last Crusader*

*I am the last of the captives, the last of the hosts of Crusaders,  
Doomed to perpetual wandering, worse than campaigning and war—  
From the cool, haunted courts of the Caliph, to Cairo, a slave of the traders,  
I have trodden the curves of the Crescent, and dyed with my blood the  
White Star.*

*I have known the seduction of gardens whose poisonous perfumes allure me,  
Where golden-voiced nightingales whisper to Persia's proud crimson-  
dyed rose;  
But the beryline moon could not charm, nor the olive-toned twilight assure me,  
Nor the exquisite Gardens of Allah where everything beautiful grows.*

*For I carved in Gethsemane's garden the symbol of Christ, and I wore it  
Through terrible tortures and anguish, in perilous sieges and strife,  
And I vowed to keep true to the faith—on the city of David I swore it—  
With this as my talisman braving the manifold temptings of life.*

*I am old, and my footsteps are failing, but God the Avenger had heard me,  
I pray for the vengeance that waits me, and long for my sword and my  
lance;  
I am old, but my strength will return, with the vigor and life that once stirred  
me,  
When I was a youth in the vineyards and lily-filled valleys of France.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

# James Theodore Robertson

April 4, 1904

October 20, 1923

In publishing the following two selections from the manuscript of James Theodore Robertson, whose recent death has removed from the Class of 1924 one of its most versatile literary members, the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN wish to thank his family for the opportunity to present to Haverfordians what they believe to be characteristic of the best of his work.

*Feel the sharp hiss of April storms,  
Fierce in the fragrant night!  
Walk with the blue quick lightning flash  
Feeling its livid light!  
Steal with thin Death across the mead,  
Sensing his fiendish delight!  
Glide with cool evening in summer's gloam,  
Drenched with the moon's pale light!  
Plunge into darkness with innocence,  
Smelling fresh dews of Right!  
Do this! . . . I defy you, fell Atheist  
To say that Death is night!*

*Have you ever stopped to think how often the implicating little copulative but introduced clauses into our speech which purport to be complimentary to someone, but are really crammed full of the meanest sort of aspersion? With a wealth of unconscious censure behind them, they are introduced into this recriminating world by the Uriah Heap of all copulatives; and we half-apologetically round off a bit of gossip with a "but he loved his mother dearly," or a "but he really cared for the girl."*

There we have one of those sly persistent adversatives which outstrips all others in the race to:

*Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.*

It applies to every class of every nation and to every member thereof. It applies to the college student in particular, his ideals and his failures. His particular sneer is "but he means well."

He means well! Who? Not a specific student, but many, many students. This type of college youth is a procrastinator. He is the man who goes to the first show at the movies so that he can come back to study later in the evening, the man who goes to bed early so that he can get up to assail his tasks when he is fresh with the morning, the man who lies abed to the last moment so that he shall not be indicted by loss of sleep. Nights before examinations he burns the midnight oil; other nights he burns the midnight gasoline.

He confesses moral obligations, but he is resigned to the fate that all flesh is weak. He does not support the Y. M. C. A. because he gets enough religion in Meeting; he sleeps in Meeting because it is inequitable to require attendance there. Morally he is insolvent, yet his intentions are unimpeachable.

He has a certain amount of college spirit. At times, principally before the big game, he is in almost demoniac fervor; but this is only a flood tide; his dryness soon reappears. In the fall and spring he does not go out for any team, for he is no athlete or he had some physical debility. He plays tennis or goes to the movies instead of doing his bit in the grandstand, for he must look to his own recreation, and besides (this sullenly) the teams would lose anyway. He regrets that athletic finances are so fretted, and wishes he were in a position to better things.

He is an economist, wasting little on candy and letter paper that he may have a better outlay for the shows and dinner parties. He is quixotic, doing deliberate hurt to no one; and is it not noble to be tactful? He is a man of his word, unless it conflicts with his personal desires, in which case there is always a broad avenue of escape. Though himself sensitive and easily inflamed, he delights in making caustic comments. When he should be silent, he talks; when he should talk, he is silent.

A source of annoyance to others, disappointment to his friends, and discouragement to himself, he realizes full well that he is faulty, but the powers that be—are they not supreme?

He has the possibilities of the Good Samaritan, but has played the role of Judas.

He is a jolly old sarcophagus.

He is a part of you, a part of me.

He is a failure.

But he means well!



# Gray Green Hills

AN IDYL

I AM sitting alone in the middle of a sheep pasture. Before me stretches a vast valley filled with little wooded hills and rimmed around with gray green mountains. It is like lying in bed and looking toward my feet over a patchwork quilt. The fields and woods are all jumbled together in a puzzling order of rectangles and triangles colored green and gray. It is time for the fields of buckwheat to turn their damp green colors into white faintly tinged with the prevailing green, like the color of milk in the early spring, when the cows have been first turned out into the tender lusciousness of new pastures.

Fields of buckwheat are the last farewell of a departed spring. In the midst of August they bloom out amid the dark green of the hills to remind the farmers harvesting their oats and barley that spring will come again and that their drills will have to shake off the dust and cobwebs of the wagon shed and go rolling over the damp earth of the harrowed fields. There are many milky green fields in the valley, scattered among the woods and peeping around the corners of little hills. One lies on the very top of a swelling hill at my feet. I can just see it gleaming in the sunlight through the gaps in the trees. None of the fields is big, but they are all guarded, and guarded well by the old and wise sages of the mountains, the great trees. There is a little field, far off in a ravine, that has five great elms around its fences. I can see them well, for they are tall and graceful, and seem to invite birds to nest in their snug crotches.

Deep under me—so deep that I cannot see it—is a village of white houses, drowsing away the sunny morning. The breeze brings the faint ring of an anvil up over the silence of the gray hills. It is almost as full of melody as the tinkling of the little bell on an old ewe far off in the corner of the pasture, or the cawing of crows deep in the nearby woods.

As I walk away over the mountain, the valley with its hills fades into the gray air, seeming as flat as the patchwork quilt on a made bed.

*Ames Johnston, '25.*

# The Celtic Revival in English Literature

BY PROFESSOR E. D. SNYDER

PROFESSOR SNYDER will pardon us if we say that we are not going to rest content with his recent volume, *The Celtic Revival in English Literature*. In the words of Macbeth (himself a Celtic hero) we say that "The greatest is behind." This present book affords us a tantalizing glimpse into an untraveled byway of English literature, and one day we expect to hear what Professor Snyder would tell us if he had four hundred pages at his disposal instead of only two hundred.

Brief as the glimpse is, it has opened up vistas into a land of misty and primeval romance, where we can faintly discern eighteenth century poets and scholars floundering about helplessly among Druids and Bards and old Irish Gods. Out of this struggle emerge five figures somewhat breathless and bewildered, with the powder gone out of their wigs, but more or less triumphant. Three of these gentlemen are *bonâ fide* Celts—the early Celtic scholar, Lewis Morris, the Welsh poet, Evan Evans, and Mr. James Macpherson, who came within an inch of being thrashed by Dr. Johnson for writing *Ossian*. The other two are sober Englishmen—Thomas Gray, the poet, and his "elegant" friend, Mr. William Mason.

It is around these five that Professor Snyder weaves his tale. Each contributed his share to the Celtic Revival. Lewis Morris, the scholar and antiquary, performed the spade-work by amassing a little information about old Celtic religion and ritual as it survived in his own native country of Wales, and Evan Evans continued the good work by introducing the English public to the Lays of *Owen*, *Hoel*, and *Caradoc* in an English dress. Mason and Macpherson served as excellent publicity agents and adapters of the new wares to the current taste, the one in his Bardic tragedy of *Caractacus*, the other in his world-famous *Ossian*. But—and this is Professor Snyder's chief discovery—it is Thomas Gray who turns out to be the hero of the whole clan. He brought scholarship and a sound critical taste to the movement and was able to temper some of the wilder absurdities of his friend, Mason, in his tragedy of *Caractacus*. In fact, any poetic or Celtic merits that that forgotten tragedy ever possessed, as Professor Snyder shows, are due to Gray's revision. But he was not content with criticism; unconsciously he became a creative force in the movement. If in his *Churchyard Elegy* he wound up the old style of eighteenth century poetry for good and all, in his *Bard*

he inaugurated the new style. Every minor poet in the Three Kingdoms was haunted by that poem; even a Welsh poet like Evan Evans imitated it, and it crops up as the basis for a scene in a dozen dismal, forgotten tragedies.

The *Bard* stimulated a taste for Celticry (if we may be allowed to coin the word). Macpherson gloriously exploited it and adapted it to the sentiment of the hour. The growth of scholarship in recent years has exposed Macpherson as rather a clumsy forger. He apparently had some first-hand material, but his *Ossian* is nine-tenths his own imagination. His wild mountain scenery is always vague and misty, and his prevailing tone is discreetly mournful rather than stern and tragic, as we should expect in a primitive poem. His one real contribution to literature was the use of rhythmic prose, which, if printed in verse-form, as Professor Snyder shows us, is fully as effective and about as mild and innocuous in effect as most of our modern *vers libre*. As for instance:

*It bends like a wave near a rock;  
Like the golden mist of the heath.  
Its sides are embossed with stones,  
And sparkle like the sea round the boat of night.  
Of polished yew is its beam,  
And its seat of the smoothest stone.  
The sides are replenished with spears  
And the bottom is the foot-stool of heroes.*

The last point raised by Professor Snyder is, What did the Celtic Revival do for English poetry? In answer, he shows that it emancipated the poets from their tedious appeals to the Classical mythology for inspiration and gave them a new set of divinities to play with. Druids and Bards and old Irish heroes were so little known that they were bound to be romantic, and the poets could do what they liked with them. With the intention, therefore, of appealing to the sentiment of the hour when people were melancholy after a mode of fashion rather than because they felt so, these long-forgotten heroes were resurrected and garbed in mournful trappings which never were theirs. It was at this point when poets were writing sentimental epics about melancholy heroes that the age was ripe for all the fervours of the Romantic Revolt.

*J. F. R., '24.*

# The Fascinating Stranger

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

IN the *Fascinating Stranger*, Booth Tarkington has written some short stories of which he may well be proud, and also a few which we receive with more tempered enthusiasm. Perhaps the less said of these the better. But of the stories entitled *The Fascinating Stranger*, *The Spring Concert*, *Maytime in Marlow*, and *Mary Smith* no praise need be spared.

The first of these is a picturesque and vastly entertaining story concerned with the adventures of a tramp and his Hamatic interlocutor, Bojus. No mind except Tarkington's could imagine anything so funny, and no pen except his could put it into words. There is nothing as humorous as Tarkington's Northern negro dialect, and we find plenty in this tale. The next two are interrelated, and have the distinctly bucolic atmosphere of a Middle West small town. They are charming stories, because of their leisurely action but withal there is more than the mere atmosphere. Indeed there is action and plenty of it when the children in *Maytime in Marlow* come into possession of a paint pot. The altogether gracefully aging personality of Mr. Lucius Brutus Allen dominates both stories, while the background is filled in with the unhurried badinage and sometimes rather pointed humor of the *bourgeoisie*. Here again, the author is at his best, though in a different field from in *The Fascinating Stranger*.

The last of these four stories, *Mary Smith*, can perhaps be best appreciated by those whose years do not hang heavily. It is bitter satire on our young people, among other things, and yet even when the shoe pinches hardest, we must laugh at the antics of Henry Millick Chester in the presence of his chance acquaintance of the Pullman car. Tarkington is again at his best.

The remaining stories are very much what all readers of Booth Tarkington have already seen, and they need no comment.

H. C., '24.



## *Vigil*

*When I am dead and these clean limbs are clay,  
When dust is in my eyes, and I am cold  
Within a sodden grave, I shall unfold  
My stiff, crossed arms and push the earth away.  
Then, rising as a whispered prayer at night,  
On unseen wings I'll haunt your dwelling-place.  
Unseen, I'll kiss your lips and touch your face,  
And you will feel my presence, out of sight.  
You may forget in time that I am near,  
Patiently waiting for your great release.  
But, shadowy, hovering, I shall never cease  
My vigil for your coming till I hear  
The rush of homing wings, loud-clarion'd  
Across the friendly silences beyond.*

*John Reich, '24.*

# Two Dramatic Criticisms

## WINDOWS

(*A Comedy*)

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE Theatre Guild opened its sixth subscription season with excellent production of John Galsworthy's new play, "Windows," a delightfully British comedy. Add to anything British the name Galsworthy and it will go anywhere. Not that we mean to imply that the play goes on that alone, for it doesn't, but the combination is almost irresistible. Galsworthy's genius for matching his deep insight with his broad expositions, his human introspection and perspective, here go to make a comedy which will again whet the jaded appetite of the modern theater-goer.

The play commences by disclosing the family *March*, composed of female realists and male idealists. The father is a writer of psychological novels; the son, a poet with a patriotic vein. The mother is greatly different, a mere practical woman, and the daughter, like her, is just a plain and wholesome type. Completing the household is the cook, combining all these traits, romantic and idealistic, stupid and practical.

Into this group comes the bi-weekly window washer, a Galsworthy philosopher in his way, satirically epitomizing the low, hypocritical and thieving poor, about whom we, in more comfortable and less happy conditions, sympathize and theorize. He, reminding us very much of the old cabby in "The Pigeon," becomes the spokesman of the piece. He tells the good people that his daughter, just come out after having served two years for strangling an illegitimate child, needs a position. Since the family needs a parlor maid, the idealizing father and the sentimental son prevail against the sensible mother and the proper daughter, and the girl is given her chance to make good.

Her advent causes the roof temporarily to be raised, much to the enjoyment of the audience. Systematically she goes to work to catch the son and shocks everyone in the house by howling for freedom instead of respectability. The play sustains wonderfully considering that there is only one kiss—but then, Ye gods, what a kiss! Of course, the wayward thing is discharged in one great explosion, and the family is left exactly where it had started. However, not so with those out front, who, although they leave the theater just as unenlightened and just as unelevated as before, have had at least a keen evening out of it all.

The acting, under the direction of Moffat Johnson, who plays the *pater familias*, is so truly fine and natural that it resembles nothing often seen over the footlights. The Guild production of "John Ferguson" is the best comparison that we can make. Phyllis Povah as the "lost" girl is a rare combination of fire and guile, just as she was in a lesser role in "Mr. Pim." Henry Travers as the window washer does exceedingly well, while, as usual, Helen Westley, who started as a straight, prim mother, stole a march in the last few minutes, turning idealist herself under the warming influence of a few drinks of brandy.

## Casanova

(*A Biographical Romance*)

Translated by Sidney Howard from the Italian of Lorenzo de Azertis, "Casanova" is a play that has many distinctive points. Although a half a dozen men worked on the various parts, the settings, the acting, the ballet and the beauty of the lines, each has contributed his expert little mite to fashion a cloth of rare weave. Miller had a remarkable play, and Wood a remarkable star (Lowell Sherman), and between the two producers, the piece has been done full justice.

The *Chevalier de Seingalt*, better known as *Giacomo Casanova*, was a gay Lothario who held full sway in the middle of the eighteenth century. Everyone knows that his famous memoirs told of his countless conquests, but even though the play admits only of three hundred mistresses, he didn't do badly as a roué. However, the Italian original of the play does not profess to be a faithful adaptation of the memoirs, but merely a dramatization of its central character, so that although the lady-killing gallant may have lived to see eighty (in the play he expires about thirty years sooner) it really matters little.

The production itself will draw the crowds if the play doesn't. All who see it will talk about the colorful sartorial display and the quaint costumes. Of course, *Casanova's* only true love of his wasteful career, which is the backbone of the story, has an appeal all its own. His adoration and complete loss of mind for *Henriette* (Katherine Cornell) leads him to give up a happiness never before known by him, when, at the end of three months of luxurious squandering, he faces the world a debtor.

Rather than confess his poverty, his lips are sealed as *Henriette* is sent away, back to her forgiving relations and a contrite husband

who was the cause of her desertion, rather than assume the strict existence of the convent life which her sire intended for her. Immediately after her departure, the French ambassador makes possible an affluence *Casanova* lacked to keep *Henriette* as he wished. He dispatches four postilions to scour the highways for *Henriette*, and after an hour three return with as many *Henriettes*. One is a seductive governess, another a dancer from Milan, and the third a courtesan, all of whom are not unfamiliar with the reputation of *Casanova*. The fourth postilion reports that he just missed the real *Henriette* as she was crossing the border.

The last act, twenty-two years later, finds *Casanova* a broken-down old man, but in spite of this and the vagaries of his fortunes, he is still the same woman-chaser, albeit his taste has degenerated to two kitchen maids. His daughter enters, the illegitimate offspring of *Henriette*, the very likeness of the sweetheart the man knew years before. The daughter, ignorant of the truth, explains that her mother and she had been coming to this hostelry, the scene of a lovers' parting twenty-two years before, once a year at this time. The libertine looks out of the window and sees that his *Henriette* has suffered much under the strain of tears and long separation, although the daughter is as fresh and fetching as the mother ever was. *Casanova*, sickened and weary, falls to the floor kissing the footprints of his daughter. Even the kitchen maids who have returned for the clandestine tryst with the roué shudder at the sight of him outstretched on the floor.

It was a full part that had been written for Sherman and he does it well, too, first as the youthful, irresistible swain, and later as the spent old man who well shows the signs of his existence as paramour to three hundred mistresses. Katherine Cornell, also, carved an enviable niche for herself with the role of *Henriette*.

Mrs. Grundy has it that a great deal of novel publicity for the piece has come to the newspapers in the reports of the suppression of Thomas Seltzer's publication of the Arthur Schnitzler *Casanova's Homecoming*. However, it is needless to say that the play and the book have no great connection.

F. C. H., '24.



THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election to the Editorial Board of Forrest Chapman Haring, of the Class of 1924, formerly Circulation Manager.

THE HAVERFORDIAN also takes pleasure in announcing the election to the Managerial Board of Edward Foulke, of the Class of 1924, who assumes the position of Circulation Manager.





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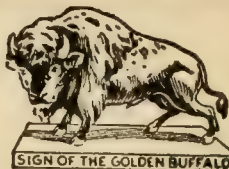
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the second month preceding the date of issue. Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## A Legend of Germany

COUNT SIEGFRIED VON VORGALSTEIN was vastly rejoiced at heart when he heard of the beating which the Baron von Lotharwald had received from two of his own vassals; and so also were his men, for now they expected fair fighting and rich plunder. Sir Siegfried was himself a vassal to Lotharwald, and when his overlord, grown godly in old age, had set out with the Bishop of Heiligkeit's Army of the Peace, to punish two illegally combative noblemen, and had been met and routed by their united powers, it meant that he might safely attempt to establish a free county in his own right, and perhaps seize a little of the baronial territory to embellish it.

Many years before, Count Siegfried's father had taken Castle Vorgalstein, slaughtered its inmates and settled himself therein. He lived comfortably enough in his mighty keep, then famous for the strength of its walls and the height of its great round tower, although one of the three remaining towers was half ruinous and the breach in the south wall by which he had entered still remained. Sir Siegfried, having obtained full possession by stabbing his father and pitching his brother into the moat, was diligently endeavoring to remedy these defects. He had indefatigably taxed his village and his manors, and many a time had gone out of his way to rob a merchant caravan, so that now the new defenses, glistening behind their scaffolding, rose almost to completion.

The news of the defeat was brought to Vorgalstein by Baron von Lotharwald himself. On the evening of the day after the battle he had emerged from the forest and slowly crossed the meadows to the castle gate, with a dozen tired troopers jogging along behind him. His men were splashed with mud from boot to breastplate, and carried long lances slung across their backs and broad shields swinging from their saddles. In the courtyard they stiffly dismounted their drooping nags and crowded about the well mouth, drinking eagerly from their steel caps, and turning one by one, with dripping beards, to their horses. Meanwhile the Baron sat erect upon his richly harnessed roan. A scarlet surcoat covered his mail, polished plate armor protected his arms and legs and the hilt of his long sword was studded with garnets; his hair and beard were white and fine, his face a sun-burned brown and his forehead worn bare by the casque that hung at his saddle bow.

Having already failed to crush two over-powerful vassals, he had recklessly come to demand the allegiance of the unwilling Count, or to

force him into immediate conflict before the remnant of the Army of the Peace was disbanded; for, in his mixture of desperation and devotion, he had given all his lands in fief to the wealthy Bishop of Heiligkeit.

Sir Siegfried received him with a gruff, uneasy welcome, but became more cordial when he learned that their new overlord would follow as soon as his men were gathered and rested. He stood in vivid contrast beside the easy neatness of the proud suzerain. He was long of limb and round-shouldered and broad-chested. His red hair hung down about his neck, his beard was bushy and his mustache extremely long. Amid this fiery growth appeared a stout round nose, itself of a scarlet tint toward the end, his thick under-lip and his fierce blue eyes. He was an indefatigable drinker and fighter, endowed with a raw, loud-voiced wit, a crude cunning and unbounded ferocity. Dubious as to the wisest step, he now loudly called his seneschal and ordered royal entertainment for their noble guest.

So that night there was feasting and drinking in the great hall. On the dais sat Sir Siegfried and the Baron and the Baron's captain and the chief men of the castle, including the heir, a lanky lad, conspicuous for his jaunty dress of flowing green. At the far end of the long crowded table below them, the huge fire crackled and roared, and along the dull walls the flaring torches sent whirling sparks and wreaths of smoke among the dim rafters above. The dogs barked and fought and the raucous din of shouting and singing and crashing mugs and jugs grew louder as the night wore on.

Among the soldiers at the long table sat Heinz Aufschneider, a handsome, lithe young man with yellow hair and a soft new beard, a skilful lancer, whose foremost ambition was to be a great captain and sack just so fine a castle as my Lord of Vorgalstein's. Like the rest of the company, he became boisterous and unsteady as he drank. A dog yelped sharply behind him; he turned, and saw among the dirty straw upon the flags a little white object that glistened and shone like a jewel. He reached and seized it and fell on his back, and thus lay among the dogs, with his legs on the bench and a small piece of bone in his hands, which he fondled and kissed, "For surely," thought he, "this must be the relic of some holy saint, since it inspires me with such plenary devotion, St. Peter, St. Mark, St. Mary, St. Anthony, St. Ursula. . . ."

But while he was thus contemplating and conjecturing, there arose a roar of voices from all sides. Sir Siegfried, whom intoxication rendered extremely frank in the expression of his feelings, had attempted to stab his guest. But the wary Baron had retained his coat of mail under the clothes which Hugo Futterbeutel, the fat seneschal, had supplied him, and moreover, had drunk no more than his usual capacity. He jumped to his feet, dagger in hand, and as his men unsteadily rallied toward



him, he fled from the room. Sir Siegfried stood a moment bewildered, the young heir hurled his heavy tankard after them, and the whole mob surged madly for the door. Heinz Aufschneider was dragged to his feet, and seizing a torch, staggered forward. He stumbled exultantly through endless winding passages, until finally, winded, bruised and alone, he stopped to rest on a window sill that gave upon the courtyard. Below him there were waving torches and shouting and cries and running to and fro. In the center a heaving mass of armed men surrounded Baron Wolfram von Lotharwald, who sat erect upon his frightened horse, with helmet on head and the clothing half torn from his mail, laying blows about him with his long two-handed sword; in a moment he had broken through, and with three of his men galloped into the shadow of the arched gate, beat across the drawbridge and was gone.

"Graf von Vorgalstein!" shouted Aufschneider as he rushed on through the darkness, "Mary and the Freiherr von Vorgalstein! God for Kaiser Siegfried and Heinz Aufschneider!"

He awoke in a dim little room, littered with old manuscripts and rubbish, as the cold morning mists were blowing in through a little window high in the thick wall. A long, lank old man in a shabby black gown and tall black cap was gazing sourly upon him, and Aufschneider stared back with sleepy impertinence into the wrinkled face and weak little eyes on each side of the thin nose. It was old Arnulf, the astrologer, who spoke thus:

"What favorable omens for the good Count's adventures can I find when you have so broken my instruments and trampled my books; lanznecht, Ritter Siegfried will have you beaten for this."

"What's that, old maggot?" said the soldier; and rising stiffly, he kicked the old man from the room.

In one hand he still grasped the miraculous bit of bone, and this he now put carefully into his wallet. Then the thought occurred that he might indeed have offended the Count. He picked up a parchment, blackened where he had struck it with his torch butt, and sat down on the bed to try to brush away the dirt. After a while he paused to wonder at the strange characters and diagrams. "Perhaps," thought he, "these things pertain to sorcery and the black art," as, indeed, they verily did. An old incantation he had somewhere heard popped unwanted into his head and he wonderingly repeated it to himself.

Then, out of nowhere, came a great clap of thunder, and there before him stood a huge devil, as big as an ox, its black scaly hide steaming and smoking of brimstone and pitch. Its horrid face was a wrinkled muzzle, with flaccid purple jowls and long bristly whiskers and protruding yellow fangs. Its narrow eyes burned like green coals and its ugly horns stood up awry through the clotted hair between its twitching

ears. Moreover, it no sooner saw Heinz Aufschneider in the room, than it stamped its brazen hoofs and lashed its long envenomed tail and hissed and foamed in fury. Altogether, it was a creature not often to be met with.

"You called me!" said the devil in a loud hoarse voice, while Aufschneider sat trembling and groaning on the bed.

"You called me and, therefore, you are damned!" said the devil again.

"God help me," said Heinz in a weak little voice.

"You are damned!" said the devil.

"I'm not," said the soldier.

"You are!" said the devil.

"I'm not," said the soldier.

"You are," said the devil.

"I tell you I'm not," replied Heinz, feeling desperately in his wallet.

"You are!" said the devil.

"Go to hell!" said the soldier, and he held up his blessed little relic before him.

Whereat the great beast vanished with a hiss, all in a wisp of yellow smoke that curled and melted and left only a bad smell in the room.

Meanwhile old Arnulf had re-entered, banging the door behind him, and stood gazing at the soldier as he rigidly held his talisman before him, "Ach, my young wastrel," he said at last, "you are to receive some five hundred odd lashes. My lord has ordered that you be whipped and beaten and scourged for all this trouble you have made him." Awed by his terrifying experience, the young man slunk from the room, followed by the harsh taunts of the old astrologer.

But Sir Siegfried, as the soldier very well knew, was not minded to punish his men for a little drunkenness, especially when men were so needed. On the contrary, therefore, the Count had told his astrologer, if he couldn't find an augury in the stars, to go to the devil, which the astrologer had modestly promised to essay.

On that same day, the panic-stricken peasants with such belongings as they could carry, began to arrive at the castle with the news that the village was in the hands of the Army of the Peace. The alarm bell clanged and horsemen were sent out to drive in the cattle. When, at evening, the refugees had all come in and the smoke of the burning houses rolled high above the tree tops, the portcullis was dropped, the drawbridge raised and the siege begun. That night the Bishop's men were hard at work, but the castle was dark and silent, except for the murmurous voices of the crowded peasants in the courtyard and the dull sound of the sentries clanking slowly to and fro upon the ramparts.

At dawn it appeared that a small mangonel had been drawn up,

not far from the unfinished south wall, and protected by a palisade of heavy planks on either side. This was all that had been saved of the Bishop's siege machinery, but back on the edge of the woods, carts were arriving with lumber and supplies, and bodies of men were marching in, until Count Siegfried saw that he was far outnumbered, yet faintly hoped that the two recently victorious vassals—who had immediately renewed their feud—might advance at once and make a diversion.

It was not long before the mangonel was at work, and the scaffolding flew in splinters and the fresh masonry quaked as the sharp boulders crashed in. On the battlements, the crossbows clicked and twanged, the bowman behind the palisade replied, and the new wall cracked and crumbled as stone after stone was hurled against it.

Sir Siegfried, carrying his wonted battle-axe and in full armor, stepped into the courtyard, shouting orders. His horse was brought, his men gathered on the far side from that where the stones and debris were occasionally falling. Up creaked the portcullis to the heaves of gasping serfs, down fell the drawbridge with rattle and crash, and out galloped the Count, axe in hand and thirty spearsmen at his back.

A few fell before the volleys of bolts that met them, but they soon rounded the palisade, and piked its defenders as they turned to run. Sir Siegfried then dismounted and indiscriminately hacked the mangonel to pieces. This done, they dashed back, hotly pursued by a large body of horse, who overtook them at the bridge, and whose leader, with a small escort, galloped recklessly into the courtyard just as the portcullis crashed in the faces of the rest. The leader, a fat man, dressed in a modern and expensive suit of armor, was immediately dragged from his horse and led to the Count, while his men were speedily stripped of their comfortable equipment and put to death. The Count was standing unhelmed by his horse, his sweated hairy face half concealed beneath a large mug. He jocularly told his prisoner, who haughtily admitted himself to be no other than Bishop Adalbert of Heiligkeit, that he should hang if the Baron attacked again, ordered him well guarded, and sardonically sent Fritz Priest to administer confession and absolution.

It was shortly after that Heinz Aufschneider met his master on the walls and tremulously imparted his disclosure of old Arnulf's treacherous deviltry. The Knight was visibly moved by this harrowing relation, but saw in it a possible escape from his precarious situation. He sent Heinz and a number of men to seize Arnulf and—shackled securely—to bring him and all evidence to the great hall.

Here, with the Bishop seated in state at his side, Graf von Vorgalstein held court. First old Arnulf, compactly bundled in ropes and chains, was carried through the crowd and deposited upon the table

with his pile of books and instruments heaped up around him. Then Heinz Aufschneider told his tale, and Fritz Priest, long a rival of the accused, unburdened himself at length. Other witnesses rapidly produced themselves, until almost every inhabitant of Castle Vorgalstein had added his mite of evidence. Bishop Adalbert then examined the books and found a number of them to deal with the black art. Upon this, the Count gruffly explained that he had no sooner seen Arnulf brought in in chains than he had experienced a complete revulsion of feeling and now desired only to serve, in war or peace, his liege lords, Bishop Adalbert von Heiligkeit and Baron Wolfram von Lotharwald. He then cleared his throat, and as chief of the local vehm court, solemnly pronounced sentence on the squirming figure before him, that he and his books and black soul be burned to the death immediately after dinner.

A herald was sent for the Baron, who promptly rode in with a large body of soldiers behind him. While the three were eating, it was arranged that the Count should pay a hundred dollars to the Diocese for the good of his soul, so lately enthralled in foul enchantment, should do homage and swear fealty to his overlords on the following day and should join the Army of the Peace in a second attack upon its enemies. Heinz Aufschneider was again brought forward for the benefit of Sir Wolfram and the Bishop purchased his little relic—later recognized as an ankle bone of one of the blessed St. Ursula's holy virgins—to put among the treasures of the cathedral at Heiligkeit.

When the company had finally made an end of drinking, it adjourned in a body to the courtyard, where a tall post had been set up, with a pile of sticks and faggots beneath it. The screaming old man was then dragged out, and stripped and chained to the stake, with his books of magic hung about his neck; the fire was kindled, and crackled higher, until its victim was lost in smoke and flame and the triumphant shouts of the multitude. But the people stayed and gaped, greedy for every glimpse of the corpse, till sunset gilded the donjon tower, and the light of the dying fire wavered on the courtyard walls, the brown crowded faces, and breastplates gleaming red.

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*



## Forces

A SHADOW steals haltingly down a corridor of one of the upper floors of the Chalmers Building, and to the substance behind the shadow testifies the faint, slow squeak of a pair of ill-oiled boots. Soon the squeaks cease and the soft click of key in lock takes their place; the heavy door of number 1291 then swings slowly open. Inside the room the ceaseless murmur of the great city is audible and it helps the thick Turkish rugs in smothering even the tiny squeak of the shoes. Only the swish of the curtains and then, after an interval, the sound of the key again in the lock betray the movements of the shadow. A clock in a nearby building chimes eleven and there is a tense, listening pause. An electric switch is pressed, illuminating a square of polished desk surface; the shadow approaches this and places itself in the heavy swivel chair. Once more a lock protests as it is forced open—a drawer is heard to open—and then close—papers rustle—only the occasional splutter of a fountain pen breaks the long silence.

Mr. Robert Chalmers stepped briskly from his machine, nodded to his chauffeur, and crossed the sidewalk to enter the building. As he did so he glanced up at the words carved in the stone over the entrance, "Chalmers Building." It was his habit thus to glance up as he entered, for he was proud of his "stone pile" as he called it. He had built it with money from his three detective stories about Jack Daley, or "The Red Seal." He had sold them to his own firm, and as manager of the big publishing house he had seen to it that they were good sellers. Not many publishers would have been so successful in making such records, even with his books. But he had wanted his books sold and, well—"If you just put enough force into everything you'll win out," he was accustomed to say. He was saying it to himself as he entered the building and he gripped his cane a little harder as he thought of it. People turned to look at him and the clerk at the news-stand bowed, for his short, broad figure certainly looked forceful as it pounded across the lobby.

The elevator was slow going up and its effect on Mr. Chalmers was evident to all the clerks and stenographers as he entered Room 1293, for he closed the door violently. That, however, was not surprising, for such actions were characteristic of Mr. Chalmers. He passed by the rows of desks and typewriters and through the door at the far end. He usually entered his office this way; he considered it good discipline.

His private office was luxuriously furnished. On the top floor, it occupied the center of the best suite in the building. From the heavy velvet curtains on one side to the handsome oil painting of old Bonar,

the founder of the firm, on the other, the office was a fit setting for Robert Chalmers.

Having disposed of his hat and cane the chief sat down in his big swivel chair before the handsome mahogany desk, opened a drawer, slammed it shut and forcibly called, "Flint!" His secretary silently appeared, the noise of his footsteps lost in the thick Turkish rugs.

"Flint!" exclaimed Chalmers even more forcibly, "I find my private office letter paper gone again. Have you found who's taking it?"

"No sir, I haven't," said Flint. "I've asked the stenographers, but—"

"Stenographers! Bunkum! Send me the head janitor."

It was evident that Mr. Chalmers considered that his secretary lacked force. Possibly the head janitor disagreed for Mr. Chalmers had not got very far with his morning mail when that individual appeared.

"You the janitor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who cleans these rooms?"

"These rooms? Why, a fellow, name of Lewis, sir. I always thought he was a pretty good man. Ain't they clean?" Chalmers didn't bother to answer.

"When does he do his work?"

"Why, he does this whole floor and it takes him from about five to ten. He usually punches out at about ten—kinda slow he is on account of his being lame. I allus thought he——"

"Where does he live?"

"I dunno sir, but I could look it up."

"Flint! Find him and send him here."

Flint returned in about an hour and ushered into the office one whom he introduced as Lewis. Lewis presented a queer figure. He was small of stature and deformed of figure so that he limped as he walked. His face was sensitive and intelligent but a short beard emphasized rather than hid a certain weakness about the mouth and chin. He limped into the office shabbily clad, and as he talked, nervously twisted an old cap in his fingers.

"Are you the janitor for this floor?" Mr. Chalmers shot at him before he was fairly in the room.

"Why, yes, I clean out these rooms, if that's what you mean." His voice was rather high pitched and wavering.

"That's what I mean." Chalmers paused and then growled, "Are you the one that's been taking my letter paper?"

Lewis looked at the floor and twisted his cap harder.

"Yes, I have," he quavered almost defiantly.

"Why?" Lewis's nervousness was painful.

"Why, I—that is—you see I'm writing a book. I—I've been

writing it almost three years." Once started, his high-pitched child-like voice went on confidently. "Once I read a book called 'Main Street' by a man named Lewis, and on account of my name being Lewis I thought—well, maybe I could. I just live three blocks over there on East Side and I wrote about Ludd Street because that's where I live. I had to pay a debt to a man with my money, and so I had to—well, help myself to the paper. You see—well, you wouldn't read it, would you?" he quavered. "Maybe tenements would be interesting and—"

He was interrupted by a roar of laughter and Mr. Chalmers' "Ha! Ha! Ha!" could certainly be forceful.

"Written another 'Main Street' have you? I haven't read the first one but your personal story would make a good ad. I'll read it."

"Oh, thank you, sir. Of course it isn't quite finished yet, but—" As he spoke he pulled out of his pockets bundles of paper which all together made a good sized stack. Chalmers took them.

"That's all!" he said. "Come back tomorrow morning. Flint!" He turned forcibly back to work.

When Lewis made his appearance in the morning his interview was brief. In fact his high-pitched "Good morning, sir," seemed to irritate Mr. Chalmers.

"Morning! I read part of your stuff. It's no good! What the public wants is a good detective story. Maybe you've seen my Jack Daley series. No publisher could take this stuff. It's bunk! Rotten! That's all. Flint!" He did not see how the ill-shapen figure flinched before each forceful comment. "Oh," he added, "here's ten dollars. Don't buy paper. Buy shoes. Flint!"

Lewis looked even smaller than before and his cap was twisted almost in two. He did not take the bill. As he limped to the door he quavered in his thin voice, "I don't believe I'll need it, sir."

"What's that?" said Chalmers—and then, forcibly, "Oh, Flint!"

As a shadow goes haltingly along the corridor, a faint, irregular squeak is heard. It goes very slowly, sometimes stopping altogether. It is a mysterious shadow with no apparent purpose in view. A clock in a nearby building has chimed two and then three and still the shadow moves slowly, haltingly along the corridor.

Suddenly, if a listener were present he might hear a high-pitched, quavering voice ask very faintly, "Oh, what's the use?" Now the shadow moves a little faster and now lock yields reluctantly to key and a heavy iron door slides slowly open. It is the elevator door but the car is not in sight. The shadow steps over the edge. A listener might hear for a second, above the ceaseless murmur of the city—a high-pitched, wavering cry.

*D. H. Alden, '27.*

## *Ships*

*My silent barque slips down upon the tide,  
Meeting the bitter salt wind from the sea;  
Like ghosts the other vessels pass and fade  
Hidden by mist and silence close to me.*

*I cannot touch the life within them there  
Hidden in sombre greyness; cannot see  
Kindred emotions; cannot hear their songs  
Passing so close but never touching me.*

*So as we move unceasingly through time,  
We grope with half-known words of common speech;  
To touch and understand another fire,  
And through the darkness to a brother reach.*

*But the eternal silence closes in,  
Wiping away from mind your very name;  
The night wind passes moaning through the shrouds,  
The mighty tide is ebbing as it came.*

*You changed your course with flying flags and songs  
To vanish 'neath the dim horizon spread  
Across the rim of vision while I turned  
In silence to the sunset glow ahead.*

—Donald Messenger, G. S.



## The Professor on the Wheel

“WHAT a scandalous thing!” said Professor Stubbs, regarding through his heavy tortoise-shell spectacles, certain features of the Parisian sidewalk on which he stood. The professor had arrived in Paris just fourteen hours before in company with his party of European tourists. He had been violently sick in crossing the channel from Dover, and had expressed a desire to be left in peace and in bed the next morning, in spite of the fact that the rest of the party planned to spend two days on the battlefields of Flanders.

Morning brought complete revival, however, but the discovery of this fact came too late to allow Mr. Stubbs to join in the day's excursion. This accounts then, for his presence after a late breakfast, on the Boulevard Des Italiens, engaged in his first observations of France and the French.

In the hotel there had been an alluring little “Plan de Paris” with maps of the Metro and the arrondissements and lists of theaters, museums, and historical spots, together with a mine of other miscellaneous information. With great care the professor embarked on a train from the Châtelet station of the Metro and in due time arrived unharmed at the Place de l'Opera. Here we have him then, promenading slowly along the Boulevard des Italiens and making the inevitable comparisons between these novel surroundings and his home town of Wichita, Kansas, U. S. A.

In the touring party were Mr. Julius Blodge and his daughter, Mary. Professor Cautious Stubbs was engaged to Mary. They had had many “dates” for weiner roasts, Christian Endeavor picnics, and even occasional “movies,” and eventually—since the passionate devotion of which they had both dreamed in extreme youth, and came to neither—both thought that perhaps this was love after all, and acting on this assumption yielded to the wishes of their parents for a union in the church body.

Walking alone in a strange city in the morning sunshine, Cautious Stubbs felt the need of companionship and wished devoutly that Mary was not rolling merrily northward in a hired automobile. The more did he feel this need since against all reason and inclination a certain sensation of elation and freedom from convention crept upon him unawares. He remembered the glowing letters written in Paris by his brother who had later been wounded and died in a hospital. There had been a French nurse to whom this brother Milo had been engaged. He wondered where she was. Why had he not thought to have noted her

address? But then there had been the prospect of Mary's continual companionship. Suddenly he found himself giving thanks to be free from her presence and all the atmosphere of Wichita which they had carried with them through the beginning of their voyage in England. Alone, he could enter into the spirit of the place more, and gain a closer understanding of the psychology of the people. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," said Professor Stubbs, head of the departments of philosophy and psychology in a denominational college of Kansas—to himself.

Compared to the restful blankness of the prairie, the hills and valleys of England and the restlessness of the sea had left a vague feeling of disturbance in the professor's well-ordered and neatly classified mind. Now here, in Paris, he found the profuse detail of architecture distinctly irritating compared to the simple square brick business blocks of Kansas. He could not help thinking of the inefficiency of a people who would waste so much time on mere decoration. These buildings must have taken years of time and millions of dollars to build, when they might have been much cheaper and just as useful.

Then there was all this open consumption of intoxicating liquor. How he wished that Carrie Nation with her little hatchet could be loosed for a while as a righteous scourge in this city of wickedness. But at the same time a naughty little voice at the back of his mind whispered, "Why not take this opportunity to test this stuff, perhaps it would be easier to combat the evil if the illusion of its attraction could be actually refuted personally."

Lessening his pace Cautious Stubbs passed one café, then another, then a third—he was simply dawdling now. Here came a fourth—The temptation was passed. He hesitated, turned back, looked at his watch, hesitated again—and sat down.

Immediately a white-aproned waiter stood before him. Blushing painfully he said, "Doo Van, sill voo play." Oh, yes; the professor knew French. It had been his minor subject for graduation. "Ah, oui, M'sieu, mais qu'est ce que vous desirez. . . ." said the waiter. "Du champagne? Du vin rouge? Du cognac?"

"Wee, sill voo play," said Cautious, vaguely.

"Voila, du cognac!" said the waiter after a moment's absence.

Really, this stuff tasted positively painful, how could anyone enjoy it, thought the professor, gulping it down while maintaining a battle with his face which struggled to screw itself into a grimace. Having emptied the glass—he must do as the Romans do—and washed the taste away as far as possible with luke-warm water, he rose from the table and passed on along the boulevard.

The feeling of irresponsibility grew upon him, until coming to the

Opéra Comique, he paused and considered. The name suggested something quite risqué, perhaps it would be an excellent place to study the psychology of the Parisians. With buoyant step and sparkling eye he entered the vestibule and joined the queue at the ticket office. Not approving of late evening performances, and remembering that the party would not return until the next night, he took a ticket for the matinée performance of "Gismonda," billed for the following afternoon.

Outside again, the "Plan de Paris" came into action once more. He decided to visit the Louvre, and acting on this idea moved off in the direction of the nearest Metro station. Suddenly a yellow and black poster caught his eye. "Mogador Palace," it read, "Dans le coeur de Paris," and there below was the advertisement of an American film. The professor thrilled with the thought of home. He would go to the "Mogador Palace in the heart of Paris," that very evening, he decided, and made mental note of the time and place.

The sculpture of the Louvre at once scandalized and thrilled the senses of Mr. Stubbs. It certainly was very beautiful, but did it not appeal to the lower senses? Would it not be more discreet to clothe some of these marble figures? The thought entered the disturbed mind of the visitor that "to the pure all things are pure" and surely he, if anyone, had the right to such a designation. Viewed from this standpoint the undeniable pleasure he derived from the exhibition caused him less fear for possible hidden sin dwelling in his inner members and working for moral corruption.

After the Louvre, the Compagnie des Omnibuses de Paris transported Professor Stubbs to Versailles just in time for the closing of the gates, which he had not anticipated from his perusal of the guide.

Strolling by the river, later with the temporary enthusiasm of the cognac quite worn off, he became tired and was only too glad when the time came to seek the Mogador Palace. The lady in the ticket office turned out to be English and agreeably surprised him by enquiring how he liked the city. "Oh, yes, it's nice, but it's naughty," she said as he left, leaving a vague perturbation in his mind.

He was a little late and the theater was in darkness, except for the screen, as he took his seat. In the interval he followed the crowd resistlessly to the foyer where he was offended to find that a dance orchestra was playing, and that these apparently respectable people were about to engage in a fox trot. Sipping a cup of coffee, he watched them. In spite of himself his eyes followed one particular blonde girl whose face—notable for childish dimples—seemed strangely familiar. He caught himself thinking that the supple curves of the body beneath its diaphanous clothing were probably just as beautiful as those statues in the Louvre. This was terrible. He rose and moved back toward the audi-



torium. As soon as the other seats commenced to be filled, he watched the people with interest, comparing them with the élite of Wichita and Richmond, Indiana. It might be disloyalty, but it did seem as if these Parisians had a little the advantage—at least in this artificial light.

Suddenly his heart beat painfully and incomprehensibly. The blonde lady entered his row of seats. She came closer and closer. An elderly lady accompanied her, and together they scrutinized the numbers until the very next seats to his own were reached. She sat next to him. Strange that he had not noticed her before as they had gone out.

He wished he knew the way to start a conversation, but perhaps such a procedure would be impolite. The face slowly seemed to connect itself with some forgotten photograph. He wished he could remember clearly. The lady raised her hand to signal to a friend a few seats away. On her finger was a ring. He had seen that ring before, but where? All at once he had it! This was his brother's ring. The photo was one that he had sent of his nurse. Cautious Stubbs addressed the lady.

The end of the performance found them firm friends. Cautious was even calling her Clarisse. Was she not almost his sister? Her mother he found charming too. He wished Mary and the rest of the touring companions would stay in the Flanders battle-fields for weeks yet.

Clarisse was delighted to find that he would attend the Opéra Comique next day. Was she not dancing in the ballet? Oh, no; it was a perfectly respectable place. A ripple of delicious laughter greeted his mistaken impression of this national theater. If he liked beautiful music and fine staging he would certainly appreciate the piece, "Gismonda." She was pleased to hear the professor liked music, but no, she did not know "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," or Mr. Rode-heaver's spiritual songs.

It appeared that dancing at the Opéra Comique was at least as profitable as teaching psychology, for Clarisse took Mr. Stubbs to his hotel in the Avenue Victoria in her own Renault phaeton at the conclusion of the performance. In his dreams soon after, the professor danced. Danced! And who was his partner? Oh, no! Not Mary Blodge! What a sad business it is to wake up in the cold light of dawn sometimes!

This was a nervous affair, this waiting at the stage door. But it was worth it. Clarisse was wonderful! Her dancing in the ballet had been a revelation to the professor, prepared emotionally as he had been by an hour or so of beautiful music. It was no wonder that poor Milo had fallen in love with her, even though she was only a nurse when he knew her. She would look beautiful in anything though—



even a prim white uniform. He remembered the photo distinctly now, and it was in just that costume.

At last she came, and in the simplest of dresses. She had left her car in the garage for she was going to show him the Paris of the people. He wanted to study their psychology? Very well, she would make it easy for him. Taking him by the arm she led him off toward the Metro.

Cautious Stubbs lived in a dream that evening, and the vision which he contemplated was not at all colored with psychology. Clarisse gave him every possible assistance in his purported observations, but had she known it, his every power was actively engaged in the attempted classification of his own emotions as stimulated by just one other person in the world, and that one Clarisse herself. Perhaps after all she did know this. You never can tell, you know.

Time and the rest of the world meant nothing to Cautious. He had taken off his glasses, feeling that under the circumstances his natural appearance of youth was more becoming than this sign of learning. Even with their assistance, however, it is extremely doubtful whether his vision would have extended over a much wider field. In a haze of pleasure he found himself with her, late in the evening, in one of the cars of the Great Wheel. They were alone as the huge machine swept them up into the sky.

"Look, M. Stubbs. The stars above are coming close, and those below which are in Paris are sinking down, do you see? Down, down, down, while we go up and up, is it not?" cried Clarisse happily to her silent companion. This truly was the climax. It was as if his spirit freed from the world was soaring into a purple starry heaven, while all the world below moved about their little affairs in the glamour of distance.

"Did you notice that there was nobody there when we got in, and no collector for the tickets?" asked Clarisse. "It was strange was it not?" But her companion had noticed nothing except the droop of her lashes and those bewitching dimples. After a little while, however, it did appear strange to him that the lights of the city below were no longer receding. They had stopped in the same place for at least ten minutes. The time went on. Clarisse noticed it too. "Something must have gone wrong," she said. Then suddenly clutching his arm she asked what the time was. He pulled out his watch and showed it to her. She gave a little scream. The lights in the car went out.

Toward the cold gray hour before dawn the professor could not persuade himself to feel sorry that they had entered the Wheel after

closing time, and were spending the night together hanging between the earth and heaven. The probable consequences tomorrow did not strike him. He only knew that Clarisse's head was resting on his shoulder and that he had wrapped his coat around her to protect her from the cold. She was sleeping now, peacefully like a little child. His breath as he leaned over waved little stray wisps of hair around her forehead. He bent closer and kissed her. She smiled in her sleep but did not waken.

It was eleven o'clock the next morning. Professor Stubbs sat in a first-class compartment of a train for the Châtelet, holding the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* in his hands. He had just taken Clarisse home and was now bound for his hotel, and engaged in deliberation as to the necessity of telling the whole affair to the party who should have returned the night before.

He was saved the decision. There, before his eyes in this late edition of the paper, he read a humorous news item which stated that a Professor Stubbs, of Wichita, Kansas, had inadvertently spent the night with a notable dancer in the Great Wheel. There was an implied query after the "inadvertently." The mention of his home town called him back to earth with a painful shock. He really could not face the party. To make it worse, just at this moment his eyes caught a late classified advertisement, over which the signature of the anxious Mr. Blodge, sought information as to his whereabouts.

He left the train at the next station in a mood of blank despair. He could never meet his friends again or return to the college after this scandal. What could he live on in the future then? True, he could continue to write for certain learned magazines—perhaps. . . . This train of thought was interrupted by the realization that he stood before a café. He sat at one of the little tables and intrepidly ordered vermouth, which he had heard was strong enough to drown any grief or misfortune. He drank it with a repulsion which was the less noticeable owing to his powerful emotions. He called for another glass, and then with legs trembling beneath him and a wave of confidence and affability sweeping through his mind, moved off unsteadily in the direction of the river bank.

By the time he arrived on the quai, joy had given place to the extreme gloom of intoxication. He sat down while tears slowly rolled down his cheeks. It was unbearable, this trick that fate had played upon him. His life was ruined, that was all there was to it. Home was far off; friends were lost. What was there to live for? He would be brave. He would end it all.

Rising feebly, with the aid of a tree trunk as a support, he advanced

to the parapet and succeeded in toppling ignominiously over it.

"Yes," said the nurse, "he was picked up lying in a barge of soft coal into which he had fallen from the quai while drunk."

"We are sure he is in good care," said Mr. Blodge, "we will have his trunk sent round this evening. My daughter would like to leave this little package which is of some value."

Soon after the departure of these visitors, the patient woke from a refreshing sleep to marvel at his surroundings and at the pain in his side and leg on attempting to rise to a sitting posture. His gaze centered on one thing, however, and that was the face of Clarisse bending over him with a smile. Remembering his condition of the day before a wave of shame brought a flush to his cheeks.

"Now rest comfortably, mon ami," said Clarisse, "and do not worry one little bit. Your friends have left for Nice, but I am here and I understand all about it. . . . Do you know you are so like your brother, lying there in bed, Cautious."

"Clarisse, do you think I could take his place?" asked the patient intrepidly. "Do you think you could forget my bad points, and grow to like me as you did Milo?"

"It is good to humor a patient, is it not?" said the one-time nurse, smiling.

"Do you mean that you will?" he asked timidly with the sudden access of courage failing.

She smiled, but did not reply.

Presently, and apparently for lack of a better topic, she said: "There is a ring here that a certain Mr. Blodge left for you. He said it is something that you left at the hotel."

Mr. Stubbs took it and the hand that passed it to him at the same time. Gaining confidence from the fact that the latter remained passive in his grasp, he slipped the ring upon it.

"I can't sit up," he said smiling, "so would you mind bending down please?"

"That reminds me of the Great Wheel," he said, kissing her.

"Then my dream up there in the sky was true," she replied.

*Donald Messenger, G. S.*

## Irishmen

TWO men dressed in gray tweeds and caps were wheeling their bicycles up a long stony grade. Both were rather short and built like Irishmen. They were Irishmen. One wore a long brown beard that covered most of his necktie and the other only a well-shaped mustache which was beginning to turn gray.

"Let us stop and breathe a minute, Æ," said he of the mustache.

"Yes, a minute won't matter much, but we cannot be too slow if we are to reach Cylochan before sun-down."

"No; that we can't! How bad these Irish roads are! Did you know they were like this up here?"

"I've been over this road many times and it is always like this. The last time I came over it was a year ago, about this time in the autumn, and it was just as it is now. I do not suppose there has ever been any other bicycle but mine over it until now."

"Nothing but carts, and oxen, and heavy boots," murmured the other.

They started trudging along again, walking in comfortable silence for a while.

"Æ, have you ever thought what a country blessed and cursed by God this is? The land under our feet is rich and more beautiful than any other. We love it, you and I, but the sadness of the people—can it never stop? Answer me, Æ, you know the land and the country better than I."

"My dear George, you magnify the sadness of the people. They are as happy as the peasants of any country, and we are helping them every day to better themselves; new creameries and lace factories are being put up and started."

"Yes, and new churches everywhere."

"They are a very pious people. Would you have them cramped in their religion? An Irishman without his church is like a boat without a steersman. It is their church and the priests that keep them from complaining. Have you ever heard them complain?"

"They don't complain; they leave."

"But they don't all leave, and those who stay are more happy than those who go to America."

"How do you know they are?"

"I have talked to some who came back to visit the old folks again. The hardness of America makes them unhappy. They have more money, but that is all. Their friends are not like the old friends back home,



and they have no time to enjoy living. Neighbors don't talk over their gates, for they have no gates to talk over; they live in tenements or rows of blank-faced houses. You have seen them yourself, George."

"Why do those who come back to visit never stay? They always go back to America."

Silent again, they walked on, wheeling their bicycles. Neither knew the answer to the question. The subject had verged on sadness.

"We shall be in plenty of time," said Æ.

"If I don't get tired out before we get there. Isn't there somewhere that we can leave our wheels?"

"Yes, about half a mile ahead we shall leave them at a cottage at the foot of the last steep climb."

For half a mile more the two men walked without exchanging words. When they came to the cottage an old woman told them to put their bicycles in the kitchen while she fetched them a fresh pail of water. They drank a dipperful each, and started up the steep slope. It was not a long climb.

"Perhaps we shall see Etain dive into the cool water," said George, his voice almost in a tremble of eagerness.

"Perhaps."

Each man was busy with his own thoughts. They were conscious of each other without communicating at all. They expected something momentous to take place, evidently, for neither slackened his pace, although they were very tired and the grade was steep. On top of the hill lay a little lake; its waters were bright blue in the still rays of the afternoon sun. The two men threw themselves on the edge and rested their elbows on the ground with their feet stretched out behind them.

Neither spoke, but their eyes glistened and they had the expression on their faces of men who were listening to a beloved piece of music that they knew by heart. After a long while Æ began to murmur verses under his breath. The other moved over to hear them. They were fragments of Wordsworth, Keats, and "The Cloud," and they poured from his mouth with scarcely a pause.

Suddenly he stopped. Both men looked intently into the lake a little way from shore. George clutched his companion's sleeve.

Until the last rays of the sun had died away they lay there on the edge of the lake in silence, then they arose and started back down the hill.

"Sing one of your own, Æ," said George.

A moment of silence, then——

*"Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,  
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:  
There where the ether like a diamond glows  
Its petals fade away.*

*"A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;  
Sparkle the delicate dew, the distant snows;  
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere  
The breath of Beauty blows.*

*"I saw how all the trembling ages past  
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,  
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last  
And knows herself in death."*

The friends walked on down the hill. It was almost dark when they reached the cottage where they had left their bicycles. The old woman gave them each a mug of buttermilk to drink before they started back. As they stood in the twilight before the cottage door, each with his mug of buttermilk in his hand, George broke the spell of silence.

"Did you see her arm flash in the blue water?" he said.

"Aye, and her golden hair floating behind," answered Æ.

"Æ, I shall never forget this day with you."

*Ames Johnston, '25.*

## Rondeau

*The poets sing in measures set  
A dainty Norman chansonette  
In praise of all the buds of May,  
Or in a graceful roundelay  
Of hyacinths and mignonette.*

*While other men repine and fret,  
And hope tomorrow will forget  
The sordid leavings of today,  
The poets sing.*

*But you and I are young, Toinette,  
We have no time for vain regret,  
We will be always bright and gay,  
No matter what the world may say,  
What care have we for them? So let  
The poets sing.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

## *Battle of Chotusitz*

*The shrill-voiced bugles sound, as one by one  
The Prussian squadrons' even ranks combine  
And charge, swords waving, where the morning sun  
Shines on the Empress' steady battle line—  
And bare white village spire and huddled roofs.  
Gray dust clouds whirl above them and conceal  
All but the roar of men and pounding hoofs,  
And flash and gleam of fiercely wielded steel.  
The musketry and cannon crash and storm,  
The village burns, the smoke rolls like a sea,  
And Prussian infantry, in perfect form,  
Advance, deploy, advance to victory.  
Thus, one May morning, seven thousand fell,  
And careless Czechs changed masters. Well?*

*C. C. Sellers, '25.*

# Two Dramatic Criticisms

## OEDIPUS REX

(*A Tragedy*)

SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY'S production of the Gilbert Murray translation of Sophocles' masterpiece is a notable contribution to the modern stage, novel in treatment and remarkable in its dignity, sincerity, and particularly for the superb acting of Martin-Harvey himself.

In keeping with the Greek custom, Sir John uses no curtain, but the stage shows the gloomy portals of Oedipus' palace at Thebes, before which two soldiers keep guard. Before the altar is a glow of fire, while to the right and left steps come down the stage apron then over the footlights to the aisles. The stage is appropriately dark and sombre.

The action starts with a mob of citizens rushing down the aisles and climbing up to the soldiers, calling for Oedipus. (We might add that the folds of their Greek costumes made clear to us the necessity for sculpture in its highest development.) The tyrant comes out and with majestic calm explains that he will do all he can to avert the pestilence afflicting his people, and that he has sent his brother, Creon, to the oracle at Delphi to learn the cause. With a flourish of trumpets, Creon and his bodyguard enter from the audience and report that an unclean thing is afflicting Thebes. After trying in vain to learn who it can be, Oedipus curses the guilty person and summons Tiresias, an old blind seer, to help him. The latter refuses aid, but angered by Oedipus' persistent demand for the truth, he cries out that Oedipus, himself, is the unclean thing. Since Oedipus has, as far as he knows, lived a pure life, he accuses Tiresias of treason, and of a plot to place Creon on his throne.

The rest of the play, one of the most carefully constructed dramas in all literature, depicts Oedipus' struggles to discover the facts, and, at the same time, to free himself from the accusation, whose truth is becoming more and more evident momentarily. At last, after vainly clutching at straw after straw, he faces the terrible realization that he has unwittingly killed his father, and married his mother. His wife-mother hangs herself; Oedipus stabs his eyes out, and then stumbles on the stage to kiss his children good-bye and to beg Creon to exile him.

The tragedy, considered the consummation of Greek drama, is the most remorseless portrayal of man's helplessness in the meshes of destiny ever penned. Caught "in the fell clutch of circumstance,"



Oedipus in one day falls from supreme happiness to unutterable misery for no reason whatsoever. The bitter truth of the theme and its perfect handling make the play of absorbing interest. Aside from its intrinsic merits and its historical significance, written 2300 years ago, it is astonishingly fresh. Produced in modern manner, without a chorus, its age would never be suspected. This is due to the fact that not merely is the Athenian drama the source of much of our stage, but it has been the direct inspiration of many recent dramatists. To say nothing of the French classicists, when Ibsen revolutionized the stage, he went directly to the Greeks, and the resemblance of "Ghosts" to "Oedipus Rex" is no coincidence.

Martin-Harvey's work is beyond praise. In the long, and exacting role he expressed vocally and physically all the ever-varying shades of emotion demanded without in the least losing the dignity required by his part. Gifted with a splendid physique, Sir John was a magnificent figure as the favorite of fortune and equally as pathetic as the hopeless, blinded outcast. The rest of the company was also good. The chorus of eleven old men was least satisfactory, and became ever funnier as they bleated after each new woe had befallen.

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## GRAND GUIGNOL

### *(Three Horrific Playlets)*

THE third bill of the Grand Guignol players, direct from Paris, was recently presented by the Selwyns in New York. There were three pieces: "On the Slab," a morgue horror with a laugh at the end by André de Lorde and Georges Montignac; "Alcide Pépie," a farce by Armant Massart and A. Vercourt, both one-act pieces, and "The Crucified," a grim two-act miracle play of Ireland, by A. P. Antoine and Charles Poidioué.

Let us say at the outset that practically all the traditional thrills and shocks of Grand Guignol are lost on Americans who are not very familiar with French, and even many excellent students find it difficult to understand the under-world slang. The Moscow Art Theatre players managed to make themselves fairly comprehensible, but the Guignol program, unlike the Russian one, is very little help, because, although it gives the elements of the plot, it omits the climax. Consequently, the effect is often lost because the hearer doesn't get all the shadows leading up to the climax, a thing most important in a one-act play.

The performance starts with "Sur la Dalle" ("On the Slab"), with a bare setting representing the Paris morgue. An Apache refuses to confess to the murder of a soldier. The warden tries to put him through the "third degree." He arranges to put himself on the slab while the murderer is left alone to fill up on absinthe. After a long monologue, the Apache loses his mind, and screaming his confession, crashes the absinthe bottle on the morgue-keeper's head, turning what might have been a grim episode into a grotesque farce as the keeper rolls off the slab moaning and holding his wounded head.

(We might here remark that André de Lorde, one of the authors of "On the Slab," has written about a hundred similar plays, and is known in France as the *Prince de la Terreur*. Nearly all of his pieces were striking successes and after having triumphed at the Théâtre Antoine, the Odéon, the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, the Gymnase and the Vaudeville, and above all, at the Grand Guignol, of which de Lorde is the official *fournisseur*, have been presented in all parts of the world and translated into many languages.)

"Alcide Pépie" is a farce about a bibulous husband who brings home an exceedingly drunken friend. The man appears to drop dead and there are many complications. The wife, in nightgown and curl papers upbraids her husband because he will have to furnish the funeral. The situation changes when the supposed dead man comes out of his drunken slumber.

This play illustrates very well what confusion the innocent American finds in Grand Guignol. Was the nervous person who first entered after the supposed death of *Alcide* intended to be a doctor? We look in the program and find that there is a doctor mentioned, but this man is horrified at the sight of the body, so that can't be right. However, in the end we find out that he's the only one who could be the physician. In the final piece, "Les Crucifiés" ("The Crucified"), we wanted to know whether *Billy Stone* had really been murdered by the British or some other agency. Then, too, who was the patriot's companion on the night of his death? The action itself doesn't give us any clue.

This last, a two-act play, running about an hour, is the best of the trio. It has two rather impressive scenes, the first where the revolutionists murder and crucify the royalist, and the second where the last of the four murderers is terrified to death by a luminous cross on the door behind which the murdered man has been hidden. This last scene was very powerful, being led up to by much gesturing and vociferation.

Although we, ourselves, enjoyed Grand Guignol very much as a novelty, we think that it will not be a popular success in this country because of the language drawback.

F. C. H., '24.

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# The Haverfordian



January, 1924

Volume XLIII

Number 5





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## On Writing Creative Fiction

THE first broad and general rule for writers who wish to make a name for themselves in fiction, is this—Leave life out of it and trust to your own good sense and imagination to see the thing through. The word “fiction” presupposes unreality pursued to the verge of mendacity, and the beginner should, therefore, understand both the advantages and the limitations of his subject before he sets to work. I do not say that fiction has no point of contact with life, but I do say that life exercises no influence over fiction. In fact, the process is slightly in the opposite direction—fiction, in the shape of a play or a novel or a film drama or a newspaper record of murder trial, exercises a most enormous influence over life. Men model themselves, not on one another, but upon their favorite character in fiction or upon what they have read about Abraham Lincoln, and the more advanced women deliberately dress themselves up to look like the disreputable female characters of popular dime-novels. Let us take a specific instance. Anyone who has lived in the Middle West can tell you that in his novel, *Main Street*, Mr. Sinclair Lewis has gone entirely upon his own imagination. The scenes depicted have, or, at any rate, once had, no counterpart in actual life. But go to Main Street now and note the change. Before Mr. Sinclair Lewis wrote his novel, the ladies were quite content to take Martha Washington and Mary Pickford as their models. Now they are all behaving like the misguided heroine of Mr. Lewis’ imaginative romance. They meet you with a pale smile, and relapse into melancholy silence, and then break out into what the best sellers call “a mad passion of weeping,” and request to be taken away from it all—O my God!—out there. A notable instance of the influence of the work of fiction upon life.

Very well, let us put life out of the question. The next thing to realize is that in fiction (not life) there is nothing new under the sun. There are only thirty-six possible dramatic situations, and twenty seven of those are improper, and the twenty-eight is unamerican. So the beginner need not waste his time about thinking out a brand-new plot, for whatever he may believe himself, it won’t be new when he has found it. Again, let me illustrate. At one time in my life I was anxious to contribute a really good short story to the *Saturday Evening Post*. For weeks I puzzled my brains in an abortive pursuit of a good, startling plot. At last it came to me with a blinding flash whilst I was in my bath. It was the story of a rich millionaire who was converted to virtuous living by falling in love with his father’s hospital nurse. I wrote this story up in two days, and sent it off to the Editor. He telegraphed back, “*Magnificent! Check following by mail!*” Later on, I telegraphed him, “Change hospital-nurse to stenographer.” He replied by telegram,

"*Splendid! But what about death-bed scene? Check following by mail.*" Eventually we met at dinner and he congratulated me on what he called "a fine and novel performance." He was so interested in my central situation that he asked me if I could not work in a minor situation that had once occurred to him as being unexpected—my millionaire-father objected to his son's marriage with a stenographer—could I not make her an heiress in disguise? I could, and did, and the story was finally printed under the caption *Was she right? a thought-stimulating novellette written round an entirely new situation. Read it, you who care for the future of our race.* Would you believe it? A contributor wrote before the week was over and pointed out that both my situations and the editor's had already been utilized in a single story, once in the preceding number of the *Saturday Evening Post* and twice in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. From this extract from my forthcoming autobiography, it will be clear that plot matters very little in fiction. I would not, however, counsel the beginner to steal his plots from other writers. That, by actual experience I have found to lead to constant friction and misunderstanding with jealous publishers and cantankerous editors. Rather, he should let his plot grow upon him gradually, here an incident and there an incident, a page from this author, if he be alive, and a chapter from that author, if he be dead. This mendacious anecdote told by a friend after dinner and that appetizing paragraph from the divorce-and-murder page of his favorite newspaper. And finally, when you have accumulated enough material, card index it and write away as if the resultant plot was entirely your own.

It is sometimes a useful thing to use artificial stimulants as a help towards the concoction of a plot. By artificial stimulants I, of course, do not mean anything so disgraceful as alcoholic beverages or the indiscriminate use of drugs like haschish or cocaine. I am afraid that the psycho-analysts would soon trace the sources of such inspiration in your use of peculiar metaphors and similes. What I really mean is that you should trick yourself by degrees into making up a story by performing certain easy mental gymnastics. For instance, if it is a short story you are after, first choose your magazine. Or, better still, first choose an arresting title—very often it is the title alone that will sell the book. *The Snows of Yesteryear*, to take an example, is not sufficiently stimulating either to the creative artist in search of a plot, or to the general public on its way home from business. It gets you nowhere, and you don't know how to lead up to it, or away from it, and, in any case, your readers will think that it stands for something sentimental. Nor again is a proverbial title like *It's a Long Lane That has No Turning* altogether safe—it makes your novel sound tedious before it has been sampled. Or again, such a title as *The Passion Gelid* is



bad because no one, including yourself, can see what it refers to. Monosyllabic titles, I would say, are perhaps the most stimulating—quite a good realistic drama of squalor and crime could be written round the title of *Muck*, tired business men would willingly buy a novel if it was only called *Oil*, and any magazine-editor in the country would accept for publication, without reading, a short story which answered to the name of *Jazz-Dreams*. Sometimes, a touch of the bizarre gives a pleasing fillip to the jaded fancy—*The Cream-Faced Loon*, or *The Devil's Dam* or *Pig's Eyes*, and yet again the trick may be done by something crudely melodramatic, *The Butler's Revenge* or *Shriek in the Shower-Bath*.

I must leave my young beginner to use his own resources on the compilation of title and pass on to another method of gathering a plot together. Brief and pithy sentences often have latent possibilities in them—"a heavy thud, and then a silence as heavy," "The door slammed, and Ponto howled miserably in the street outside" (Ponto can be a Pekinese dog or an Italian nobleman, according to taste), "'—' he cried in a blind gust of fury and rushed for the trolley-car"—these and similar sentences by themselves only conjure up isolated scenes, but taken together they could furnish forth a whole chapter. Sometimes a little aid from outside sources will crystallize the whole scene for you, and here again let me illustrate. Once while I was contemplating a short story, I was continually haunted by the sentence, "For one minute I (or he) thought my (or his) last hour had come," which somehow I felt I must drag into my story, but how I could not see. Then, one morning my eye fell upon a very learned advertisement for someone's rubber heels for shoes. The advertiser sought by a mathematical calculation to prove that the shock produced to the nervous system by walking a hundred yards down Broadway without rubber heels to your shoes was equivalent in aggregate force to the shock produced by jumping off the Woolworth Tower and landing on your feet. In proof of this assertion, his calculations were illustrated by two striking pictures of the Woolworth Tower. In the first, a well-dressed man in a neat black coat, with a Derby hat on his head and a suitcase in his hand, was depicted as stepping serenely and jauntily off the top of the tower into space, with a bland and benevolent expression on his finely-chiseled features. In the second picture he was shown as he landed a minute later at the bottom of the tower on both feet. His Derby hat is still on his head and his suitcase in his hand, but the expression on his face is changed for one of intense physical and mental anguish.

My readers can see for themselves how this advertisement helped me towards visualizing my sentence, "For one minute he (in this case) thought his last hour had come." Obviously that would be just the sort of whimsical fancy that would flit into a gentleman's head, if he were

so careless as to take a walk into space from the top of the Woolworth Tower, rubber heels or no rubber heels. So there I had a hero, a situation and local color all ready to hand in a single picture and a striking sentence into the bargain with which to strike my climax. And here I would like to go on and show how this single advertisement carried me on further, and eventually contributed to a masterpiece. The fact that this rash gentleman wore a Derby hat and looked so benevolent made me realize that he must be a Senator, and so a Senator perforce became the hero of my tale. The further fact that the advertisement referred to shoes and rubber heels led me to baptize him Senator Shrubber, and then for a moment I was at a loss. But it is just at this point that I must introduce my readers to another chaste principle of creative writing. If, after you have visualized your grand climax, the imagination still refuses to work, why, then sit down and start your story at once, always taking care that you start right in the middle, if possible only a few seconds before your grand climax. In the ensuing paragraphs you can always go back and fill in the preliminaries. But mark this—your opening sentence must be emphatic and startling even to yourself, and it should contain within itself the germs of many complications. In this particular instance, I was unconsciously influenced by the fact that, according to the advertisement, Senator Shrubber was, except for a slight ruffling of the temper, little the worse for his rash conduct. Accordingly I wrote down the title of my story, which I had chosen some months before,

*THE MAN WITH THE TWITCHING NOSE*

and started right away as follows:

*Little did Senator Shrubber think, when he flung himself from the summit of the Woolworth Tower, that he would live to regret the day.*

There! That, as an opening sentence, is a real gem. It opens up all sorts of interesting problems, which have to be answered before you have done with your story. Why, for example, did Senator Shrubber ever come to fling himself off the Woolworth Tower? How did it happen that he was not killed? Why didn't he foresee that his conduct would entail the most unpleasant consequences to himself? and so on and so forth. And furthermore, remember my title. What did the twitching of a man's nose have to do with the breaking of Senator Shrubber's fall? Was it twitching in the Tower when he fell? Did he hit it full in the middle of the twitch when he fell? Or did it only start twitching after he fell? And if so, for what reason? But enough! I have shown my readers how I came by my inspiration. If they wish to know the finished artistic product, I must refer them to the world-famous story of,

*THE MAN WITH THE TWITCHING NOSE.*

J. S.

## A Few Famous Ku-Shih

BY KU-SHIH is meant old Chinese verses in contra-distinction to the Confucian Odes which form one of the Five Classics and which lie outside of the scope of this paper. Probably, the Western World was yet inhabited by sixteen-footed tortoises, toothed birds and various other now extinct creatures when the Chinese poets were singing their verses to the music of the *Kine*. At any rate, some of these verses date back twelve centuries before Orpheus and fifteen before David and Homer.

All Ku-shih are short, most of them being six, eight, or perhaps, ten lines in length with five or seven characters to a line, while many others are merely inscriptions of from six to twenty-four characters. The longest poem in the annals of Chinese poetry is a lyrical ballad written anonymously at the end of the Han Dynasty (206 B. C.-220 A. D.). It has the grand total of one thousand seven hundred and forty-five characters. The next longest poem is Po Chu-i's (772-846 A. D.) "The Everlasting Grief", a narrative poem of five hundred and forty-six characters.

Being very short, the verses reveal nothing of the spiritual depth nor the philosophy of the authors: indeed, one doubts whether generally the Chinese poet is philosophical at all. Neither do they show any sign of the Homeric imagination which has made that name immortal. The Chinese are an extremely matter-of-fact people and their poets prove to be no exceptions. Only in the faculty of reflection do they seem to have excelled as will be readily seen from the following translations.

The early inscriptions, like most of the verses, were written to be sung. Below is one most frequently chanted by the village farmer during the peaceful reign of Yao the Great (2357-2270 B. C.):

*Work begins at sunrise;  
Rest comes at sunset.  
Dig a well for a drink;  
Till the soil for our food.  
What care I for the power of Yao?*

Many of these ancient inscriptions are still in existence today because they are usually engraved on the articles for which they are intended. The following lines can often be found carved and gilted on a girl's hope-chest:

*Raising silk worms: what a task.  
How hard the maiden toils.  
When the new dress is made  
Throw not away the old;  
Lest you be cold.*

In the old days the common people were the judges of the acts of their rulers. The short verse was their most effective method of censorship, or means of commemoration, as the case might be. When Tze Sang first became minister of the state of Sung his innovations called forth the following lines from the people:

*He makes me pawn my clothes;  
He lays waste my farms.  
I am with him  
Who murders Tze Sang.*

Three years later when the farsighted minister's reforms began to produce results, we find a different verse:

*I have children, Tze Sang teaches them;  
I have big farms, Tze Sang cultivates them.  
When Tze Sang dies  
Who would not worship him?*

At all times and in any country poets are found to voice similar sentiments. Twenty centuries before Thomas Gray, a disappointed poet of Han was comforting himself with these lines:

*Behold, the wiry weeds of the wild  
Can well a basket be  
Through the hands of man.  
But the wiry weeds of the wild  
Often lay decayed on the plain  
Without the hands of man.*

Like the flower that was

*" . . . born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"*

this unknown poet could well be called China's "mute inglorious Milton."

Love is seldom, if ever, an inspiration to the Chinese poets. It is something to be cherished at heart and not to be sung about. Hence,



love-poetry addressed by a man to a woman and *vice versa* does not exist. But there are numerous verses and these among the greatest and best known, that are pitched in the key of sentiment. Most verses deal with separation and parting, either of friends or husband and wife, while many others are written to those who are dear but far away.

Of such was Chang Hua of the Chin period (265-419 A. D.). Having passed the imperial examination, he obtained an appointment as magistrate at a place "ten thousand li from home". One sleepless night he penned the following lines:

*A cooling breeze fans my gauze curtain;  
The moon's pale beams penetrate my lonely room;  
With the fair one so far away  
Never my house seems bright.  
Arms folding, I look into the space;  
Lightly clad, I lie on my empty bed.  
Perchance together, how short the night would seem;  
Being alone, I lament the long, long night.  
Burying my head in the pillow, I sigh heavily;  
For within, my heart is hurting.*

Ho Shun of Liang (502-556 A. D.) on parting from his bosom friend writes:

*We have played and grown up together;  
But are now to part company.  
Be not like the waters of Tsu River,  
Forever flowing eastward, never once returning.  
At night, rain may fall on the empty porch;  
Within, the lamp will be burning, in waiting.  
Oh cease, for a moment, our drinking  
And think of our next meeting.*

But not all Ku-shih are sad. Some are of a lighter vein and with not a little wit and humor. Mung Yang of the later Han period, in speaking of the ignoramus, characterizes him as one who:

*Knowing but little, wonders much.  
At sight of a camel,  
Thinks it a hunch-back horse.*

Ridiculing the fortune-teller and the quack doctor, one old verse reads:

*Could mountains and rivers talk  
The fortune-teller will have naught to eat.  
Could our lungs and guts talk  
Turns not the doctor white as sheet?*

Ts'ao Chih was the youngest brother of the first emperor of Wei who was himself a poet of no mean ability. But to be excelled by his youngest brother as a poet was something the emperor could not be reconciled to. So, one bright morning, he suddenly commanded Chih to compose a stanza in front of all the courtiers while walking only seven steps, or, to go to the scaffold. Picking up a brush the gifted youth dashed off his composition and delivered it to his emperor brother as he took the seventh step. The famous stanza runs:

*Beans are cooked by burning the beanstalks,  
And the beans weep in the boiling pot.  
Alas. Are not the stalks and the beans of the same root?  
Why hurry off the little ones so quick and hot?*

Chih is known to all Chinese scholars as "the seven step genius."

Several poetesses also contribute to the richness of Ku-shih. But, unfortunately, almost invariably, the moment which produced such poems as attributed to them was the most tragic moment of their lives. Consequently, we get a great many verses that are full of pathos and tragedy so typical of the lives of the Oriental women.

The Emperor Kung of Sung has a stableman, Wei Fung by name, who had a beautiful wife. Just as King David thought Uriah had no business to possess such a beautiful woman as Bath-Sheba for a wife so Emperor Kung decreed that it was a crime for a stableman to have a beautiful wife. Accordingly Wei was thrown into prison. In the meantime the Emperor had a magnificent pagoda built for the unfortunate Wei's wife. But beautiful as she was, she was different from Bath-Sheba. Before the pagoda was finished she wrote:

*When above South Mountain perches a little bird,  
The huntsman on North Mountain his net spreads.  
Then up flies the bird, soaring into the air;  
What use the net?*

*A pair of sparrows together fly,  
Envyng naught of the phoenix.  
I am but a common woman,  
Caring naught for the Emperor Kung.*

and then hung herself.

Of the Duchess Fong Su of Chi little is known. Having been captured by the army of the Emperor Tu of Chow (1122-249 B. C.), she became special entertainer to the Emperor, the Duchess being an accom-

plished player of the guitar. One day while she was playing a string of the instrument broke. Whereupon she composed impromptu the following lines which effected her immediate release:

*Though I am showered with favors today,  
Still I cling to my love of old.  
Wouldst know how my poor heart languishes,  
Need but look at this broken chord.*

Any collection of Ku-shih contains thousands of such verses as have been translated above. They all deserve a more careful study and a more skillful treatment. Students of oriental literature will find them not only interesting and refreshing but also of great literary value.

*S. H. Chang, '24.*

## *The Death of Pierrot*

*Beneath the moon, a garden fair,  
White roses and pink primevères,  
Pierrette all pink, Pierrot all white.  
The nightingale weeps to the night  
In sad complaint and sobbing prayer.*

*Pierrette the blithe and debonair  
Is dying. Will not Death e'en spare  
One pearl to shine with lustrous light,  
Beneath the moon?*

*Now she is dead; in vain to swear,  
To kiss her eyes, her lips, her hair.  
He whirls away in maddened fright,  
Down by the pool, warm chrysolite.  
Plouf! He is gone to join her. Where?  
Beneath the moon.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

## Morpheomania

THE poets have thrashed out the physical phenomenon of slumber with great thoroughness and exactitude—it belongs to the present culprit neither to summarize their findings nor to invent a lot of new and original ones. Both would be utterly impossible. If either of these two attempts were made the reader would be as Pope says “threatened, not in vain, with sleep.” If the reader feels like taking a snooze before finishing this herd of cogitation, very well; if not, so much the better.

However, credit where credit is due. Coleridge devoted a few lines to the consideration of sleep, which

*is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole; etc.,*

and Wordsworth gave it a sonnet all to itself. Not being a Wordsworthian, we can say no more about it. We would gladly print the sonnet here, but the Editor would want to give it a page to itself, which can't be spared, and there are plenty of places where it can easily be found if anyone is really interested. It begins with something about a flock of sheep.

We always liked that little ditty entitled *Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace*. We have to hand it to Sir Philip for that expression of his, “certain knot of peace.” Only the fear of puny imputations forces us to refrain from wishing aloud that he had tied it outside. However, he calls the Psychic State lots of other names beside that. He calls it “th' indifferent judge,” which, I take it, is intended to be complimentary, because at the end of the sonnet (l. 14) he mentions his best girl by name. It seems she was called *Stella*, but he doesn't tell us her parents' name. Well, anyhow, there are lots of other things that are hard to understand beside this “indifferent judge” piece, so there's no use going into the whole thing.

And please don't think I'm going into the question of Hamlet's sanity merely because I am about to quote his views on something. But the melancholy Dane (expression not my own) *did* say

*To sleep.  
And by a sleep we say to end  
The carache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To sleep, perchance  
To dream—aye, there's the rub.*



Regardless of sleep's ear-soothing qualities, to dream—that *is* the rub. What good sleep we often lose when we are smitten at midnight with the vision of infuriated Orientals whose teeth grin and whose knives flash, who are tattooed with horrid futurist splotches, and are all bent upon the extinction of our own corporations and the lubrication of those knives with our own personal thicker-than-water! And the relief we feel at escape in no way overbalances the enthusiasm of our terror when we wake up and find ourselves grasping the bed-post. Burn some sticks of joss to Morpheus before retiring tonight, and he will be pleased to remove the Orientals from your imagination. Because it is he who is responsible for the morphology of our dreams. The apparent pun is more than an accident, according to Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary, and he ought to know. And then another learned doctor rises up to tell us that our liver is the big factor of determinism, and not the caprice of any miserable heathen Greek myth named Whatever-he is. And so we really don't know what is what until we try by experiment and by the time we have done that, we are too sick to care. And then another well-wisher recommends the works of Messrs. Freud and Jung, and we spend our time wondering what it is that we want to do and can't that makes us bite the pillow in two at night and dream of the unspeakable Turk and the superoriental Hindu flourishing a *dhirk* and menacing us with a *ghun*.

The most naive and touching verse on sleep we have ever seen is by Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, *L'Oreillier d'une Petite Fille*. It embodies all the solemn thoughts of little girls and boys just before they go to sleep, and the little girl is thinking of how lucky she is to have a *douce maman* (*Donne encore un baiser, douce maman! Bonsoir!*) and she makes her "dear little pillow" the symbol of all the luxuries she has that are denied to *Beaucoup, beaucoup d'enfants pauvres et nus, sans mère*. It is a poem that the most hardened candidate for mayor must read with a sigh for the times he has failed to realize his better nature.

The poem we just mentioned, which fortunately is available for those who care to read it in the Oxford Book of French Verse, is one of the few we know devoted to sleep that don't eventually drag in the old time-worn and threadbare (though it would be hardly fair not to add "ever new") subject of love. Almost any poet can get erotic without much invitation, most of them don't wait for any at all. For instance, take Sir Philip that we mentioned a while back. The average poet's apology for going to bed is generally that he may dream of his lady-love. And once the poet instead of being "safely stowed," as Shakespeare so concisely put it, though in a different connection, catches sight of the moon, he's up in no time penning outrageous rhymes to his mistress' eyebrow, and from this it's only too easy a step to her bright eyes,

"like the stars of night," and then we know the poet is completely off. No use jamming on the brakes now, no use tugging the lines, no use shouting *Whoa!* Any attempt at interruption only causes the skinny hands to run through the unshorn hair at faster and more furious rate, while the cold moon pours her indiscriminate light on the black splotched landscape below the window. The verse is fairly streaming from the pencil point (how unromantic is a fountain pen!) and the fool is trying to ruin his eyes by writing by moonlight and his health by wearing nothing but a breezy nightshirt through which the nocturnal chill passes quite unnoticed, while the toes of the Immortal twiddle in mute protest at the stony cold floor. And he rhymes "love" with all the rotten old chestnuts we know by heart, and he apostrophizes Delia, Celia, or Ophelia in the usual impassioned terms, then admits that he is going to bed to sleep, perchance to dream of Her—aye, there's the Dub.

In the morning all this white-hot romance looks pretty rotten, and the Immortal puts it in the W. P. B., *i.e.*, waste paper basket, whence it will be, we hope, completely incinerated.

Besides all these pseudo-serious complications of the heart and liver in going to sleep, there is the downright humorous feature of Pullman cars. We buy our ticket for a ride in the Pullman train in an unwarranted spirit of optimism which often leads us to the further indiscreet economy of an upper under the mistaken impression that we can sleep as well there as downstairs, or *vice versa*, that we won't sleep any better below than above. The present exigencies of finance often tend to make us shortsighted in this respect, and we sacrifice the future good to present expediency, which is a mistake. There is no need to rehearse the many experiences of night travel in Pullmans, it is too well known and too painful to us all. But think of the effect on the uninitiated Man from Mars. What stories he would have to tell at home—the white-coated porter of Erebus and blackest midnight born, emerging from his Stygian cave forlorn, "'mongst horrid. . . shrieks and sights unholy. Oh! what sounds." Inspirational, expirational, the wheeze, the buzz saw, the more modern instance, the trumpeting elephant, the trombone, the soft saxophone, the trap drummer—chaos, cacophony. What stories of the smoking compartment, the baiting place of wit. What indictments of the driver, whose iron horse takes the jumps *à toute vitesse* (idiom No. 27, French A) and without warning changes direction, as inconstant as the veering flaw! What rhapsody of the sweet young thing with whom he changed his lower for her upper! If he is as enthusiastic as he probably would be, it just proves that the experience is unique. It grows tiresome with repetition. What ironic suggestion that they change those black signs to "QUIET—is requested on the part of those who have retired!" What humor to describe the little

ladders to scale the heights of the upper! What infamous little cubby-holes wherein the smallest child cannot move unrestricted, what dearth (or plethora) of covering, what damnably insignificant mirrors! What rude awakening by the dusky, "Seven o'clock, suh. Cah goes out to de yahds in twenty minutes!" With these seemingly apocryphal tales will our Martian entertain his grandchildren in the aeons to come.

Have you ever met one of these supermen who says, when you tell him that he looks a little worn, "*Sleep!* Why I don't have time!" We always are inclined to challenge the statement, being reminded of the Negro preacher (or was it an Irishman?) who put his horse on a hunger strike. The story is a good one, but everybody has heard it. However, the horse eventually demised. These gentlemen who fill you up with this kind of twaddle about not having time to sleep generally don't have time to shave either, and their hair is turning gray. They generally are making lots of money, but don't live to enjoy it. Well, all this is beside the point, which is, don't believe a man when he tells you he doesn't sleep. He probably does, but isn't awake to himself. He is a fit subject for the Skeptics' Club and a fit candidate for the Ananias Association. Ananias is one of the people in the Bible mentioned by Mark Twain, and he seems to have been an undesirable character.

One more point—never try to sleep double. You'll do a lot better to be on the floor in the first place than to be kicked there by your friend, particularly if he has a vicious and athletic nature. If he doesn't actually plant a foot in the small of your back or midriff and shove, he will try moral suasion and pull the bedclothes off you or stick the pillow in your face and you will be forced to go elsewhere. In view of these nocturnal scufflings and games of Tag-you're-It, when Sir Philip calls it the "certain knot of peace," we may say, "Certainly not."

*Howard Comfort, '24.*

## *The Galleon of Dreams*

*From the golden gateway of the dawning  
Freighted with golden hope and shining youth,  
Breasting the waves with joyous expectation,  
Fears and dismays with blazing banners scorning,  
Sails forth the ship of life, strong with Truth.*

*Then under blazing suns of noonday summer  
The banners of rich visions parch and fade,  
And other ships—companions with us sailing  
With cargoes of our friends, like winds are failing,  
And hopes of Eldorado low are laid.*

*Then with the dusk come loneliness and longing;  
The phantom forms of other ships sweep by;  
With distant lights and murmurs on the water;  
While all the mind is filled with wistful thronging  
Bright memories that rise once more to die.*

*At last when evening closes on the future  
When many long-awaited days have died,  
The captain of the vessel waits expectant,  
Hearing again the magic word "Adventure!"  
To see the sunset curtain flung aside.*

*Donald Messenger, G. S.*



## Katherine Mansfield

“. . . but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower; safely.”

SPECTACLES of one color grow dim with use, and literary spectacles of a new color for looking at life, come seldom to an habitual reader, to an old reader almost never. Reading K. M.'s stories is truly to look through glass of a new color. The blasé reader takes up a volume with a feeling that there will be just so many more short stories added to the number already published. When the stories are K. M.'s, there is no such thing. Short stories—yes; but as unorthodox as *Tristram Shandy*, and done with as full proud strokes as a Monet landscape,

K. M. saw life in full bloom and wanted to reproduce her impression of it. She reproduced it in short stories, but they are not stories any more than a Renoir painting is a picture. “Short stories” are convenient things to call them. She disregarded all conventions of the short story with a wisdom that only a free spirit could have had. She felt that to be untrammelled in her word-painting was her first need. Words are a prison enough, without imprisoning the very words themselves! Her strokes are brilliant and clear. There is no mistaking any meaning, yet the utmost of subtlety exists. She flooded every canvas with color, and her own way of writing is the background which vivifies her characters; her writing is in tune with each character—each story is a fugue.

She is not realistic—at least not in the Zola-Moore sense. She has some of it, but her touch had lightness and deftness and she avoided the deep, broad strokes of heavy color that they use.

Her dark coat fell open and her white throat—all her soft young body in the blue dress—was like a flower that is just emerging from its dark bud.

Her people are real ones. She saw them and wrote of them. The compositor of *Prelude* took the copy home one day. He told K. M. that upon reading it his wife had cried: “But these kids are real!” They are. She kept her eyes open and drank in greedily every fragment of life that came to her. She saw things through her own spectacles—spectacles that she often cleaned. She knew a thing or two. She had seen people do foolish and wise things. They did not matter to her, so she made a note of them. If she heard a particle of life, she rejoiced and it became a part of her consciousness.

She knew when her impression was made and when to stop. Her

style is like a vase of tinted glass—crystalline and pure, but colorful. It grew. Her early stories are somewhat clumsy and show too much of Chekhov; but she wrote, and wrote untiringly. In nine years there emerged a flower which she called *Bliss*, and not ill-named either. In it were those stories which she loved and which are “nothing that is not simple, open.”

She was not afraid. What was there to be afraid of? She wrote for any one who would take her thoughts, but for the man who did not like them she cared not one whit. Conventions were nothing to her—nothing but expression mattered. She was the custodian of a truth, and it had to be expressed. She said to herself, “You are—fulfilled in your own being, in being alive, in loving, in aspiring toward a greater sense of life and a deeper loving.” She was interested in the truth and not in appearances. She realized, of course, what an amount of tommyrot everyone talks most of the time, but she was not paying any attention to that. The best thing to do was to watch eagerly for some hint of the real. There was reality for her in the dullest unreality:

But why didn't I listen to the old Principal, who lectured on Bible History twice a week instead of staring at his face that was very round, a dark red color with a kind of bloom on it and covered all over with little red veins with endless tiny tributaries that ran even up his forehead and were lost in his bushy white hair. . . . They told us he was a very learned man, but I could not help seeing him in a double-breasted frock-coat, a large pseudo-clerical pith helmet, a large white handkerchief falling over the back of his neck, standing and pointing out with an umbrella a probable site of a probable encampment of some wandering tribe, to his wife. As he lectured I used to sit, building his house—and so on.

Beginnings; there are always a great many things to be said about them. Some cut-and-dried person will probably bring forth some day a learned thesis on the subject, and for some time afterwards beginnings will always taste bad; but until then we can love our beginnings. “To begin my life with the beginning of my life. . .” as David said. The timid, pretty Esther Waters standing on the platform and watching the receding train. Old man Shandy forgetting to wind the clock. “Sailor-men are not good 'ands at saving money as a rule, said the night-watchman as he wistfully toyed with a bad shilling on his watch-chain.” “Marley was dead, to begin with.”

Beginnings are very important—as important as endings. There is a magic about them that enthralls a reader. K. M.'s magic is the magic of a phrase, of a flash of moonlight, of a name, of a flower, of a sensuousity.

But then quite suddenly, at the bottom of the page, written in green ink, I fell on to that stupid, stale little phrase: "Je ne-parle pas français."

That is the way to hit the keynote of a story. A phrase—but when the story is read the phrase will never be stale or stupid again. There is even magic in the lighting of the gas, when K. M.'s spectacles are on.

The waiter has touched a spill at the red stove and lighted a bubble of gas under a spreading shade.

Only a magic word or two.

The clock struck six merry little pings and the fire made a soft flutter.

The dreams and imaginings of idle moments, snugly happy in the corner a soft, pink-flowered sofa. Refreshing as the breath of cold air on a balcony outside of a ballroom.

Woman—the very essence of her magic is Woman. She wrote of women because she knew them and understood. Their follies and pretensions were open to her because she was one of them. She was not afraid to expose them, but she did not always expose their follies; for when she painted their beauties, it was with a proud hand, even though it was a true one. No one had ever written sympathetically of true Women, until Katherine Mansfield did. She was, above all that can be said of her, a woman. After reading the first paragraph of any one of her stories, there is no mistaking that it was written by a woman. The fragrant essence of her sex flowed from her pen. *Bliss*, the story, is womanly above all:

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply.

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply.

At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood perfect as though becalmed against the jade-green sky.

. . . that Pearl Fulton, stirring the beautiful red soup in the grey plate. . . .

The pear tree. It would be silver now, in the light of poor dear Eddie's moon. . . .

"I must laugh or die."

And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed—almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon.

From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying abruptly: "Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up," Bertha realized that she not only bored him; he really disliked her.

And she saw. . . Harry with Miss Fulton's coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her head bent. He tossed the coat away. . . .

Your lovely pear tree—pear tree—pear tree!

Bertha simply ran over to the long windows.

"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried.

But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still.

This story, *Prelude*, *Der Luft Bad*, *The Doll's House*, *The Garden Party*, and *A Cup of Tea*, are pictures, of women, that are not easily forgotten. They are penetrating impressions of actual people. She has succeeded in these stories and in a few others, in doing what women seldom can do: in writing subjectively.

She is the first womanly writer that has appeared. She saw Woman, and not the man's idea of Woman. Jane Austen, George Eliot, Selma Lagerlöf, all saw Woman clearly and depicted her truly, but none of them interpreted her. Katherine Mansfield interpreted. It is not hard to see that she was an understanding and passionate woman. When each of her lovers (and there are many) learned of her death he felt a vacancy and a sorrow. Some one who saw Life truly and brightly left filled with it, but she left pieces of it behind. Her touch was the loving caress of a tender woman. She depicted, interpreted, reproduced the life of her mind and its subtlety. She was never afraid of the flames and never burnt.

Artists are rare. Katherine Mansfield was an artist.

Ames Johnston, '25.

*In a German Pension*—London. Stephen Swift & Co. 1911.

*Bliss*—Knopf. 1920.

*The Garden Party*—Knopf. 1922.

*The Doves' Nest*—(Posthumous) London, Constable. 1923.

Fragments in *Adelphi*, edited by John Middleton Murry.



## Fräulein Grete

I FIRST made the acquaintance of Fräulein Grete several years ago, when I foolishly spent a year in the small town of N——, in southern Bavaria, attracted by the extraordinary natural surroundings of the village, and the fact that the famous Castle of N—— was nearby. When I arrived in the village, on an uncomfortable wagon drawn by two sophisticated oxen, I forthwith went to the typically Bavarian dwelling which had been recommended to me by some friends in Munich. The wrinkled old *Hausherr* was in the field, so his agreeably fat spouse led me up to the room which I was to occupy. It was rather plain in every aspect except that of the wall paper; it had one distinct advantage however—my door led out onto a small, though convenient *balkon*, which overlooked what ever pretensions to a “front yard” my new home could put up.

The servants’ quarters were on the same floor as mine; as a matter of fact, the small dark room opposite mine was occupied by one of the female helpers. This was one whom the household, to my surprise, always called Fräulein Grete—never just Grete. A considerable element of pity had probably entered into her being hired here, judging from some rumors which I was unable to corroborate; and as her household duties were rather vague and undefined, she was able to get away without doing a considerable amount of work. As far as personal appearance went, she would hardly have stood exacting scrutiny—her features were rather coarse, though sympathetic, and a large burn disfigured her entire left cheek, caused, it seemed, by the carelessness of an older sister who had dropped her on a stove going full blast, during her infancy. Partly for this reason, she never attracted suitors. This, strangely enough, isolated her somewhat from the rest of the female division of the household force, whose one chief topic of conversation seemed to be the choicer features and the unrivaled devotion of their suitors. Our fräulein was always somewhat taciturn on such and similar topics, and the rumor rose that Fräulein Grete actually had no aspirant!

Once as I was reading on my *balkon*, my attention was aroused by the sound of Fräulein Grete’s voice in the garden below. Peering over the edge of the railing, I saw her, to my surprise, sitting on the white garden bench, conversing with a young man. My surprise was lessened when it dawned on me that the topic up for discussion was hardly of an amorous nature—possibly pecuniary. I wasn’t anxious to give the matter further attention, and so I retired into the safer precincts of my room.

Soon the rumor spread that Fräulein Grete actually had a “knabe!” He had been seen with her in the garden. The Fräulein herself welcomed the idea, and her longing for society and friendship neared satisfaction

when she told her colleagues about her Bertl. He was as yet too poor to marry her, but his surpassing ability would soon become productive, and then, of course, he would come and rescue her from the culinary atmosphere she was at present living in.

Once Grete asked me to address several envelopes to her own name. She was sending them along with some letters of hers, it seemed, in order to make sure that a reply would be forthcoming and she wanted a clear handwriting to address them.

In the line of substantial support of her theory, which soon came to be regarded in a sceptical light, Fräulein Grete soon produced a small package of letters; nobody was allowed to see the contents, naturally. I never was fortunate enough to see the letters myself.

Several months after my arrival, Fräulein Grete fell sick with a disease which remained undiagnosed, but which the kitchen force called anything from lovesickness to dropsy. I was admitted into the sickroom once, where the poor Fräulein lay on a low, narrow wooden bed, a type of bed which it is impossible to find anywhere outside of Bavaria and Tyrol. Her hand lay on a small bundle of letters tied together with a dirty piece of silk ribbon carefully bound into a bow; and as soon as she saw me, she pulled it underneath the thick feather quilt. After this her condition grew steadily worse, and within three weeks Fräulein Grete passed away. Her last request was that several dirty, much-fingered letters be buried with her. And after her death, the rest of the household said what a pity it was that poor Fräulein Grete could never marry her Bertl, who had so faithfully written all those letters to her!

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*

#### RELEASE

*Grimly he shakes the iron bars  
And gropes the oozing walls in vain,  
Nor can the coldly watching stars  
Assuage his pain.*

*Grey granite walls and pallet bed  
His sole estate; the grate his sky.  
In that stark hour he bows his head  
And prays to die.*

*A gust of wind, the sullen door—  
A lifetime barred and years untried  
While rust's corroding fingers wore—  
Slow opened wide!*

*John Reich, '24.*

## Lafcadio Hearn: Colorist and Psychologist

INVIOABLE is the racial barrier between Occident and Orient, and to but few has been given the power to transcend it. One of these few was Lafcadio Hearn—a man so sensitive and melancholy in temperament, and so independent and reactionary in his views toward life and religion that he was destined to be unhappy in America and to find in the Orient the materialization of his ideal; for his was an ideal of perfect beauty and his a receptiveness to true beauty unusual in Occidental man. And this ideal, to which he clung through physical suffering and poverty, he was not to attain till he had seen the little gardens of Japan, had smelt the fragrance of the cherry trees and of the burning incense in the shrines of Buddha, and had raised his eyes to the “inverted, half-open fan,” Fuji-no-jama.

From Japan and from the Japanese, Hearn derived his almost unrivaled power and delicacy as a colorist. Mr. Mortimer Menpes tells of a visit to the great Danjur; instead of an entire gallery, the visitor saw but one superb *kakemono*—one painting in which the artist had tried to suggest the full scope of his art. This is typical of the suggestiveness of restraint which the Japanese embody in the serious and exact study which they make of art. Just so, Hearn’s chief charm lies in leaving to the mind the thrilling of a something unsaid—his descriptions are delicately incomplete. “Like the single stroke of a bell,” he explains, “the perfect poem should set murmuring and undulating in the mind of the hearer many a ghostly aftertone of long duration.” His artistic instrument is the power of suggestion through perfect restraint. And so, in his “word-paintings” he was able to gather echoes as wide-reaching as love, and as deep as the grave. Here is one, translated from Japanese folklore—

*Lo, on the topmost pine, a solitary cicada  
Vainly attempts to clasp one last red beam of sun.*

Hearn’s descriptions are not descriptions—they are explanations, interpretations in terms which his Japanese fastidiousness chooses. It is because of this that he is able to portray sensations and emotions in such a way as to almost reproduce them in the mind of the reader.

“Did you ever,” he inquires in one of his *Fantastics*, “did you ever lay your hand upon a pillow covered with the living supple silk of a woman’s hair? Well, the intoxicating odor of that hair is something not to be forgotten: if we might try to imagine what the ambrosial odors of Paradise are, we dare not compare them to anything else—the odor of youth in its pliancy, flexibility, rounded softness, delicious cool

ness, dove-daintiness, delightful plasticity—all that suggests slenderness graceful as a Venetian wine glass, and suppleness as downy-soft as the neck of swans."

At other times he describes the more material; here he succeeds only insofar as his words impress one with their expressionistic beauty—the picture is lacking, and only a confused and intoxicated vision results; but then perhaps this is what he aimed at. In this short description from *The Soul of the Great Bell*, coloring combines with a skillful use of metaphor to produce a typically effective though ineffectual impression—

And the muttering deepened into a roar, like the roar of typhoons approaching, and the blood-red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion was transmuted into a radiant glow of gold, and the gold whitened blindingly, like the silver face of a full-moon.

These few words hint at one phase of Hearn's sensitivity, his susceptibility to color. When he was on the sea near New Orleans, it was the blue of the Gulf-stream that absorbed his attention; when he was in a Japanese garden, it was the pink of the cherry-blossoms. But always it was the color of an object that first attracted him, and always it was the color which he first thought of in his "material" descriptions. In *A Red Sunset*, he devotes ten pages to explaining the significant and psychological emotions underlying the sight. He begins this way—

The most stupendous apparition of red that I ever saw was a tropical sunset in a cloudless sky—a sunset such as can be witnessed only during exceptional conditions of atmosphere. It began with a flaming of orange from horizon to zenith; and this quickly deepened to a fervid vermilion, through which the crimson disk glared like the cinder of a burnt-out star. Sea, peak and palm caught the infernal glow; and I became conscious of a vague, strange horror within myself—a sense of distress like that which precedes a nightmare. I could not then explain the feeling—I only knew that the color had aroused it.

To the aesthetic grace of Japanese art, and color, Hearn adds a touch of swift exotic poignancy—India's faith. But with the essence of Hindu Philosophy—the endlessness, the ceaseless change of existence, and the dissolution of personality in the meaningless flux and reflux of eternity—with this he interfuses western scientism, and produces his psychology. For as Spinoza was a man "drunk with God," as has been aptly said, Hearn was a man drunk with Spencerian evolution. But he turned Spencer's speculative philosophy into a kind of mysticism, which to him became a religion. This psychology of his he does not treat anywhere systematically; it is only by gleaning scattered passages that one is able to arrive at it.

It is a matter of surprise, perhaps lament, that Hearn never became a Buddhist. He made pilgrimages to many shrines, "lived in Buddhist



temples, worshiped astounding Buddhas," and yet hesitated to profess himself a follower of Gautama. On his first day in the Orient, he had gone immediately to a Buddhist temple and made an offering, And a student in the temple asked him:

"Are you a Christian?"

"No." (Quite truthfully.)

"Are you a Buddhist?"

"Not exactly."

"Why do you make offerings then if you do not believe in Buddha?"

"I revere the beauty of his teachings and the faith of those who follow it."

From this faith Hearn collected the beliefs which he made theories. We know, he explained, only the ephemeral sphere of phenomena—the only permanent reality is the great unknowable. This philosophy of half reality, this rather troublesome, though doubtless illuminating mingling of spirit and matter Hearn uses as a foundation on which he bases his interpretation of our more primitive emotions, for example, in speaking of music, he says:

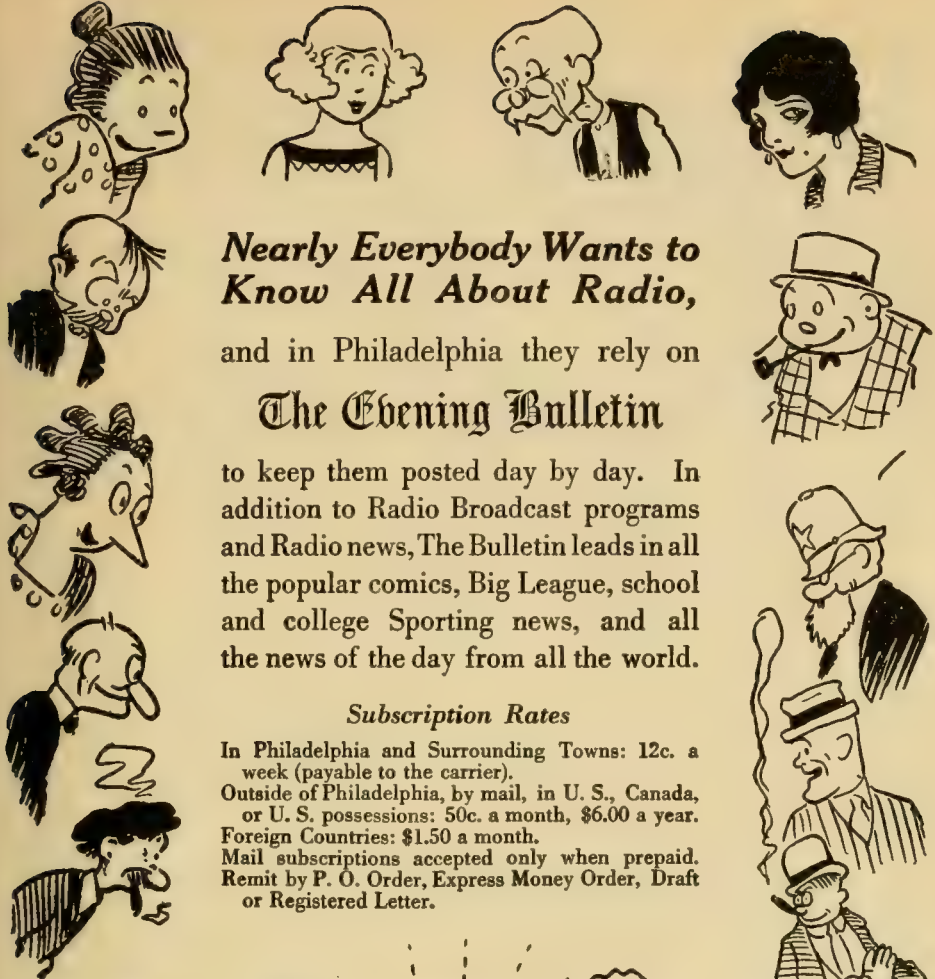
He who knows the truth, knows that to every billow of harmony, some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasures and pains—forgotten magnanimities, expired exultations answer from out the sea of Death and Birth.

Or take this as an example of his conception of the immeasurable-ness of existence, brought on by a certain sensation:

There came a murmur to his ears; a murmuring of many voices, smothering the utterances of his own, like a tumult of waters. The stars went out before his sight; the heavens darkened their infinities: all things became viewless, became blackness; and the great murmur deepened like the murmur of a rising tide; and the earth seemed to sink from beneath him. His feet no longer touched the ground; a sense of supernatural buoyancy pervaded every fibre of his body; he felt himself floating in obscurity; then sinking softly, slowly, like a feather dropping from the pinnacle of a temple. Was this death?

If one were to select from the enormous bulk of his work the best—*Chila*, certain of his Japanese studies, such as *The Romance of The Milky Way*, and *The Dream of Akinosuké*, the weird studies in *Exotics and Retrospectives*, possibly *Kwaidan*, and, as a representative of his works on the Orient, *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, and judge the author according to those, there might be some who would put him in a class with Sir Thomas Browne and Pater. For Hearn portrayed the human spirit "caught in the magic web of necessity," and he did it in a way as express and as exact and as gleaming as the work of a goldsmith, and, after all, this is the problem which romantic literary art faces today.

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*



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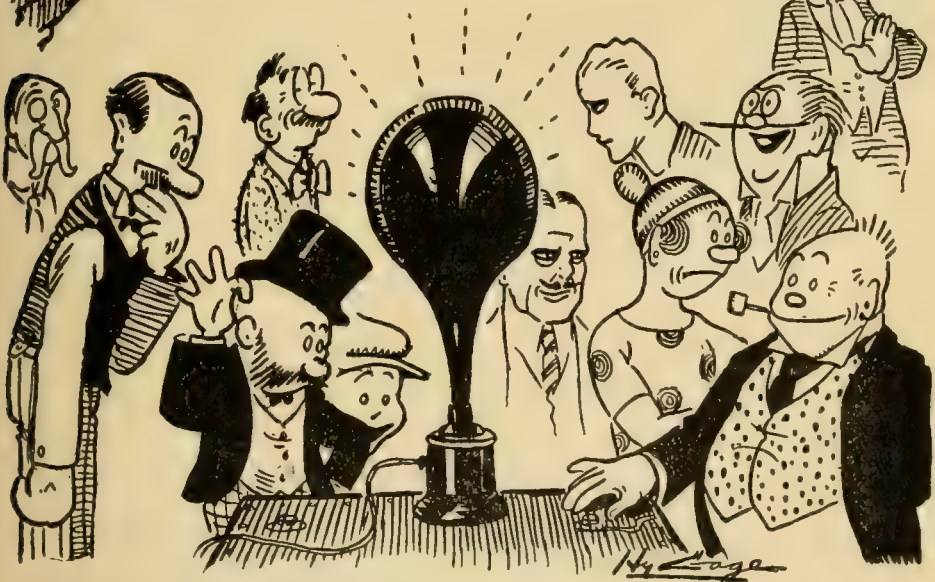
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# The Haverfordian



February, 1924

Volume XLIII

Number 6





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## Saint Romuald, Abbot and Confessor

"Against thee, unclean world, we cry, that thou hast an intolerable crowd of the foolish wise, eloquent as regards thee, mute as to God. Wise are they to do evil; they know not how to do good. For behold almost three *lustra* have passed since the blessed Romualdus, laying aside the burden of flesh, migrated to the heavenly realm, and no one has arisen from these wise people to place upon the page of history even a few of the lessons of that wonderful life."

SO WROTE Peter Damian, that devout and holy man. Enthusiastic hermit that he was, neglecting, avoiding all lighter joys to meet alone his religious hopes and fears, he treasured the inspiration of Romuald, related to him both by blood and the bond of their mutual aspiration, and in his *Vita Romualdi* preserved for others the shining example of "that wonderful life." He wrote, moreover, not only with the love of a fellow-worker, but with the candid insight and knowledge of a contemporary. And he, though forced by the insight of Hildebrand to enter the world with all the dangerous honors of a Cardinal-Bishop, eventually attained to the holy status without canonization, and, with the sanction of Pope Leo XII, became a Doctor of the Church.

In about the year 950, Romuald was born into a prosperous and noble family of Ravenna. He grew to be a healthy, but pious youth, and although the worldly example of his illustrious father had disposed his mind against a religious life, yet, it is said, he would often separate himself from his father's hunting parties in the neighboring forests, and wander alone through the dim solitude in prayer and holy meditation.

It one day fell out that Sergius Onesti, the father, found his ownership to a certain piece of land questioned by a gentleman remotely related to his family. A heated quarrel ensued, and Romuald, peaceful and inoffensive young man, was threatened with disinheritance for his lack of spirit in the matter. As it was, he was compelled to be present when the two claimants met upon the disputed meadow to debate their rights. Two groups of swarthy friends and retainers were gathered upon the field garrulously discussing the event. Soon the rival emerges from his party and loudly called defiance. Sergius Onesti then swore an oath that made the pale young man behind him grasp suddenly the cross upon his breast, shook the black ringlets from his scowling face and strode forward, fixing a sure grip upon his sword hilt. The voiced died, and the crowd gathered silently about the two men, who slowly closed, eyes intent and weapons swinging free, mail and steel caps shimmering in the sunlight, till, in a moment they were all fierce action, swords sweeping, thrusting, with crash and ring and thud—and a shout from the spectators as the unfortunate relation fell spouting blood,

and Sergius Onesti scowled upon the thieves who dared to trespass in his meadow.

His mere presence at this knightly settlement tortured the young saint with a sense of contamination. The yearning for perfection, for escape from the unclean world was strengthening within him. He entered the monastery of Saint Appolinaris at Classis, to do a forty days' penance for his father's sin. Here a young lay brother showed an interest in him and endeavored to persuade him to take orders; but Romuald persistently objected, possibly because the degraded state to which contemporary monastic life had sunk did not harmonize with his program for salvation, perhaps in fear of his father's resentment, or he may, indeed, have wished to live to be lord in his father's title and estates. Unable convincingly to refute the arguments of his friend, he put the matter aside from day to day, until it was at length determined between them that if the blessed Appolinaris himself should on such and such a night sanctify the enterprise by his presence, it should be forthwith carried out.

So the two stayed and watched in the silent monastery church, kneeling close together in the cool, empty darkness of the tall nave. Time passed; and by and by they felt a stir in the air above them. A faint light spread over the high altar; the tall candles burned, and from far away the sound of the heavenly choirs seemed to float through the dim aisles, out of time with their fast-beating hearts. The side alters, too, were lighted, and the bright mosaics sparkled on the walls above the long colonnade, but the high altar was a white blaze of glory; for there stood the blessed martyr himself, robed in his priestly vestments of shimmering green and scarlet and gold, a radiant halo about his soft black hair. In his hand he swung a golden censer, set with flashing jewels, and the blue smoke moved slowly through the dazzling brilliance of the scene. Descending, the vision passed around the church and censed each altar in its turn, and at the high altar faded and vanished, leaving the place in fragrant darkness, while the two young worshippers knelt silently, with the light, the vision and the soft music still moving through their minds.

But in the morning, Romuald still held back. The patient saint was evoked a second time, but with no better event, and it was not until God himself had intervened that the soul of Romuald was convinced.

When he asked permission to enter the novitiate, however, the brethren refused to receive him, for they feared the fires of hell less than the rage of Sergius Onesti. Romuald, who never, then or later, wavered in his purpose, sought and gained the protection of the Archbishop of Ravenna.

Thus installed, he dwelt three years in the monastery at Classis,



all in the strictest observance of the Benedictine rule, with daily mortification of the flesh and almost incessant prayer, spurred forward, no doubt, by the example of his fellow devotees, who, in their laxity of interpretation, irregularity of habits and comfortable living, presented a clear map of the road to hell. He, when he could spare the time, mildly exhorted them to turn to the humble obedience to their vows which he so rigidly practiced before them. As time passed, the distaste of the monks for this exhibition grew to hatred, and they plotted to murder the blessed saint, to fling him from his dormitory window, as he prayed in the darkness of the early morning. He was aware of their design, however, and by the mere power of his prayer, he saved their unquiet souls.

Shortly after, he abandoned these men and went to live with Marinus, a hermit whose cell was in the wilderness near Venice. This was a man of great simplicity, most rigid in his asceticism, and in such a manner he undertook the training of his pupil, first teaching him to read, for this he had been unable to learn under the patronage of Saint Appolinaris. They would roam together on the sunny forest paths, chanting the psalter to one another, or would sit face to face in the dull little cell, while Romuald pored over his book and Marinus, wielding a heavy parchment roll in his right hand, struck him smartly on the head whenever he lagged an instant in his work. One day, unable to endure the pain, the earnest neophyte pleaded humbly, "Master, if you please, strike me next time on the right side of my head, for I am becoming quite deaf in my left ear." Astounded at this marvel of patience and humility, Marinus somewhat relaxed his severity.

In time the two were joined by Duke Peter of Dalmatia and a companion, fleeing to the solitary life. Romuald, now able to read, write and recite the entire psalter, was keeping so far in advance of his companions in every virtue that he came to be the recognized leader of the party, and ruled it with unbending austerity. Instead of their living in a common dwelling, cultivating the same ground, he decreed that each live apart in his own hut, in chanting, prayer and mortification for five days of the week and meet together on Saturday and Sunday only. In this manner they lived fifteen years.

As an instance of the beneficence of Romuald's government, it is related that Duke Peter once approached him with the piteous complaint that he could not possibly subsist on the half-cake of bread which was their daily ration, while on fast days he became too weak to pray, indicating the extended lines of his corpulent frame as testimony of the fact; whereupon Romuald increased his allowance to three-quarters of a cake.

Saint Romuald's biographer describes in another connection the type of corporeal discipline which he and other holy men were wont to employ:

"Likewise it is his regular and unremitting habit, with a rod in each hand every day to beat time upon his naked body, and thus scourge out two psalters. And this even in the slacker season. For in Lent or when he has a penance to perform (and he often undertakes a penance of a hundred years), each day, while he plies himself with rods, he pays off at least three psalters repeating them mentally.

"The penance of a hundred years is performed thus: With us three thousand blows satisfies a year of penance; and the chanting of ten psalms, as has often been tested, admits one thousand blows. Now, clearly, as the Psalter consists of one hundred and fifty psalms, any one computing correctly will see that five years of penance lie in chanting one psalter, with this discipline. Now, whether you take five times twenty or twenty times five you have a hundred. Consequently whoever chants twenty psalters, with this accompanying discipline, may be confident of having performed a hundred years of penance."

A valuable anecdote is related as belonging to this period of Romuald's career. A peasant farmer of the neighborhood who had often assisted the hermits in their agricultural experiments, came one day, loudly bewailing the loss of his cow, stolen by a certain rapacious count. Romuald at once sent a messenger to this arrogant and unscrupulous nobleman to beseech, with all humility, the return of the cow. But the messenger no sooner reached the castle gate, than he was hustled back again with an insolent reply. Meanwhile, my lord sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, consisting almost entirely of cow. The fragrant steam arose from rosy steaks and piles of brown chops, and four fat legs; the nose, daintily garnished and smelling as it had never smelt before; the liver, in all its luscious bulk; the brain, cerebrum and cerebellum, lying in savory state; and many another smoking morsel to delight the senses of the eager aristocrats. The Countess, fat, oily and unintelligent, smacked her greasy lips at the sight of this repast; the sons and daughters, sallow and greedy, drove their knives into the table and held a sullen silence; the wide-eyed infants squirmed impatiently in their chairs; all, from the corners of their eyes, watched father. The Count, his bloated, drunken face frowning with satisfaction, reached hither and yon with his long blade, until his plate was heaped with the very best. Then the others began to help themselves, according to their fighting ability. The Count's mouth was full in an instant; at the first swallow he turned pale, the sweat upon his brow; at the second swallow he rose slowly to his feet, caressing his broad abdomen; at the third, he sank to the floor, and there lay groaning till he died.

Thus Romuald's reputation was greatly enhanced. It is said that he induced Doge Pietro Orseolo of Venice, a great sinner, to enter a monastery in France. For Romuald had visited some of the French

monasteries and had seen the effects of the Cluny reform, which had not then penetrated far into Italy; and he later undertook, as one of his great aims in life, the toil and danger of monachal reform.

He left this hermitage after burying the last of his companions, who had proven unable to withstand the rigors of the holy life. He returned to Classis, where he built a cell for himself in a neighboring swamp. "At length the poisonous air and the stench of the marsh drove him out; and he emerged hairless, with his flesh puffed and swollen, not looking as if he belonged to the *genus homo*; for he was as green as a newt."

He therefore made his abode, with a few disciples, in another fen of a more sanitary nature. Here, though long settled in his chosen life, he was severely annoyed by the tempter. Every night came Satan, knocking at the door of the little hut in the bog.

"Every night for nearly five years," says Peter Damian, "the devil lay on his feet and legs, and weighted them with the likeness of a phantom weight, so that Romuald could scarcely turn on his couch. How often did the devil let loose the raging beasts of the vices! And how often did Romuald put them to flight by his dire threats! Hence if any of the brethren came in the silence, knocking at his door, the soldier of Christ, always ready for battle, taking him for the devil, would threaten and cry out: 'What now, wretch! what is there for thee in the hermitage, outcast of heaven! Back, unclean dog! Vanish, old snake!' He declared that with such words as these he gave battle to malignant spirits; and with the arms of faith would go out and meet the challenge of the foe."

News of his father induced Romuald to leave this place. Sergius was not the man to let his son get to Heaven before him, and had, in his old age, taken orders. The news was to the effect that, missing his horses and dogs and other worldly conveniences, he was on the verge of backsliding. When the son was about to depart, however, the good people of the neighborhood came with a purpose to kill him, upon the hypothesis that a dead saint is of more value than no saint at all. Romuald, scenting their design, merely sat down to a square meal, eating ravenously, and finding him thus engaged, they thought him crazy and returned to their homes, contented.

He found his father, lean and white-haired, with the scars of battle and dissipation upon his sallow face, tipping with the brethren and calling himself a fool. Romuald dragged the venerable apostate from the room, stripped away his gown, fettered him with chains and lashed and flogged him with the utmost filial devotion. Thus, by daily exertions, he soon subjugated the old sinner's fleshly yearnings and "brought his



mind back to a state of salvation. Soon after the old man saw a vision and happily yielded up the ghost."

Romuald's mind was narrow and unchangeable. Unlike many seekers after holiness, his personality was strong and domineering, his confidence in his own judgment complete and his moral code as firm and rigid as his purpose. By his humility and ascetic enormities—and the greater the suffering, the more serene and cheerful his temper—he won respect and power; but once in authority, his invincible personality made him hated by his more lenient associates, and the attempted murder at Classis was not the last of its kind.

By and by he moved to another desert place where he and the disciples who always flocked to him, built a monastery in honor of the Archangel Michael, he living in a cell by himself. It happened, after they had been living here for almost a year, that an admirer sent him a present of about one hundred dollars. This he distributed among certain monks whose monastery had recently burned and among other charities. To the brethren of Saint Michael's this was the last straw. They went in a body to their holy abbot's cell, beat and abused him cruelly and drove him away. All this Romuald endured with the utmost humility and resignation. With a short prayer for their perverted souls, he humbly and sadly crept away. That night they celebrated with a drunken carouse, but the monastery collapsed in the midst of it, and there was an end to them all.

Romuald returned to Classis at the personal request of the blessed martyr Appollinaris. The Emperor Otto III was at that time in Italy, and the abbot of the monastery happening to die, he permitted the monks to choose one for themselves, and their choice fell upon Romuald. But Romuald had had enough of such experience and desired nothing better than to live uncontaminated in his cell in the swamp. It was not until Otto had come in person to this retreat, and, after argument had proven vain, threatened "excommunication and anathema from all the bishops and archbishops and the whole Synod of Council," that Romuald was persuaded. The Emperor and hermit met in consultation on other occasions thereafter, for Otto, in spite of his youth, his political ability and his high ambition to restore the glory of the old Roman Empire, was zealous for the Church and found comfort in eremitical austerities and renunciation; he desired to reform the Church, then under the control of local powers, and build a great theocracy with himself at its head.

Once invested, Romuald brought back an old hermit who had fled from the unhallowed company in the sanctuary, and did all in his power to enforce the rule. As usual, however, his unbending severity and own austere example soon made him hated among the brethren.



Perceiving that they were not minded to accept his conception of truth, he went to Ravenna and there, in the presence of the Emperor and Archbishop, formally dissolved the monastery, as iniquitous and incorrigible.

It is related that at about this time, Crescentius, the political boss of Rome and an opponent of the imperial policy, was obliged to shut himself in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, on the coming of Otto to the city. After a short siege, he was persuaded to come out, on a promise of safety from Thammus, a member of Otto's court. He was then seized and executed. This piece of treachery soon troubled the consciences of the two principals, and they both confessed to Romuald, at whose command Thammus retreated to the wilderness to live in contrite solitude till death, and Otto undertook a severe penance.

On another occasion it is told how a robber was brought to him, taken in the act. "Well but, brethren," said he, "I really do not know what can be done with such a rascal. If we put out his eyes, he won't be able to see; if we cut off his hands, he won't be able to work; or his feet—there will be no more walking for him. Bring him in and give him something to eat while we consider what is to be done with him." Having ministered to all of this soiled and hairy villain's bodily wants, he administered a gently Christian reproof and sent him away in peace.

In 1002, Otto III died. This was no shock to Romuald, who had predicted the event shortly before, when the Emperor, forced to fly from Rome, had rejected his advice to embrace the hermit life. He soon crossed the Adriatic to the Mark of Istria, which is almost opposite Ravenna, and there, as disciples gathered, built a monastery, he living as before, in a cell nearby. Here he suffered from "a great dryness of spirit, which caused him to long and pray earnestly for the gift of holy contrition." And one warm afternoon, while busily doing a psalter, he heard, in his mind, the words: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go, and I will guide thee with Mine Eye." At this he burst into tears of reverence and joy, for all the trouble had passed from him.

After two successful years in Istria, he returned to Italy, but not without working a miracle to find a ship, so anxious was the neighboring bishop to retain this holy man in his diocese. In Italy, he continued his work of reform, founding four new monasteries, wandering as ever, from one region to another. "Whoever hears that this holy man so often changed his habitation," Damian admonishes us, "must not ascribe this to the vice of levity. For the cause of these changes was that wherever he stayed, an almost countless crowd assembled, and when he saw one place filled with converts he very properly would appoint a prior and at once hasten to fill another."

He once set out with a party of monks to assist in the conversion of the Huns, inspired by the martyrdom of the missionary Boniface. But he soon fell ill, and the nearer he approached the borders of Hungary, the worse his malady became; taking this as an expression of the will of God, he returned, and was soon recovered.

Romuald's reputation had spread so far by this time that he was welcomed everywhere in his wanderings. This greatly facilitated the founding of monasteries, for nobles were willing to grant him land and devout spirits to commit themselves to his rule. He was feared and respected by all, save only those stiff and ungovernable men who regarded him as a miraculous relic rather than a guide and teacher. He possessed a faculty for bringing men into a sense of their sins. "Not the Emperor nor any mortal man," said the Marquis of Tuscany, "can put such fear in me as Romuald's look. Before his face I know not what to say, nor how to defend myself or find excuses." And, adds Damian, "of a truth the holy man had this grace from the divine favor, that sinners, and especially the great of this world, quaked in their bowels before him as if before the majesty of God."

As soon as he was again able to walk, he went to his old monastery at Classis, where a false, perjured and simoniacal layman had made himself abbot over a den of wastrels. Romuald, his gray hairs hanging about his pale and ageing countenance, met this wretch in his own hall and boldly exhorted him to leave, but he, supported by his minions, attempted to assassinate his visitor; but Romuald, by the especial grace of Providence, escaped.

He next settled for a while on the Apennines, where disciples quickly gathered and built their huts near his. While they were working here one day, one of the brethren was stricken with a toothache, which increased until he was unable any longer to wield his spade, and staggered away to his cell, squeezing his poor distorted face with both hands and groaning piteously. On the way he encountered Romuald, who, from age and infirmity, was unable to take part in the manual labor. Romuald asked what had induced him to leave his work, and he, with sobs and groans and frequent pauses to hug his swollen jaw, explained. He then opened his mouth for inspection, and the old man after curiously fingering and examining his dental arrangement, advised a simple popular remedy. But the man had gone only a few yards farther on his way, when the pain left him, to his sudden and overwhelming relief. He returned at once to work, shouting aloud the praises of Romuald thaumaturgist, until the others had to take extreme measures to silence him, for they knew the anger of their master, should such laudatory outbursts infringe upon his necessary humility.

Despite his weakness and age, Romuald was soon trudging the

road again, founding monasteries and hermitages, everywhere received with immense enthusiasm. He stopped, for instance, in Styria, to the northward; here, as disciples gathered to him, they built their huts and settled down; but many of them, as so often occurred, became dissatisfied with their condition. There was among them a certain Romanus, to whom the weaker element looked for leadership. Romuald attempted to correct the carnal impurities of this wicked man by means of flogging and horsewhipping, at which he put his aged muscles to much heavy exertion. Yet this vicious ingrate not only refused to change his mode of living, but dared to accuse his master of the same offenses. At this the other disciples, who had manifested their discontent thus far in covert insults and indignities, openly corroborated the accusation of Romanus. "In the meanwhile," says the biographer, "the disciples put a penance on the holy man as if he had been guilty, and deprived him of the right to celebrate the holy mysteries. He willingly accepted this false judgment, and took his penance like a culprit, not presuming to approach the altar for well-nigh six months. At length, as he afterwards told his disciples, he was divinely commanded to celebrate mass. On the next day, when proceeding with the sacrifice, he became rapt in ecstasy, and continued speechless for so long a time that all present marveled. When afterwards asked the reason of his delay, he replied: 'Carried into heaven, I was borne before God; and the divine voice commanded me, that with such intelligence as God had set in me, I should write and commend for use a Commentary on the Psalms. Overcome with terror, I could only respond: "So let it be, so let it be." For this reason the holy man made a Commentary on the whole Psalter; and although its grammar was bad, its sense was sound and clear.'

Romanus afterwards became Bishop of Nocerina, through simony, but had not long to enjoy his ill-got office, for within a year were "his books and bells and the rest of his sacred paraphernalia burned; and in the second year, the divine sentence struck him and he lost both his dignity and his life."

After this, the hermitage became truly sanctified, and there was no more doubting. The brethren walked barefoot, ragged and haggard, living on the most meager allowance of bread and water, engaged in heavy labor and all holy exercises. Some lived walled up in their cells, and among the others, penances were exacted for speaking. Thus was removed one of the greatest causes of discord among the solitary, for the hermit mind is not at home in the inhabited world, and when the soul is so earnestly seeking the consummate love of God, it has no patience with the society of men. Even the peasant yokels in the neighborhood practiced fasting and mortification.

We are told that "one day some disciples asked him, 'Master, of



what age does the soul appear, and in what form is it presented for judgment?' He replied, 'I know a man in Christ, whose soul is brought before God shining like snow, and indeed in human form, with the stature of the perfect time of life.' Asked again who that man might be, he would not speak for indignation. And the disciples talked it over and recognized that he was certainly the man."

Romuald is said to have lived in Styria seven years, not moving from his cell. His hut was overshadowed by a large tree, and this, one day, the brethren saw fit to fell. But as the tree began to crack and tremble beneath their blows, it became evident that it would fall on the master's roof. They therefore loudly begged him to come forth. He, sitting in squalor and rags within, never raised his eyes from his book, but made the sign of the cross towards the tree and bade them proceed. This they did, and the tree swerved widely and fell without harm. "They all, therefore, thunderstruck at so great a miracle, raised their voices to Heaven and gave grateful thanks to God."

Romuald returned to the Apennines, and there he dreamed that he saw a ladder between Heaven and Earth, on which the monks of his monasteries were ascending, vested in white gowns. Here, also, land was given him by a nobleman named Maldoli, in a place called *campo maldoli*. After a monastery had been built, he ordered the habits of all his monks changed to white, and the Order of Camaldoli, thus established, has survived to this day.

Romuald continued this life of restless exertion until death, and died with all his life-long fears at rest and glorious hopes before. In the summer of 1027, he lay in one of his monasteries, near the sea, in the Marches of Ancona, too worn and feeble to rise from his bed. Gradually his weakness grew, until he was able only to move his lips in prayer. Two brothers in white watched by his bedside, and as the chamber darkened and the shaft of warm sunlight that fell through the little window moved slowly upwards on the wall, changing to ruddier and more glorious colors as the sunset deepened, he asked that they leave him alone. They went out, but waited listening near the door, and, in a while, hearing no sound, they brought lights and entered. "There, the blessed soul having been transported to Heaven, they found the holy corpse supine. It lay as a celestial pearl neglected, but hereafter to be placed with honor in the treasury of the King."

In the year 1467 it was arranged that his tomb should be opened and the relics translated to the Church of Saint Blase at Fabri. A worthy assembly was gathered in the monastery church, with great numbers of both clergy and lay, for miracles were expected to occur. Archbishops and Cardinals and Bishops were there, with abbots and



priests and deacons and nice little boys in white—with all the pomp and light and color, all the swinging of censers and glittering sweet-scented vestments and array of golden cross and emblazoned gonfalon that Holy Church could muster. The rich music swelled through the tall nave and a thousand voices rose in song as the stone lid was slowly raised and set upon the floor. And then what exclamations of wonder and joy! What pushing and fighting to get a peep into the sarcophagus! For there lay the holy saint's earthly receptacle, fresh and untainted by four hundred years in a damp tomb, its face with the wrinkles of age, but the same placid expression of joy with which Romuald had taken leave of life. "The countenance," says the reverend and learned Ribadeneira, who relates the incident, "was pale and venerable, and the body arrayed in a hair shirt, over which was a white robe."

The body was laid with all honor in its new resting place, but its rest was short, for not long thereafter a wretched thief pried open the tomb, to steal it. No sooner had he flung it over his shoulder and begun to slink away, however, than it withered and crumbled into dust, lost forever to this sinful world. So that nowadays, it is only in a blessed vision that the faithful seeker may behold the lustrous and celestial countenance of Saint Romuald, Abbot and Confessor.

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25

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## Venezia

*Venice! The glories that the name implies;  
Palazzos which time's hand cannot efface;  
Dungeons of stored-up wealth; canals that trace  
A thread of gold beneath the brilliant eyes  
Of summer suns; banquets where shouts and cries  
Float over goblets; rare age-mellowed lace;  
And bowls of heavy silver that embrace  
A thousand stones of strange and wond'rous dyes.*

*These we call glories; but beneath them lies  
A crumbling mould that works its unseen curse.  
Perhaps those goblets held a poison worse  
Than Borgian rings; perhaps low-muffled cries  
Were heard by those gay guests from deep below.  
Why, City of Lagoons, why were you so?*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

## Fair Exchange

THE little village of Nicholaevna lies in the midst of vast wheat fields of the White Russias, known as the Ukraine. Above the village, on the top of a knob-like hill stands the palace of Pavel Matveyitch. The doors are of dull and ponderous bronze, and the windows have iron gratings across them. The place is surrounded by trees, and a low wall encircles the top of the knoll, like a protecting ring of magic. But the village below has no trees. The houses, lining either side of the road, are small and ugly. Each one has a little closed ground serving as lawn or flower garden between the doorstep and the street. Behind each one is a barn for storing the wheat.

Why, then, did Pavel Matveyitch, leave the golden cities of the North to build a palace in Nicholaevna? He came because of the tulips. The garden on the hilltop was full of them; they grew among the trees, and on the wall, completely surrounding the house, and stretching in long beds all the way down the terraced slopes about the palace. When the spring sun shone over them, they reflected the light all over the houses of Nicholaevna. Pavel Matveyitch came to Nicholaevna only in the spring; every year for about six weeks he came to live with them, and when they died he returned to the far-off city.

But the townsfolk of Nicholaevna never saw Pavel Matveyitch, except when he rode through the town, with a saddle-cloth of silk, and sparkling reins set in gold on his horse. He wore a splendid uniform, with a flaming jewel in his cap. Then the people would say, "Did you see the Rich One today? He was wearing an emerald," or, "He had a ruby in his cap today."

One day, Dmitri Alexandrovitch, the keeper of the inn, was talking to Feodor Peteroff, of Pavel and his tulips. "He has thousands of jewels in the palace up there," said Dmitri Alexandrovitch, "there are diamonds which could buy all the houses in Nicholaevna, and pearls and rubies any one of which is worth all the wheat crop of a year. It is said that he killed a man in the Czar's household only to get a sapphire. What does he do with his jewels? Are they all shut in from sunlight, hidden in iron chests?"

"How should I be able to answer your questions, neighbor Dmitri?" Feodor replied. "We do not know what is in the palace. It must be wonderful to be so rich. How I should like to have just one jewel! Then I should be richer than any man in Nicholaevna, and my little Sonia could go to Kiev and learn to be a lady."

They were joined by half a score of the men of the village, as their conversation continued, each anxious to tell what he thought was in the great palace, and what he would do with a jewel—only one—if he had it.

"When I was a little boy," Feodor was saying, "my father took me

to Odessa, and I saw the ships from all the countries of the world. If I but had one of the Rich One's emeralds now, I would take my good wife, Natalya, to Odessa to see the ships and learn what the world is like."

"And I," said Petrov Ilyitch, "I would not stay in a town like this, where the life is nothing but wheat-fields. I would go to the Crimea and have a cottage with a tulip garden all my own. And when the Czar comes to his winter palace, I would perhaps see him drive along in his carriage."

The dreams grew in number and in vividness, and the villagers did not notice at first when Pavel Matveyitch stepped into the room and stood hidden by the great porcelain stove.

"Ah, but such good fortune never comes. The Rich One does not know how miserable we are. He is only here in the spring, when we work and are happy, and he is happy with his tulips, but he does not see us in the winter. We will never have a jewel to wear in our caps or to barter for a thousand rubles to make us happy forever."

Feodor Peteroff thus decided the question as far as he was concerned, but Pavel Matveyitch had heard, and he quietly stepped out from behind the porcelain stove. "Ah, my good townsmen, what is this I hear? Are you not always happy, as when the tulips bloom? Why is it that you have not spoken to me before? When I come into town, you all bow respectfully, but none gives me a word of greeting. Am I always to remain a foreigner? Will I see nothing but tulips next time I come to Nicholaevna, just as before? Nay, that must not be, for today is the beginning of a new future. You must not teach your children to run away when the coach comes down from the hill yonder. I see you smile in the spring, and how could I know that you were not always happy?"

The Rich One smiled at the poor villagers who were bowing low before him all the while. His hands played with the handle of his riding whip, and from time to time he slapped his gold-spurred heel with it. Dmitri Alexandrovitch at last found his tongue.

"We are your humble slaves, Highness," he stammered. "Your Highness does us more honor than we deserve by condescending to grow Your Highness's tulips in Nicholaevna."

"We all admire Your Highness's rubies and pearls from afar, but we dare not approach the countenance of Your Highness to greet you." Feodor Peteroff, who had once before spoken to His Highness, was still thinking of a journey to Kiev and the luxuries which a jewel would buy.

Pavel Matveyitch laughed. "Come, my children, why do you think of my rubies and pearls? They are nothing but show. See,

your grain is growing beneath the sun of springtime, and all the White Russias are a carpet of green blades. What if the world were only rubies and pearls—how then would we live? You are all little children, and do not know the world. But come, tomorrow I must go back to the city, but before I go, I will give you each a present; then when I come again, perhaps at harvest time, or before the winds of winter have ceased to blow from the eastern hills, I will see how you like my gifts." He laughed again and strode away, mounting his horse outside the door, and galloping away to the palace among the tulips.

The sun set, a flaming yellow ball, over the vast stretches of wheat fields that so completely hemmed in the little town from the outside world. To the vultures, flying high above the towers of the palace on the hill, the landscape seemed like an unending stretch of gold and green brocade, with a tiny cluster of colored beads forming a confused pattern in the middle. The porcelain stove in the inn was quite cold on these warm spring days, and so Dmitri Alexandrovitch moved his great carved stool out into the courtyard, still faintly lighted by rose-tinted wisps of cloud which caught the rays of the sun long after it ceased to shine over the fields. A nightingale was tuning up among the leaves of the purple clematis. There were few guests at the inn in those days, and most of the servants had gone to work in the fields, to return again to the porcelain stove when autumn nights grew cold. Dmitri Alexandrovitch was quite alone this evening; he smoked his pipe and watched the clouds and wondered, as everyone else in Nicholaevna was wondering, what the rich nobleman had meant when he promised a present to all the men of the town.

Suddenly Feodor Peteroff burst into the inn and out again into the courtyard. "See, see," he cried, "is it not magnificent? How it sparkles and glitters! A sapphire, friend Dmitri, a sapphire blue as the sea!"

In truth, he held in his hand a magnificent sapphire, as blue as ever was the sea. Dmitri gazed in astonishment, as Feodor turned it over and over in his hand.

"But you—have you nothing?" he exclaimed. "It is the present of the Rich One in the castle; he has sent his servants with a present for each of us. Have you received nothing?"

"Nothing at all," was all that Dmitri could reply, still overwhelmed at the sight of the jewel, his mind unable at first to grasp the significance of Feodor's words.

"Never fear, there is one for you. But I doubt that it will be as splendid as mine. Was ever anything so beautiful? It is worth a million rubles if it is worth six. But hark, a noise at the door, perhaps it is your present. Come and see quickly." He seized the innkeeper by the



arm and bundled him through the doorway. At the same moment there entered the opposite door Christopher Alenen and his brother, carrying a cross cut from a bloodstone, and a scintillating inset opal, carefully wrapped in a linen cloth, which were displayed before the wondering gaze of the stupefied Dmitri. While he was still admiring them, there was a knock, and the heavy door swung wide to admit four more neighbors, each with a green gem which they had brought to the inn, well knowing that there they would be able to show them to the whole village. They were in no way disappointed, for the next half hour brought everyone, chattering and stuttering and choking in their excitement, eager to display their gifts to their neighbors. Dmitri Alexandrovitch watched the confused hubbub with increasing anxiety. There before him, around him, on all sides, were priceless emeralds and topazes, diamonds and pearls, gems of every color, striking off startling rays of brilliance in the light of the oil lamps suspended from the beams above. Still no gift had arrived for him. Surely he was not forgotten, he kept repeating to himself, perhaps—perhaps a special gift was reserved for him. To this hope he clung, as he sat beside the stove, his half blinded eyes fixed on the door.

There was a knock on the door which silenced the babbling peasants, and made Dmitri's heart skip a beat as he rose to open it. Everyone pressed forward to see what the innkeeper's present was. There entered two of the Rich One's servants, in their gorgeous knee-breeches of velvet, between them a large chest.

"A greeting to Dmitri Alexandrovitch, from Pavel, viscount of Matveyitch, and heir to His Majesty, Ostrans, Duke of Heterinoff. His Highness sends you health and happiness, greater than the riches of all the Russias." And at a word from Dmitri the box was brought in and placed beside the painted stove.

The awestruck peasants made way for them to pass out, and then crowded close to the old innkeeper with eager expectant faces, dying to know what the box contained, consumed with jealousy for fear it was more valuable than their single jewels, and scarcely daring to speak and urge Dmitri to open it. For several minutes there was a stillness almost funereal, while the townsmen alternately gazed at Dmitri and the massive brass-bound box waiting, with its key resting on the lid, to be opened by its new owner.

Finally the irrepressible Feodor Peteroff burst out—"What the devil is wrong with you, friend Dmitri? Don't stand there gaping like a magpie. Open us the chest, that we may see the present which the Rich One has sent you."

Then Dmitri seemed to collect his senses, and pouncing on the key, he opened the chest as rapidly as his quivering fingers allowed. Then

he raised the heavy lid, assisted by Feodor Peteroff. A shuddering gasp echoed to the corners of the room.

"Tulip bulbs!" exclaimed Feodor Peteroff.

"Bulbs!" answered a chorus of astonished voices.

Dmitri Alexandrovitch rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand, as if to stop his throbbing pulse. He was dazed, dumbfounded, and could only repeat after them, "Tulip bulbs, only tulips!"—half questioning, assertive.

Then Feodor laughed, not a friendly laugh, but the roistering laugh of a drunkard, wherein there lingered a sneer, none so well disguised. It was followed by several more, and soon they all laughed.

"A handsome present enough," exclaimed Petroff Ilyitch, whacking the innkeeper's back. "Now you can have a respectable flower-garden in your courtyard when we come to see you wearing our furs and silks."

"Take good care of them friend Dmitri," said another. "They are probably imported from Holland or Denmark, or maybe from the gardens of the Czar himself."

Dmitri Alexandrovitch was always slow of action, and stood looking around helplessly, with a wistful, questioning look that did not at all express his anger. Then Christopher Alenen reached over and picked up one of the bulbs as though he were about to appropriate it, or perhaps to throw it at his brother across the room. Like a flash the hand of Dmitri Alexandrovitch descended on his wrist, the bulb dropped into the box, and with a reeling whirl Dmitri swung out his arm toward the door.

"Be gone, you dogs," he shouted, "who knows that my gift is not worth all yours put together?"

They all laughed louder than ever at this preposterous question, but Dmitri continued to point toward the door, and slowly they all departed, leaving each behind him a taunting remark, which stung the old innkeeper to the depth of his almost broken heart.

Pavel Matveyitch did not return to Nicholaevna until the tulips were again commencing to open in the gardens on the hill top. It was a misty March day when his heavy coach drove in by the road from the North and stopped in front of the inn. The door of the coach was open, and Pavel, swathed in a military cloak, stepped out and walked into the inn. The two servants conversing behind the bar ran at his bidding to fetch Dmitri Alexandrovitch, who came shuffling and bowing to welcome the Rich One. Pavel's first questions were for the wheat crop. "The wheat was bad, this year, Your Excellency," replied Dmitri. "The planting was not sufficient in the spring."

"But when I left, the planting had begun so well! What caused it to slow up? And what of the wheat already planted?"

"Many of the men thought we should not need the wheat this winter, Your Excellency. Some of them left us for the city with the jewels which you gave them, and the others felt they were rich enough not to need the wheat. They thought to live on furs and gold!" and the old innkeeper smiled sardonically. "There were not even enough left to raise the crops which were planted because so many went away. But they are all returning now; some came before the winter began and the rest will return soon."

"But not so fast, friend Alexandrovitch, what does all this mean? Who were these that went away—half the men of the village?"

"Aye, Your Highness, almost half. They went to sell their gems and make their fortunes in the city. The other half remained here, but not to work; only to sell their pearls and emeralds, and then drink the money down their stinking throats!"

The eyes of the innkeeper gleamed coldly and his voice was harsh and vengeful, despite the veil of respect which half hid emotions that made his whole body tremble. Pavel Matveyitch watched him closely, and little by little stirred him up until all the details of the past year came out. His story was incoherent and punctuated with fits of stifled anger and fury.

"They laughed at your tulips, your excellency. *Your tulips*, your beautiful bulbs. But I said nothing. I only thought, 'Laugh today, ye wolves, but tomorrow it is I who will laugh. Tomorrow, you will have the tulips and I the jewels.' And so I let them go their way, and watched my own affairs. The spring was long and wet, the summer long and dry. The wheat never had a chance to grow under the scorching sun, even the little that wasn't washed away. The folk trusted always to the money which their rings and precious stones would bring. So half of them went away, and half of them stayed until the winter. And then they grew cold, and came here for food, and fuel, and wine; but most of all for wine. There was no violence then, only waiting and suspicion, and smouldering hate, for each feared that his neighbor would have more money than himself. But one day I asked payment for my wood and my vodka. 'With what could they pay?' they asked me. How should I know that, Your Excellency? Were they not all rich? I told them to pay in gold, or with their diamonds and sapphires.

"Christopher Alenen promised to bring his opal to me if I would give him wood for the winter, but that night as he came to see me he was stabbed in the back. Then all became terrible. Some of them paid me gold, or their magnificent gems, but more were killed or ran away. All were robbers and all were robbed. But they did not dare to come here with their knives. Who then would give them food and vodka? The winter was only half over, the snow was very deep.

"Soon their money was all spent, and the jewels went with the money, even before the snow had gone. Then the fathers and brothers began to come back—such as dared—and there was no one to feed them. Then it was my turn to laugh. Sometimes the men brought back money, but more often they brought back debts.

"They have the bulbs now. I have given them all to them, on exchange for the jewels, so that I could laugh in my turn. I have planted all of them in their own gardens. Soon they will be blossoming gaily. Will Your Excellency step out and see them? They are all in sight in the gardens along the street."

Pavel Matveyitch slowly went out through the opened door and out into the road. There, lining the street on either side, forming a border to each of the tiny front lawns, were the struggling bulbs, hundreds of them—fair exchange of one present for the others. Had the Rich One not said that it would be worth all the others?

B. B. Warfield, '25.

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## The Lash

*Behold, the author of earth's histories,  
Controller in the councilings of men,  
The unseen force directing sword and pen,  
Insidious weaver of dark destinies.  
What was it built the scowling Pyramids,  
And drove the gruesome galleys of the Moor?  
When wielded in the hands of hate and war  
Man acts according as its power bids.  
Behold, ye weary mortals! This is he  
Whose searing strokes have scarred thy bloody back—  
The minister of Fate who guards the track  
To death, and pities not thine agony.  
The respite of a moment in thy pain  
Is but a pause until he strikes again.*

B. B. Warfield, '25.



## A Modest Proposal

EVERY winter the sporting editors and athletes start thrashing out the outstanding grid contests of the previous fall and rehearsing the great victories of the Big Three. In every club we used to see old men, former star halfbacks and line plungers, the fleet wingmen, the stocky centers of yesteryear, illustrating over their coffee, with two olives, a knife, seven pieces of bread, and a butter dish, exactly how the big game should have been won. We used to, and still do, hear the confidential, "Now we used this one to score off against Princeton in '97. That was before the rules were changed. Our wedge worked like this—" then the play is diagrammed on the table cloth with the knife. And "Old Grad" takes the opportunity of telling the coach on every occasion how that delayed pass of 1908 worked against the University of Nebraska, and how the team plucked victory from defeat in the last three minutes of play with a 90-yard run. Reminiscent editors are likely to do the same, but for the most part they confine themselves to the less apocryphal upsets of the season just closed. The great intercollegiate fall sport is re-lived and re-enacted many times before the following September, and furnishes a welcome *mélange* to the public uninterested in girls' basketball and the vicissitudes of the innumerable "Battling Kids."

But football is by no means restricted to our colleges and universities. Professional teams recognized its possibilities, and we now have many alleged All-American Teams. Other institutions beside the educational are putting teams in the field under the stress of nationwide interest in physical development, and may we not hereby nominate for the consideration of the public the matter of Interpenitentiary competition?

This has many features to recommend it. In these days of so much hypocritical prating of "football ethics" and "athletic scholarships," a penitentiary would, we feel sure, be untroubled by the charge of importing "ringers." The temptation for anyone to accept an athletic scholarship from, say Atlanta, would be relatively slight. It is possible that pressure might be brought to bear upon the corrupt judges of our municipal and federal courts to commit a hardy safe-blower to any given prison, but to our mind such a contingency is not imminent in view of the dignity of the robe. Much more subtle is the temptation of a packed jury of sporting enthusiasts to condemn an athletic-looking fellow whose implication in a crime is doubtful, without, perhaps, sufficient *causa damnationis*. In answer to this objection, which has actually been raised, we understand, by the sports writer of a provincial daily (a Boston *Transcript*), it is only necessary to point out that until we have ladies' Rugby teams the fair members of our legal system are likely to block any such underhanded chicanery of our cheap politicians.

A much more knotty problem than that of undue influencing of players is the question of the eligibility of those already available. It seems hardly fair to the mere speedster to make him stand up against a first degree murderer, even though the latter's intentions may be temporarily quite unimpeachable. The complications of the problem readily present themselves. Should there, for instance, be a "murderers' squad" from each prison competing against other teams of its own class from elsewhere? Or should the "small prison," corresponding perhaps to our colleges where the masculine enrollment is less than five hundred, be permitted to play any member of their body in good standing, while the "University" is required to maintain restricted lines, with a special "arson" team on the analogy of our Freshman teams? Should convicts be permitted to play their first year at all? Should those who have attempted escape be debarred from further participation? Shall an embezzler be permitted to be manager? Shall a futurist painter be allowed to mark out the field? Most important of all, omitting the fascinating question of the color line and America for the Americans, what should be the limit of a man's activity? Should it be age or length of service? A man with a ninety-nine year term is likely to prove at once an asset and an unfair advantage to the fortunate penitentiary. Perhaps some such rule as the Intercollegiate four year rule, though better enforced, would be a satisfactory solution. Or may we modestly put forward the suggestion of a graduated scale whereby petty larceny may have more privileges than for instance grand larceny. Not being legally minded, we can offer no such scale ourselves, but leave it to those better qualified on the *minutiae* of the criminal code. Then too, there would have to be some regulation about the eligibility of a party playing in his second place of residence after having filled his limit elsewhere. A Central Board on the same lines as the Intercollegiate Committee would be of great service if appointed, and these problems, with the necessary legal advice, could be settled by it.

Such a Board would, we feel sure, better have jurisdiction only in the East. The Western Conference could look after its own. It is well known that Chicago yegg-men far surpass the Atlantic Coast variety, making them seem comparative tyros and dilettantes. These La Salle St. bandits require special treatment. The University of Joliet, which is visible from the main line of the C. B. & Q. to Keokuk, Ia., is a *feste burg* over which the deities of the State of Illinois watch day and night. The athletics would tend to become corrupt and rowdy with very little provocation due to the indiscriminate admission of students. On the other hand, the standard of requirements usually demands highly specialized attainment in at least one field of study, which fact must

give us pause in attacking its right to be considered among the Art, or rather technical, schools of the East.

Aside from these pleasantries, there are lots of things to think about seriously in favor of the sport in the spheres referred to. First, the training season is indefinite, and there is no temptation to eat heavy cakes and rich foods. Bread and water mix admirably together, the cost is relatively small, and, as just said, there is no temptation to break training. With lights out at sundown the big team would get the necessary eight hours much more healthfully than taking it in the daytime, as before incarceration. The question of uniforms is easily settled—the traditional black-and-white striped jersey may be made to serve at once as dinner suit and football garb, as it was in the beginning. To distinguish teams, one uniform could easily be black and white, horizontally; the other might be white or black parallel to the ground. The lesser details of equipment, such as steel helmets, may be settled by the Faculty Committee, except that we again suggest with that modesty so characteristic of us, that the Central Board, and particularly the Western Conference, debar brass knuckles and bombs, as tending to give the side exercising them an advantage. However, that is as may be. The Graduate Manager of Athletics, whose College Spirit would probably induce him to act as coach also, would care for the arrangement of schedules. This person must be selected with care so that his discretion may not be influenced by his personal antipathies.

The matter of officials is not to be considered lightly. To ask a law-abiding citizen to officiate at a football game played by the most rabid and dangerous criminals is unfair to the contestants, whose exploits may have attracted the notice of the press and against whom the ordinary man could hardly fail to be prejudiced. Nor is it fair to the official because he would have no opportunity to rectify any errors of eyesight. Such players cannot be expected to give any second chance. Perhaps the best solution is for the wardens of a neutral institution to have the jurisdiction, properly chaperoned, of course, by an armed guard. It would not be a bad idea for them to wear a steel surtout to turn any stray bullets from the cheering section. One thing the officials *must* insist upon, however, is that all signals and rough talk must be in English, with the possible exception of the Florence, Arizona, team, with whom Mexican Spanish or Navajo might be made optional.

Most of the Intercollegiate rules as they now stand would suit, but there are a few that should be changed and a few more to be added. For instance, each prison should have a warden actually on the field, provided he doesn't actually engage in scrimmage. Other changes will readily occur to the thoughtful reader. Razors of course would be prohibited—pity the man who intercepts a pass! Anything more than a



twenty-five-yard run had better be forbidden, lest the wardens think the runner is trying to make a getaway—the penalty for the infraction of this rule to be a shot from the wardens. Judging from the available records of results, a fatality is not likely to ensue. A committee from Congress should be on hand if possible to investigate all casualties, and after their report, with the minority findings, has been rendered, the game may be allowed to proceed, by torchlight if necessary. Otherwise it may be deferred to the following day. The field judge should be a member of the Supreme Court, if he can be prevailed upon to serve. If he be also timekeeper, three minutes before the end of each half he shall warn the referee and both captains by saying several times so as to be distinctly understood, "*Tempus fugit*." The captains shall reply as they see fit, probably in Chaucerian English. Any Slav knows enough to do this. Beside these, other emanations will doubtless be suggested.

Once again making our modesty the excuse for advancing our personal opinions, may we make a few random suggestions to coaches? If murderers *are* eligible, put them on the line. It's easier to get away with dirt on the bottom of the pile than in the backfield, and the Senators won't know the difference. Use a bigamist as a line-bucker. Bootleggers work better in a dry field, and are generally rather shifty and hard to catch. Don't play on a concrete field lined with broken bottles. It does not pay in the long run. Remember that an athlete is always a gentleman, and don't coach your team to play dirty. They probably won't need it anyhow. Remember the old "lockstep formation" used by Center College. It may come in handy, and won't need much rehearsing. To safeguard against unfair introduction of players (by the other side), keep an accurate Bertillon record of all opponents' teams for the last ninety-nine years. Warn your team against disputing the referee's decision. This course carried to its logical extreme will land the disputant in the chair. Use retired bank-runners as ends. Use counterfeiters to carry the ball only occasionally. They don't often get away with it. Don't allow men in practice to become overheated. You never know when you may lose the star triple threat in the argument. Above all, when in doubt, call a cop!

This little article will have failed of its purpose if it has not carried the conviction to the hearts of the sporting public that the interpenitentiary football is from every point of view feasible and to be encouraged. The suggestions made are after all only suggestions, and we should be very sorry if by their adoption the grand old game should lose any prestige in the eyes of those interested in clean manly sport. They are intended only to obviate some of the difficulties that may occur to the average reader who has not thoroughly studied the situation.

*Howard Comfort, '24.*



## Gems

A RISTIDE VILLON joyously twirled the end of his beautifully waxed moustache as he stepped to his place beside the hearth piled high with blazing logs. The November wind was blowing with a chilly whistle outside, but we, having enjoyed an excellent dinner with our merry host in his bachelor apartment, settled ourselves comfortably to hear a long promised story.

"Ah, Messieurs," said he, with that laugh in his voice which always makes us want to chuckle—Aristide is a joy-lover at all times but that evening he was fairly bubbling over with the spirit of happiness—"Ah, Messieurs, you ask for the story which I promised you—and you shall have much more than that. But yes—first the story.

"It was that day when I had just decided to purchase a car. It also happened to be the day when my dear uncle paid me my accustomed allowance." He laughed. "There had been a high fog in the morning but the sun had drawn it away and now a light breeze blew from off the bay and sweetened the odor of petrol and hot asphalt with a salt tang. My nostrils inhaled the aroma," his own gave an aristocratic quiver as he puffed at his cigarette—"but it was the odor of the petrol and not the tang of the sea that made me laugh to myself. As I walked along I gazed in at the handsome automobiles on exhibition in the windows and I admired their fine lines and superb equipment. It is to be feared that when a trick of the light gave me a glimpse of my own reflection in the polished plate-glass, my glance was scarcely less admiring, for, to be frank—for this all bears on the story, gentlemen—I considered that my appearance was as nearly perfect as possible. From the elegant curve of the soft gray hat to the gleam in the polish of the well fitting black shoes with their pearl buttoned spats, I was a gem of the clothiers' art." So he was this evening and that little dark moustache completed the effect which his dancing black eyes gave of almost elfin sprightliness. He continued, "I paused now before one of the windows and my face grew serious—more or less—in thought. The high trill from the traffic *gendarme's* whistle at the next corner seemed to occasion a decision in my mind and I gave my cane a twirl and set out at a rapid pace in the direction from which I had come.

"*Nom d'un chien bleu!*" I said to myself. 'None of them can compare with that *Maddiloyce* I saw yesterday.'

"A couple of blocks down the street there was a very handsome building with some automobiles on exhibition in the great windows—as have most of the establishments on Van Ness Avenue, you know. With a glance at one of the cars to make sure, I entered the building through the beautifully ornamented doors which a uniformed attendant drew back for me. Five or ten well groomed salesmen sprang forward smiling,"

we could imagine the provocative twinkle in Aristide's eye—"and begged to be allowed to serve me. I demanded to see the custom-built *Maddiloyce* which I had looked at the day before. With a bow one of the salesmen led me back to a large, well-lighted room in the center of which stood an object which caused my eyes to take on an admiring gleam. It was a *Maddiloyce*, but with such a body on that mighty chassis as one always imagines but rarely sees." Aristide loves cars and his laughing eyes took on that admiring gleam again. "The long, broad, under-slung body was beautifully finished in a soft blue, and the wheels and trimmings were a dull gold. She had a wonderfully built top that could be either opened or closed, and the upholstery was luxurious. The fittings were in silver and she was completely outfitted in every way—gentlemen, a perfect gem of the auto-builder's art!

"I nodded to the salesman and said I'd try her and then went into the office to arrange the minor details of the purchase—mark that closely, gentlemen. When all was completed, the salesman said that the car was ready and I got in. I shifted the gears and let in the clutch and with a soft whisper the car slid forward."

Just then a motor-horn sounded in the street outside. Aristide smiled—at the coincidence, we thought.

"I made my way out into the traffic and as I went along people turned to stare at the beautiful car. She went perfectly, sliding along with scarcely a sound. At last I reached open country and a clear stretch of road. Softly I stepped on the throttle and the powerful engine made her leap forward with a soft sigh. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour—a wonderful experience, Messieurs!" Aristide paused and his black eyes took on a far-away longing look. He is the devil of a driver and I wouldn't ride with him at such a time for a cool thousand.

"The car's speed was satisfactory," he continued, "and I thought I would try her riding qualities. I slowed down and turned off onto a quiet country road. It was a rough road, also, but I slid along as comfortable as my dear fat old Tony in his morris chair there." He was laughing at me and I could not help smiling sheepishly, although he had struck my sensitive spot. "It was a fine car, gentlemen, a wonderful day, and after a little while a fairly good road; as you can easily imagine, I was singing to myself as I went along:

*"Ah! s'il est dans votre village,  
Une bergère sensible et charmante."*

"It was a long dirt road bordered with rows of eucalyptus trees, running between plowed fields and pastures, with now and then a farm-

house. I hadn't passed a soul for fifteen minutes and I was longing for company—if it were only a barefooted lad whom I could please by giving him a ride—when *nom de nom!* upon rounding a turn I saw a little way ahead a young girl of eighteen or nineteen years. In the short time it took for me to catch her a million thoughts shot through my head. How I wanted to stop and speak to her! She was doubtless pretty and would make delightful company! But my thick head refused to work and I passed her without having thought of any suitable excuse. *Mon Dieu!* what should I do? I felt that I had to stop.

"Suddenly, with a hollow splutter the engine coughed and slowed and the car coasted slowly to a standstill. A glance at the dash told me, fool that I was, that the fuel tank was empty and that, in fact, I had been running on the reserve supply ever since I left town. The odometer showed that I was fifteen miles from the city, and what I would have to do I didn't like to contemplate. It was a warm day to walk and—. Just then I glanced up and saw that the young lady had caught up with me. I accosted her. 'Pardon me, *mademoiselle,*' I said, 'but could you tell me where I could obtain some petrol?'

"'Why, it's rather a long walk but if you will accompany me for about half a mile down the road to our house you can telephone from there.' Her voice was rich and wonderful and she was older than I had thought, very pretty and when she smiled, which was frequently, she became positively beautiful! Her eyes—two stars! and—*sacré nom d'un chien bleu!*—beautiful entirely! By the time we had reached her home we were well acquainted and during the wait for the petrol—a perfect afternoon it was, remember!—and Messieurs, such cake! I leave you to imagine for yourselves." He gave his moustache a twirl and we smiled at his twinkling eyes. It was not a great task to imagine Aristide in such a situation.

"I called there again, gentlemen, as you perhaps have guessed, and a third time—and many times." Aristide's voice grew a little deeper and softer and he did not look at us but into the shadows at the back of the room. "And then one evening we took a drive and we found our way up onto the hills, and we watched the sun go down into the sea. When we returned her hand lay in mine and the gem on her finger glowed in the twilight like a spot of fire—and we were happy for she had promised to be mine forever.

"I have told you this story, *mes chers amis,*"—Aristide's voice took on a joyous lilt and his eyes twinkled as he stood there by the fire—"and now I want to cap it with a fitting climax." He advanced from the hearth and went back into the shadows of the other end of the room. He came back leading by the hand a starry-eyed little woman

whose other hand she extended to us and we were proud to take it as Aristide said with something of a swagger, "Messieurs, permit me to present you to my wife!"

*D. H. Alden, '27.*

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## Salt Sea Air

*I smell the smell of the salt sea air, and it grips with the lure of the deep.  
I would walk on a lonely windswept beach where only the sandcrabs creep,  
And hear the crack and the swish of the surf pierced with the sea-gulls' cry,  
And tramp underfoot the débris of the tide swept up from ships passed by.*

*I would be on a boat with a good full wind and hear the rush of the sea,  
And the click of the blocks and the boom of the sail as the call comes hard-  
a-lee.*

*I can almos' feel the heave of the deck, and the tiller yanks away  
As a puff comes along and knocks her down, and I shield my face from  
the spray.*

*Yet I'd be content with hardly a breeze, and the waves lapping under the  
prow,*

*As she rises up on a long smooth swell and settles down in the bow.  
It is all a part of the ocean life, the life that was meant for me,  
For I smell the smell of the salt sea air and I'm going back to the sea.*

*W. M. Heilman, '24.*



## Book Reviews

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes very great pleasure in welcoming to the Haverford community the new book store which has been opened under the direction of Mr. E. S. McCawley. Haverford has always been fortunate in books, and the college library has long been a very genuine source of satisfaction to the neighborhood as well as to the immediate college community.

At the same time, because the college library is primarily for the purposes of education and research, contemporary literature necessarily has had to take a back place among the shelves. If but on this count alone, the new book store, which is so readily available, should prove of very great value. A wide field of contemporary literature is to be found on its shelves, and its lending library contains the latest and best of the fiction unobtainable on the campus.

Through the courtesy of Mr. McCawley, the HAVERFORDIAN will be able to bring to the attention of its readers books of timely interest which may be obtained from the library of the new store.

\* \* \*

### PARSONS' PLEASURE

*By Christopher Morley, '10*

IT WAS with mingled feelings that we read and re-read Christopher Morley's latest excursion into the realms of poetry; feelings perhaps as mixed as the verse itself, for "Parsons' Pleasure" is a *satura*, a *mélange* of poetry good, bad, and indifferent. There is a threefold division of material, the first of which, "Parsons and Pleasures," contains the real mixture of serious and light; the other two are uniformly light. Despite the title, this section does not deal as a whole with theology, or at any rate with its professional representatives, except in an occasional poem in which the author's credo finds expression. But it most decidedly does deal with the pleasures of life, or perhaps we should say the pleasures of living—that *joie de vivre* which is Mr. Morley's greatest asset, and which, combined with his gentle philosophy of life, makes him, in the words of one commentator, "a modern, or twentieth century Elizabethan."

Two ballades are especially noteworthy, the *Ballade of Librolarceny*, a humorous outcry upon the "bibliopilfering bibliophil" sung to the refrain

*Where are the books that I have lent?*

and the *Ballade of the Lost Refrain* where Morley's love of (and we may say, knack for) coining new words—with reverence we remember his

masterpiece, "kinsprit"—overreaches itself in such a monstrosity as "dolorobiliously."

There is an unbelievably tedious *Memoranda for a Sonnet Sequence* which assailed the ears of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard last June, reprinted here. An idea, neatly expressed in the first sonnet, is worn tenuous and bare in the twelve that follow. We have but scant praise for his religico-philosophic efforts, inspired mainly by reflections upon the city of his labors, among which are *An Altitude at Five P.M.*, *Mediations while Ascending the Park Place Escalator*, and *Of a Vesey Street Curb Orator*. Somehow, he has missed here the delicate feeling that characterized his reaction to New York in his prose masterpiece, *Where the Blue Begins*. Here we have a clash of ideas in a jumble of words, and the effect is discord. Perhaps it comes from living amidst an uproar and feverishness, a jangle and tangle of traffic and people that forms that

———*Earthly Paradox,*

*Our Canaanitish Promissory Land, where strong men, yipping freedom,  
gyve themselves.*

The second division of the book continues the "Translations from the Chinese" but with less success. Perhaps this is a fair sample:

*Yes, the traffic problem is terrible.*

*I find it so in my mind, too.*

*Skipping from the swift shining limousine of an Emotion,*

*I am spattered by the broad tires of a thundering Platitude;*

*Almost nipped by the clangorous ambulance bearing a swooning Certainty*

*I barely escape the rumbling trolley of Doubt.*

*And ever and again,*

*While my timid soul stands dubiously alert*

*The Fire Chief goes chiming up my medulla*

*In his little red racer.*

In the third section which bears the rather formidable title of "Epi-(sodes, grams, taphs)" we have Morley at his best in the light and airy trifles which are the recreation of his Muse. Especially felicitous is his choice of titles which, in a majority of cases, set off or emphasize the point of the epi-sode, -gram, or -taph, with a delicate wit: *Mrs. Dilemma*, née *Malaprop*; *Scotch Mist*; *The Enemy Faints Not Nor Faileth*; *Solvitur Ambulando*. Here is an *Epitaph for Any New Yorker*:

*I, who all my life had hurried,  
 Came to Peter's crowded gate;  
 And, as usual, was worried  
 Fearing that I might be late.  
 So, when I began to jostle  
 (I forgot that I was dead)  
 Patient smiled the old Apostle:  
 "Take your eternity," he said.*

And an *Inscription for a Telephone Booth:*

*Jingle for nickels, twangle twice for dimes,  
 (The caller hearkens in his humid grot)  
 But, oh, the rich and grave cathedral chimes  
 Of quarters tolling in their appointed slot!*

To his *almae matres*, Haverford and Oxford, Christopher Morley extends a truly delightful tribute in his poem, *Parsons' Pleasure*, from which the book takes its name. Though too long to quote, it is pleasant to recognize the full-hearted payment of his debt of inspiration:

*Haverford, Oxford, quietly  
 May make a poet out of me.*

*O Quaker college! every tree,  
 Each slope and hollow of her lawn,  
 How inerasably is drawn  
 Upon my tender memory . . .*

R. T. O.

\* \* \*

## LUMMOX

*By Fannie Hurst*

FOR its author a departure from her accepted field of short stories' for the modern novel a departure from the gilded muddiness which usually attends psychological portraitures, *LummoX* is undoubtedly more than equal to the shorter successes of Fannie Hurst. As a novel, telling a definite story with an expected beginning, middle,

and end, it proves bewildering and even disappointing. As an analysis of human emotions, raw and vibrating beneath the unromantic exterior of an illiterate servant girl, it is supreme.

We read *Lummo*x with a persistent remembrance of George Moore's *Esther Waters*. Here were the same sordid surroundings out of which the girl's personality was to bloom; here was the same temptation bearing upon her with the same result, motherhood. There the comparison fortunately ends. Fannie Hurst takes a bolder, more logical conclusion. Or maybe it is the more modern one. For Bertha, the clumsy-bodied Scandinavian lummo

x of a kitchen maid, there are no hours of alleviating luxury, no opportunity in which to discover for herself her true fineness of character which the author so clearly shows her readers. There is nothing but an endless series of kitchens differing only in degree of domestic commonplace, periodically broken by weary pilgrimages, carpet-bag in hand, from the squalor of Annie Wernberg's rooming house along the river front to the squalor of Raussman's employment agency.

There is a certain exhilaration in reading a story which never conclusively ends. "To live happily ever after" tolls ominously, and smacks of the author's conscious interference. Perhaps Bertha is still mothering the children of Meyerbogen, fat, babyish Meyerbogen; perhaps . . . the river front and the women with dragged skirts.

It is not the glorious success that comes to the son Bertha never knew which makes her life a success out of defeat. It is rather the fact that she never missed the almost unnoticeable mole-hills which were the only peaks in the general flatness of her life.

J. F. R., '24.

\* \* \*

## SMOKE RINGS

By G. B. Stern

THE appropriateness of a title always enhances the appeal of a book, and in this case Miss Stern chose wisely and well. Delicate, fairy smoke rings which hint of familiar old-world nursery tales; pathetic, little smoke rings which one would like to hold and play with were they not so elusive; humorous smoke rings with grotesque figures wreathing themselves in one's imagination; heavy, passionate smoke rings writhing as if tormented; such are the two dozen or more stories that comprise the volume.

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Borgian venom; middle-aged ladies find romance in sleeping cars and Italian villas; little town sparrows lose themselves to advantage in inhospitable countrysides; cynical millionaires; poverty-struck younger sons with rakish tendencies; all, and many other diversely interesting persons, are limned for a fleeting moment in the compass of a cleanly blown ring.

Old tales, Arthurian, Homeric, legendary, reappear under modern guises. Elaine polishes a golden hunting flask for her absent Launcelot and later sends him the pawn ticket. Dick Whittington turns again to London by means of the "owl" train with the knowledge that a ledger desk is softer than a rural roadside. Hugh Leys abandons his imaginary Circe to find Penelope succumbed to the charms of her suitor from the Foreign Office.

It would be difficult to discover the best story of the group. That is for the reader, not for the reviewer. We, nevertheless, might choose the last in which little Dickie Maybury learned to understand the crime of his wife through the crime he himself fortunately failed to accomplish; but that would be unfair to so many others. There is "The Dynamo" for instance.

Suffice it to say that Miss Stern proves herself a born story-teller, with a most unfeminine appreciation for a well-turned ankle and a pair of large grey eyes. Perhaps it is not a fault that several stories repeat themselves in their plots. Who knows but what the author, who knows a dramatic situation when she discovers it, realized all the time that a good thing cannot be too often repeated?

*J. F. R., '24.*

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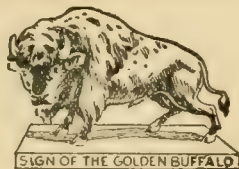
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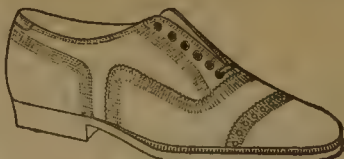
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# The Haverfordian



March, 1924

Volume XLIII

Number 7





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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the twentieth of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the twenty-fifth of the second month preceding the date of issue. Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## *The Deserted Pagoda*

*The air hangs heavy on the gilded tower;  
The endless darkness of the coming night  
Gathers relentlessly; thus puts to flight  
Diurnal shadows of the ling'ring light,  
Subjected to the silent mystic Power—  
The sceptre wielded by the passing hour.  
Nocturnal herons circle up in fright;  
The ominously sullen heavens lower  
And cast remorselessly their fated blight  
On all things that are hopeful, that are bright  
With life on earth. Deserted is the night.  
Was this, O heathen temple—this your dower?*

*"Ages ago each finely chiseled tile  
Possessed a gilded gloss—a surface lending  
A glam'rous sheen of radiance softly blending  
With all the brilliance of the Sun-god sending  
His flaming rays in sequence never-ending;  
The Sun-god then gazed on me with a smile.  
The worshippers in multitudes defending  
Their ancient faith with fervency unbending  
Came hither, trudging many a weary mile.  
I knew these glories once; but all the while  
An unseen Fate was destined to defile  
The surface lustre of this worshiped pile  
With its unerring hand; the ages rending  
My heavy wooden beams, the mould ascending—  
Were foreordained."*

*The silvery moon climbs high,  
And like the flames from old funereal torches,  
Throws phantom lights upon the fretted porches  
That rise into the darkness. Night winds sigh  
And ring the broken bells. Then, with a cry,  
The snow-owl stirs and swings into the sky.!*

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*

# Living Tablets

IN CHRISTENDOM it would have been called bigamy and regarded as an offense. But east of the Himalaya Mountains where civilization had risen to so much as an embroidered silk robe and hand-made satin slippers, they regarded it as an act of duty, and for a reason.

When a man contracts a second marriage without having first severed marital relationships with his wife, his object is not to tell the world how little he cares for one and how much for the other woman, but so to inflame public sentiment that he will be prevented from making another woman unhappy.

Li, of the village of the same name, had neither the love for other women than his wife nor the desire to be ostracized by society. His wife, Su, was a beautiful woman and a congenial companion. His house was the largest in the village and the ancestral hall was always lighted. The spirits of his forefathers must have been pleased with his offerings, or he would not have been so prosperous and successful. He possessed two teams of healthy black water-buffaloes, two teams more than most of the villagers had, and twenty *mows* of fertile rice-field. The barn was well-stocked and the ploughs in good condition. Li had everything he needed to make himself happy. Health, wealth, youth, social prominence, and a good wife. What more could a man want? If he could not be happy under such circumstances, it would be nobody's fault but his own.

But, to be sure, though through no fault of his own, Li was far from being happy. And for this, also, there was a reason.

If a brown man wants to find out, as he usually does, whether his neighbor is a righteous man, he pays that neighbor a visit and carefully examines the tablets in the ancestral hall. The idea of these tablets is that they represent the various generations from which you are descended; and hence, the more tablets you can place on the family altar the more conclusive is your evidence that the gods are pleased with your goodness.

For eight years since he married Li had looked forward to the day when he could add another tablet to the old collection. It was his duty. Besides, what would the ghosts of his ancestors, and that of himself, too, do without someone to offer sacrifices? Furthermore, to leave no posterity was to commit an act of utmost unfiliality.

His wife, Su, was equally concerned, if not more so. To her, motherhood, honor, and respect were the same thing. She had fulfilled ever so many vows to Kuang-yin, goddess of mercy, till she had begun to suspect the omnipotence of that deity. Finally, failing in her appeals, she had even gone so far as to confide to Mrs. Hawes, wife of the missionary resident in the next village.



It did not take Mrs. Hawes long to convince the anxious young woman that the white man's gods were the only righteous ones.

"With Him everything is possible," she had heard the foreign woman say more than once. It had sounded very convincing to her, too; because Mrs. Hawes had two boys of her own. There was nothing left but to accept the foreign gods and to trust them for the much desired boon.

Li had demurred when first approached with the proposition for the salvation of his soul. But the possibility of an heir to perpetuate his family coupled with the certainty of the punishment of a fiery nature in the next world easily overwhelmed his already desperate state of mind. Certainly, there could be no harm in appealing to the white man's gods after all the other gods had failed. He had everything to gain and nothing to lose.

However, months went by without any revelation from the missionary's gods.

"Perhaps the white man has exaggerated the importance of his gods," Li suggested to his wife one evening after his return from the field. Su felt a sense of shame and made no reply.

So, after eight years of hopeless longing Li's nervous system suddenly went to pieces. The next morning he called at the village match-maker's and said calmly:

"The multiplicity of their heavenly engagements have prevented the gods from answering my prayers."

The match-maker gravely nodded his head.

"Yes. And your wife?" he asked.

"My wife is a good wife," Li replied solemnly. "She remains under my roof."

That same evening Su's face brightened as her husband related his transaction with the match-maker.

"And you," he concluded, "You shall stay with me and be respected by her and her children. For, after you die, your tablet, too, shall be on the altar."

\* \* \*

Li is dead. His ancestral hall is no longer lighted; for his house is no more. But should you visit the village of Li which is the first on the Yangtze, stop at the new Baptist Mission House and inquire of the native pastor its history.

"My father sold his farm and built this on the site of his old house," pastor Li would reply.

*Samuel Hiok Chang, '24.*

## *The Torch Extinguished*

*My lord Lorenzo, your commands are done,  
And old Gonzalo will not trouble you.  
His books are burned and he himself will keep  
From breaking any more your just decrees.  
When first I entered his rebellious home  
We found him cowering low beside the fire,  
And piled behind him stood his musty books  
Like traitorous monsters lurking row on row.  
Shrilling with rage he offered us defy,  
Peering with blind eyes from out the darkness  
As from his hole a mothy owl will glare.  
My soldiers tore him from his dark retreat  
And held him squalling while I did my task.  
Ah! My lord, such soldiers! Warriors fit  
To ferret out a crime as any band  
That Alexander had, or mighty Charles!  
When I command them they possess no eyes,  
And know full well to keep a secret tale;  
While they would just as lief rip up a throat  
As press their heels upon a squirming toad.  
But when—I fear I weary you, my lord—  
I lifted up his dark-stained tomes with fear  
And one by one prepared to cast them forth  
Into the blazing hell where they belong,  
Each with its rich white vellum stained by use,  
And fairly blazoned with monastic art,  
The aged fool leaped from my soldiers' grasp  
And flung himself upon me heedlessly,  
Tearing at my eyes as if to tear me  
Blind as himself, but from a different cause.  
I struck the foolish dotard with my blade—  
You will, my lord Lorenzo, grant me grace,  
Since I was striving but to save myself—  
And he fell prone beside his burning books,  
Embracing them with soft caressing arms;  
And, whispering to himself "'Tis better thus,"  
So died. I finished your commands with haste.  
The burning pages gave forth such a light  
As enabled us to play a game at dice  
Until the last flame flickered low and ceased,  
Showing that our work was rightly ended.*

*We then retired, leaving the scrawny corpse  
As much in ashes as the books themselves.  
With your permission now, my lord, I will  
Dismiss my men until the morrow's task,  
So that . . . . But ah! My lord! You delight me  
With your rewarding generosity!  
From this gold chain I will have made a wreath  
To twine with gems about the fairy throat  
Of my sweet mistress! Good my lord, adieu.*

*Austin Wright, Jr., '25.*

---

## Serenade

*Lightly, winds, blow ever lightly  
Through the jasmines by her door,  
Softly, thrush, sing ever softly  
Wondrous tales of woodland lore.*

*Hither bear, ye winds, pale perfumes  
From the Orient's treasure store,  
Gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
More precious than the Magi bore.*

*Gently tell, O thrush, the stories  
Of the misty southern shore  
Where the songs of dusky boatmen  
Swing in cadence with the oar.*

*Woo with me the lovely mistress,  
She whom heaven and earth adore—  
Lightly blow, and softly whisper,  
Through the twilight—evermore.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

## The Transition

IT WAS at the Comédie that Duchemin saw her first—a performance of “L’Aiglon.” Perhaps the inferiority of the acting (a mental comparison between it and that of Bernhardt resulted rather unfavorably for *it*)—perhaps the inferiority of the acting was chiefly responsible for a tendency on the part of Duchemin to pay attention to objects in front of the proscenium,—and perhaps not. However *that* may have been, it is certain that he tried in vain to focus his mind on “Le Duc de Reichstadt” and “Marie-Louise”; he felt his mind irresistibly drawn away from the *dramatis personae*, towards the audience (and strangely enough, towards one particular part of the audience). He finally gave up his unprofitable efforts and proceeded to a detailed examination of the spectators, and in particular, of the female division. Almost subconsciously his eyes wandered to one certain loge, and once there, they stayed there. A pair of fluid black eyes met his, and then withdrew in favor of the Duke. It would be as useless as it would be banal to here enter into a lengthy tirade on that piquant chin! that porcelain nose! those magically curved lips! which monopolized Duchemin for the remainder of the play—we will leave that to your imagination—except, of course, the hair, which was of pure white, and straight as threads of Lyons silk. Poor Duchemin was destined to undergo within the next two hours all the various stages of a complete metamorphosis into a lover.

Once or twice the *objet* looked away from the stage up to him; strange and wonderful, thought Duchemin, that *he* should be the one in the audience that she looks at whenever she is not watching the play. And so it went on for the rest of the evening.

At the close of the play, when the lady in the box rose, Duchemin rushed down into the midst of the crowd below standing in front of the loges. In one or two minutes he saw her passing out with the old gentleman whom he had noticed in the box (and against whom he had conceived an explicable antipathy). He nudged an aged man nearby who created the impression of knowing at least the names of all Parisians of importance, and the family histories in almost indecent detail of all of *great* importance, and, pointing to the pair, inquired as to their identity.

“Oh yes,” replied the posted old worthy, “that is M. Boucicault with his widowed niece, Mme. de Chanville. She has just returned from Jamaica, where her husband died—and she married him only eight months ago at that. She is rarely seen in Paris.”

That night Duchemin spent the hours in his little third-story room opening its one window on the Rue St. H——, pondering over means to meet M. Boucicault and his niece. Just as the candle gave



forth its dying flicker he finally made up his mind to ask one of his wealthier friends to try to obtain the desired introduction. He flung himself on his bed and spent the remainder of a sleepless night in elaborating on his scheme and in visualizing its final happy outcome.

At the close of the next day he returned home with the gratifying prospect of an invitation to Mme. Vallehoun, a close friend of M. Boucicault. Should he succeed in cutting a decent figure *there*, he would experience little difficulty in the next step—meeting his “lady of the box.”

And he did. Within a week after the theater night he found himself sitting in an elegant salon on the Rue Vaugirard, speaking to Mme. de Chanville. The conversation was of a curious sort. Instead of experiencing considerable embarrassment, Duchemin talked with the greatest ease and fluency. She seemed to draw the words out of his mouth precisely as she wanted them to come; she moulded the conversation (and for all that, our poor friend’s heart) according to her will. And of her will there could be little doubt. As the time went on her vivacity increased—her eyes sparkled with a new light and *bons mots* flowed from her lips in a stream that was as brilliant as it was continuous. Duchemin, however, felt fatigue coming over him. Considerable demands, he surmised, had been made upon his energy by the climactic novelty of the evening,— by the lengthy conversation with the divine Chanville. She fascinated and soothed him—almost seemed to lull him to sleep. Her white hair and her curiously wrinkled and yellowish hands contrasting so strangely with her youthful figure, absorbed him. He felt lonely and aimless when she had left him for someone else, and when she finally departed with her uncle.

He left several minutes after.

After this he met her at varying intervals. One day he might see her at the Bois, two weeks later, perhaps, at the Italiens.

One evening at the Opera—it happened to be “*La Bohême*”—he walked into her loge and sat down beside her. She criticized the singing—Traviagli, she explained, was much inferior to Lagnini. As she was trying to drive home this point, she accidentally touched his wrist with her queer hand, and it burned sharply for a fraction of a second. What was the matter with those hands, anyway? And the rest of her so beautiful! Inexplicable. But not dismissed. The hand followed him around—when he sat at his desk, he might suddenly thrill to the thought that her hand was there on the table, and it would be his chamois blotter. Or waking up in the middle of the night, a corner of the sheet lighted by a ray of the moon would seem to be her hand pressing on his chest. Furthermore he noticed a trace, or thought he did, on his hand where hers had touched. It was as if the skin there had dried momen-

tarily. But then, perhaps this was his imagination. And he loved her all the more, or possibly it would be more explicit to say that she fascinated him, dominated his mind and heart all the more.

About a month later he received the news that his wealthy grand-uncle Joachim had died at Rouen, leaving him seventy thousand francs. This was something. There were one or two unpleasant little circumstances surrounding this inheritance, however: for one, M. Joachim and he had never gotten along very brilliantly, and it was whispered that foreign influence had been responsible for the seventy thousand; for another, certain evidences pointed to the fact that his granduncle had been poisoned. At another time, perhaps, Duchemin's exaggerated sense of *finesse* might have prevented him from accepting the inheritance. But it was a different matter now. The money would be of some use to him.

A week later his engagement to Mme. de Chanville was announced. The two saw each other quite frequently now. Duchemin became lost in the sheer power which this passion had now acquired over him. He was, one might say, a weakened or diluted individual. This was deplorable, thought his friends. Duchemin had been an energetic young fellow. What he was coming to now they didn't know.

"This affection of yours is really getting too strong a hold on you, Léon," one ill-advised one said to him, "and, speaking frankly, I think you are losing your worth. Some people would say that this woman is acquiring a demon power over you."

Duchemin replied with a laugh. But a minute later he blurted out: "Mon dieu! Can it be—," and he rushed up to his room.

The night after his engagement had been announced, Duchemin felt ill. He was reading an old Nuremberg chronicle in the dim light of his room, and rose to fetch a glass of water. As he passed by the old cracked mirror, he happened to see something on his right cuff reflected there. He brushed at it, still looking in the mirror. It wouldn't come off. And when he looked at the cuff itself, nothing was there, though the arm was icily cold. Again he looked into the mirror—Lord!—could it be a . . . hand! He grew sick and turned away.

The next morning he did not look into the mirror—it was useless, he thought, to encourage such fancies.

But as he was walking along the street, he saw it again—there in the window pane—hanging on to his sleeve! It *did* look like a hand, *one* hand he knew—He lifted his arm—there was nothing. He hurried on.

A sudden misgiving seized him: did others see it reflected? He determined to find out. He walked into a haberdashery and tried on a coat. He called a clerk.

"What is troubling the right sleeve here?" he asked, walking up to a mirror. There it was, of course.

"The fit is perfect, Monsieur."

Duchemin left.

During several days he avoided mirrors. But he felt his right arm growing weak and cold. He also discovered that there was a hollow in the sleeve where he had seen the hand.

But one evening at the Comédie, he saw himself in one of the several mirrors that are to be found there. And there it was—but more—an entire arm was clutching his! He fainted.

Duchemin was really ill. The doctor ordered him to leave Paris. He was unable to diagnose the case, but intimated that, judging from one or two similar cases he had had previously, the patient was letting something have too much effect on him. Perhaps he studied too much. No? Something else, then. Duchemin might know himself. He did not, but he felt that it might come, and it was that knowledge that he feared most.

He went to Besançon, following the doctor's advice. He obtained a very good room, with a large window looking out upon a charming provençal garden. Still, he disliked the room, for a large, expensively framed mirror was hung on the wall opposite the bed. Of course a curtain was hung over it immediately, but nevertheless, there it was, underneath.

Besançon did not help. At first his condition had improved somewhat, but within the last several days, he had grown steadily weaker. To put it concretely, he felt his vitality being drawn out, almost as if he were gradually ceasing to be himself—losing his identity. And what was he to do if even Besançon did not help? But even this he would not have minded, had it not been for the undercurrent in his brain that whispered something into his ear, and made him daily more anxious to remove the curtain from the mirror.

How ridiculous! M. Léon Duchemin was merely ill, feverish.

From time to time he received letters from his fiancée, written in her quaint, old-fashioned script. They were strangely empty and uninforming. Then too, they came less frequently as the time went on.

None had come for several days. But he received a letter from one of his friends. Mme. de Chanville's health, he wrote, had suffered somewhat after his departure from Paris, and she had left for the South several days ago. Possibly she might surprise him pleasantly at Besançon.

One night he felt curiously restless. He stayed in his bed now, opposite that curtain, which had remained untouched since his arrival. It was after one o'clock, and he was fully awake. It was absolutely black in the room. Suddenly a fury seized him. He jumped out of his bed, lighted a candle, ran up to the mirror and snatched off the curtain.



He knew it! Of course, of course. . . .

Behind him stood a figure—an old, wrinkled figure, clad in yellow. All it lacked now was a head. And it was coming. Duchemin fell back on the bed. He sat there staring at the mirror. Now *it* sat behind him, on the bed, with its terrible yellowness. Slowly, slowly, as he watched it in the mirror, a neck came, and a chin, and a mouth, and strands of light, strangled hair, and a thin, pointed nose; thus, little by little, the face revealed itself. It may have been seconds; it may have been hours. But at last it was there—the whole head grinning out from behind him on the bed; and it was the *head of Mme. de Chanville!*

\* \* \*

The candle grew dim. Duchemin heard a rustle at the window. It was open! Hadn't he always closed his windows at nights?

Then a wrinkled hand appeared over its edge, slowly making its way over the sill.

The candle went out. Duchemin lay back in the bed, and pulled a cold cover over a cold body.

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*

## *Amantium Irae*

*Be not downcast, Leonardo, there's no profit in dismay,  
Lover's lies, like lover's anger, linger but a summer's day,  
Dost remember the old proverb, bare as truth, but spoke in jest—  
"In amore semper mendax iracundia est"?*

*Celia says her heart is broken, and her love extinguished quite,  
That is what she says this morning. Who knows what she'll say tonight?  
Moonbeams often will do wonders, working in a woman's breast,  
"In amore semper mendax iracundia est."*

*If it gives her so much pleasure, let her rave and rant awhile,  
Let her call you what she pleases, I can scarce repress a smile  
Seeing how so soon she shatters vows so ardently confessed—  
("In amore semper mendax iracundia est.")*

*And just so her fitful anger will be all forgotten soon,  
Summer roses blossom brighter, following a stormy June.  
Lover's anger is a liar, the old Roman knew it best,  
"In amore semper mendax iracundia est."*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*



# Dialogue

CAESAR

CALPURNIA

CAES.: My dear, you aren't looking as well as you used to.

CAL.: Do you think so, hon? How should I fix it up?

CAES.: You know you ought to cut out those late parties. Now, take the Calends Club, where you and all those tabbies get together and swap scandal every Calends, and your sewing club, and your late dinner parties, and all. Why, heaven only knows how you ever get any sleep at all. I'm always home before you, and often in bed. Sometimes you don't get home until the fourth watch, looking too bedraggled for words.

CAL.: Well, dearest, *you* should stay home sometimes and keep me company. Then I wouldn't go out so much.

CAES.: I don't know what you mean. I just said I was home before you always. That proves you lead the wilder life.

CAL.: I don't think it proves anything of the kind. With all this trapezing around the provinces, you're home little enough as it is, and I should think you'd want to see something of your wife while you're here, instead of running around with all these other women. They aren't the nicest there are, you know.

CAES.: You misjudge me. I was at Cicero's last night and the night before, straightening out the Republic's financial mess, and the night before, the Triumvirate had an informal meeting to settle one or two little problems, the evening before, Crassus gave the boys a little dinner, and the evenings last week I spent up at the Senate House cleaning up this proscription business.

CAL.: I don't so much mind your being out as your lying about it. I saw Tullia this morning at the Temple of Jupiter, and she told me the truth about your last night's party.

CAES.: Yes?

CAL.: She said you never went near her father's house, but went to hers, and collected her husband, then went off to see some red-cheeked, white-nosed, simpering courtesan.

CAES.: By all the Gods, I swear—

CAL.: Don't bother; I know where my scarf you brought from Egypt went, and all my scarab brooches.

CAES.: But listen, dear—

CAL.: No, I won't listen. And speaking of Egypt, I've never mentioned this before, but I've been positively disgusted at hearing all your relations with Cleopatra being bandied about by every street

gamin. By Hercules, it's bad enough to run with an Italian, but when it comes to a plain ordinary black Ethiope provincial, I've no use for it, and I don't mind saying so.

CAES.: She isn't black. She's descended from the best Greek families.

CAL.: Then you admit it!

CAES.: Don't cry, dear; wipe your eyes, darling. I know I've been a beast sometimes, but when you're off on a campaign, well—you know how it is.

CAL.: Caius Caesar, don't you dare touch me! Take your nasty handkerchief away! I'm in no mood for fooling!

CAES.: By all the Gods, I swear I love you. Kiss me, Calpurnia darling.

CAL.: Never, never. I hate you!

CAES.: Your eyes are all red, crying doesn't help your looks a bit.

CAL.: What do you care?

CAES.: If I didn't have a date with Pompey this evening to talk over the Near East situation, I'd stay home with you, but I have to be running along.

CAL.: You and Pompey! The Near East! I'll have to watch my shawls and jewelry. Oh, this is too much.

CAES.: Now, my sweetness, don't let's quarrel. Before I go, are we friends?

CAL.: Well, before you go, promise you won't look at a woman tonight.

CAES.: But my dear, suppose his wife and her friends are having a little gathering. As for the wild chariot parties you mention, I don't know what you mean, and I wouldn't anyway.

CAL.: No, absolutely nothing at all.

CAES.: Well, . . . I suppose if I must . . . to keep peace in the family. I promise.

CAL.: Well, then, I'm going to bed, and mind your promise. I won't take any more nonsense—and be back before the third watch.

CAES.: Yes, dear (*Solus*) I wonder who in hades has been telling!

\* \* \*

ANTHONY

CALPURNIA

Ant.: Well dear, here I am.

CAL.: I got rid of him till midnight, darling, but you *must* leave by then.

*Howard Comfort, '24.*

# On the Original Pennsylvania Dutch

## THE EXILES

THE rise, in the seventeenth century, of a reform in the Holy Roman Empire similar to the English Methodist movement caused a persecution of the dissenters to the established Lutheran Church. The Lutherans, in their settled security, had been growing perfunctory and dogmatic; the "Pietists," on the other hand, sought to attain to a deeper and more heartfelt devotion, and the different methods pursued towards this end led to the foundation of a multiplicity of sects and creeds. Many congregations, including Dutch and Swiss, fled from persecution or were forcibly exiled; the few French Swiss were eventually amalgamated with the Germans.

But this religious persistency and ambition was not the only motive in the great exodus to Pennsylvania and Virginia. Many less conscientious souls were persuaded to follow the first bands of exiles by published accounts setting forth the advantages and opportunities to be found in the new land. Among these were translations of Penn's description of the province and Falkner's *Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania*; but other influences, less honest and correct, soon arose in the persons of shipmasters' agents, "newlanders," who traveled luxuriously through the country, giving most exaggerated misinformation as to the untouched splendor and wealth beyond the sea.

Thousands of emigrants were forced to leave because of the poverty to which famine, oppression and other evils of the times had reduced them, and such as were entirely without means were obliged to settle their debts and pay for their passage by binding themselves, as redemptioners, for a number of years' gratuitous service after their arrival. Those who had savings when they set out, were generally paupers when they landed, for what was left after the trip overland would be stolen or expended at sea.

The trials of the journey to the harbor, moreover, were slight compared to those at sea, where rough weather often delayed the passage until the food spoiled or gave out entirely, so that there were numerous cases of emigrants dying of starvation on the voyage. Falkner wisely advised the passenger that "the crew must be left alone in their ways and doings, neither must one fraternize with them, unless it be that the Lord has made an especial enlightenment in one or another of them. Females, in particular, have to be careful of themselves"; and not only were they subject to the violence of the crew, but of privateers and ships of war, hostile to the flag under which they sailed. Kelpius, the mystic, tells of an encounter with the ship in which his party was crossing.

"About noon," he writes, "we could see by the telescope that they carried white flags with lilies, enough to show that this day things would take a French not a Christian turn. As soon as this was ascertained, everything was made ready for battle. The passengers were given the choice to fight or not. We, of course, abstained from carnal weapons and taking the shield of faith sat down between decks behind boxes and cases, prayed and invoked the Lord, every one for himself, as on account of the great noise and the report of the cannon nothing could have been heard. We had hardly got down, when a French frigate with twenty-four cannon and a merchant ship with six cannon made straight for our ship and opened fire so vigorously that it was really time to pray for averting great calamity. The merciful Father made the enemies' balls drop into the water before our ship, only one cannon ball struck the ship over our heads without doing harm to anybody, though the ship got a hole two ells above the water line. In the meantime our cannon and ball were not idle, but did great damage to the enemies' ships, which we inferred from their retreat."

Often, when in danger, they would sing Luther's battle hymn to keep their courage up. Wesley describes the conduct of the English and German passengers during a storm, while on his trip to Georgia. "In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sang on. I asked one of them afterward, 'Was you not afraid?' He answered, 'I thank God, no.' I asked, 'But were not your women and children afraid?' He replied mildly, 'No; our women and children are not afraid to die.'"

#### THE SETTLEMENT

In this manner they came, in small ship-loads, varying from two hundred to seven thousand a year. The first German to arrive was Francis Daniel Pastorius, who came in August, 1683, to make purchases for the Frankfurt Land Company. He was followed by thirteen families, who arrived in October on board the ship *Concord*. They were the founders of Germantown; after a frugal winter, passed in cellars and huts, houses were built and the community set upon a practical basis under the able direction of Pastorius. Most of them had been Menonites, but soon joined with the Society of Friends.

Among the groups which came to Germantown shortly thereafter was the "Chapter of Perfection," composed of John Kelpius and his disciples, exactly forty in all, who came for the novel purpose of preparing for and meeting their millennium. They built an observatory and tabernacle above the Wissahickon, and dwelt in huts and caves



nearby, pursuing their theosophical studies and esoteric worship, while death and marriage slowly diminished their numbers.

In 1710, there began an influx of Swiss Mennonites, who settled in Lancaster County, where land was cheap; other Germans followed them into this region, thus obtaining what is probably the best farm land in the state. Berks County was soon being settled by Palatinates, some of whom had first gone to England, and some coming through New York, were restricted to ten acres per family. By 1750, some fifty thousand Germans, Swiss, with a few Dutch had landed in the province.

The number of the immigrants was becoming so large that in 1727, the Provincial Council required the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, and restrictive legislation was proposed but never passed. Meanwhile a steady stream continued to arrive, pushing West, across to Susquehanna, southward into Virginia, and westward towards Ohio.

Among them was mixed an incongruous element of wild Scotch-Irish, hostile, despising and as heartily despised. There were occasional troubles with the Indians, all of which, however, were settled peacefully enough, until the wars broke out in the middle of the century. On the whole, the Germans thrived and prospered remarkably well, better than many of their "Yankee" neighbors, so that, far from being a menace, as had been feared, they added greatly to the wealth of the province.

### THE FARMER

Despite the fact that he occupied the rich limestone country, it was chiefly by his own unflagging industry and agricultural skill that the German farmer did so well. Set ashore in Philadelphia "with no more worldly possessions than the clothes he had on his back, and the few coins and the copy of the Heidelberg Catechism, or Luther's catechism, or Arndt Wahre's Christenthum, he had in his pockets, he was at liberty to earn the best living he could, save a few pounds, buy ten or twenty acres of forest land, make a clearing and begin to farm." Instead of belting the trees and leaving them to rot as the English farmers did, he cut them down and burned the stumps. With their trunks burned into convenient lengths, "his neighbors came in to drink brannt-wein and help him log roll." The house was little more than a well constructed log cabin.

With his house built and his fields cleared, he set to work, again with the co-operation of his neighbors, to erect an enormous "Swisser" barn; this was first of logs, and later of stone. Later also, he built a house of stone, sometimes German style, and sometimes showing the English influence; a spiritual touch was often added in the form of a

pious inscription set under a gable or in some other prominent position.

In housekeeping, old world economy and frugality were maintained. Coming from a land where wood was scarce, he preferred his ten plate stove, cast in quaint Biblical designs to the huge, and to him wasteful, open fireplace. His food consisted chiefly of "pork and rye, onions and sauerkraut, milk and cheese, turnips and Indian corn." Among the cooking, spinning, and other duties of the women of the household was the care of the vegetable patch. Sometimes fresh meat was indulged in, for "when a farmer kills beef, mutton or veal, he advertises his neighbors, who take what they choose, and he sells the remainder." If he were rich enough to have servants in house or fields, they would be German redemptioners.

Next to house and barn, the farmer's most important possession was his great Conestoga wagon, with its massive running gear, painted red, its gracefully curved body in blue, and the tall cover of white cloth drawn over the top. In this, behind six sturdy horses of an especial breed, whose hoofs pounded on the soft road to the music of the harness bells, he brought to market the products of his farm, or still, for whisky and cider making were among his most profitable labors.

"Where a German settles," says Schoepf, a contemporary traveler, "there commonly are seen industry and economy more than with others, all things equal—his house is better built and warmer, his land is better fenced, he has a better garden and his stabling is especially superior; everything about his farm shows order and good management in all that concerns the care of the land. . . . The greater part of the German immigrants were originally of humble origin and meagre education, nor have they or their descendants greatly changed in their principles of action. On the whole they show little or no zeal to bring themselves up in any way except by small trade or handicrafts or farming. To use their gains for allowable pleasures, augmenting the agreeableness of life, this very few of them have learned to do, and others with a bad grace. The lucre is stuck away in old stockings or puncheon chests until opportunity offers to buy more land which is the chief object of their desires. In their houses, in the country especially, they live thriftily, often badly. There is wanting among them the simple unaffected neatness of the English settlers, who make it a point, as far as they are able, to live seemly, in a well-furnished house, in every way as comports with the gentleman."

In all things of his life, the early Pennsylvania German was guided by a vast multitude of superstitious beliefs, which impress one with his profound ignorance and rugged credulity. For further information on this subject, I would refer the curious to *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans*, edited by E. M. Fogel, and to be found

in the college Library. Religion of course, went hand in hand with superstition.

It was late before schools were established in the western counties, but large numbers, especially among the Pietists, were literate, and taught their own children. Books in German, chiefly of a religious nature, were written, printed and widely read among them. Schoepf describing a typical interior, enumerates, "a great four-cornered stove, a table in the corner with benches fastened to the wall, everything daubed with red, and a shelf with the universal German farmer's library: the almanac, and song-book, a small "Garden of Paradise," Habermann [a popular prayer book] and the Bible." While other books were much in demand, read, re-read and often committed to memory, the Bible was always a cherished necessity, a constant source of strength and comfort, a proven protection against Indians and disease, and a general blessing to the household. Christopher Sauer, publisher of a newspaper and almanac, brought out three editions of his Bible before the first English Bible was printed in America, thus adding much "to the honor of the German people."

Of pleasures in the midst of their life of toil, the farmer and his family had little. Outstanding among their festivals were the weddings and the funerals. These and the "Love Feasts" provided some light entertainment despite their religious nature. Before a marriage the "wedding folks" gathered in the morning, and rode in gay cavalcade—or procession of buggies—to the minister's, after which the bride and groom would probably go to Philadelphia for their honeymoon. The great celebration was the reception on their return, with plenty of eating, drinking, and, where religion permitted, dancing in the evening.

A funeral was also an occasion for eating and drinking, especially drinking, for many of the guests, coming from a distance, needed refreshment. The frequent truth should be mentioned, however, that, as Schoepf puts it, "The highest delight of the German countryman in Pennsylvania is—drink"; a weakness which continued long in the face of the efforts of various sects to stamp it out. As soon as the presence of death was noised about, the nearest neighbors came in to relieve the bereaved family of all household duties, particularly that of providing entertainment for the guests, who immediately poured in from far and near, to attend the funeral. "While the people are coming in," says another German visitor, "good cake cut into pieces is handed around on a large tin platter to those present; each person receives then, in a goblet, a hot West India rum punch, into which lemon, sugar and juniper berries are put, which give it a delicious taste. After this, hot and sweetened cider is served. . . . When the people have nearly all assembled and the time for the burial is come, the dead body is carried



to the general burial place, or, where that is too far away, the deceased is buried in his own field. The assembled people ride all in silence and sometimes one can count from one hundred to five hundred persons on horseback. The coffins are made of fine walnut wood and stained brown with a shining varnish."

After the interment, the guests would be served a generous meal, possibly in the graveyard itself; the tables would often be set in a barn and the people fed in relays. All things were directed that the friends of the deceased might be entertained "on that great occasion with the hospitality due to the memory of the departed."

The great "Winter Carnival" was butchering day, when family and friends assembled to kill and prepare meat, to grind and pack the savory sausages. The same method was used in the "frolics" for making fruit butters and other delicacies in large quantities, as well as in the quilting and husking parties. "Singings" later became a popular diversion, and spelling bees in the local schoolhouse. Other forms of excitement were to be found in country fairs, markets, vendues or the annual "Battalion Day," when the militia men formed a drunken parade and made a glorious day of it.

In politics, the influence of the Germans was small, because of the overbearing attitude of the Scotch-Irish, of their ignorance of the English language and of their own differences in opinion. They were, nevertheless, careful of their political liberties. Yet even as early as 1785, their language was "a miserable, broken, fustian salmagundy of English and German, with respect both to the words and their syntax," with which handicap, they often made "but dumb chair fillers . . . in blue stockings and yellow breeches, sleeping off boredom in the Assembly."

#### RELIGIOUS ASPECTS

No matter what their motives for emigration, the German settlers were always of a deeply religious nature. Their superstitions were withal an insufficient guide when they "hungered and thirsted for the word of God." Many a congregation arranged for its transportation intact, so that it settled together in one neighborhood and thus maintained its organization, but in other cases, as with the Lutherans, it was not until the country was fairly thickly populated that churches were founded. The few Catholics were largely absorbed by the various Protestant sects. Moreover, old religious hostilities vanished in the foreign wilderness, and in certain instances union churches were employed. Muhlenburg was foremost in the organization of Lutheran congregations and the Calvinists, the German Reformed Church, was not far behind.

The Moravian doctrines differed little from the Lutheran, but



were marked by greater emphasis on religious feeling and the Christian virtues, their service, by the beauty of its music. They had, however, manners and dress peculiar to themselves, living, with sharp class distinctions according to age and sex, in carefully organized communities, chiefly around Bethlehem and Nazareth. Over their clergy they set bishops of limited power, and for guidance in all important matters trusted implicitly in decision by lot. Wesley and Methodism were related to the "United Brethren," and the Methodist movement itself eventually penetrated among the Pennsylvania Germans.

The Mennonites would claim to be the oldest of all these sects, for they trace their descent from the Waldensian and Ana-baptist movements of the Middle Ages. "Stress was laid upon discipline rather than dogma; abstinence from all the vanities of the world was imposed and the principle of refusing to participate in civic duties, bear arms and to take oaths was upheld." Their simple worship included such quaint devices as the rite of foot washing. There were a number of schisms among them, the best known in Pennsylvania being the Amish, whose chief difference was that "Dey veers puttons, unt ve veersh hooks oont eyes"; and the "River Brethren," so-called because they originated near the Susquehanna.

Another important sect were the Dunkards, who, while agreeing in many things with the Mennonite creed, including the doctrine of antipedobaptism, insisted on baptism by immersion. In America they split on the much-mooted question of the Sabbath. The Seventh-day branch founded a monastic community at Ephrata, the successor, in many ways, of the "Chapter of Perfection" on the Wissahickon, especially in their millennial hopes. This was a community, first of celibates, both male and female, and later including married members, who adopted cloisteral names and garb, the men wearing gowns and cowls of unbleached wool or linen, going long-haired, bearded and with only sandals on their feet, while the women wore a complete costume of a similar material, a long dress, hood and apron. A perusal of the *Chronicon Ephratense*, printed at the Ephrata press and written by "Lamech and Agrippa," will show how, typical of these young and unsettled religions, they were in a constant turmoil of petty quarrels and divisions. Here there was always a party which followed faithfully the teaching of the Prior, Conrad Beissel, a man of great learning and personal magnetism, whom some regarded with an affection akin to worship, hardly doubting that here was a second Christ.

The Church of God, otherwise called the "Winebrethren" from their founder, are classed with the Baptists because of their faith in immersion, but were more nearly related to the Methodists in general organization.

Another interesting sect, the Schwenkfelders, took their name from Casper Von Schwenkfeld, a contemporary of Luther, with whom he disagreed on the Eucharist, baptism and certain other points. Their own name for themselves was "The Confessors of the Glory of Christ." After successive persecutions by Lutherans and Jesuits, about forty families fled to Pennsylvania. In such tenets as their simplicity of manners and dress and their peace-loving nature, they found, like other of the German sects, a bond of sympathy with the Quakers in the province.

Among other small creeds may be mentioned the Baumanites, or "New Born," who reached, in their souls, unusual heights of purity and holiness, who "deeply stirred the Germans of Montgomery County," who, owing to their aversion to marriage, died out with the founders; the Neumondlers, who "are said to have certain ideas of the relationship of the phases of the moon with the efficacy of prayer and the judgment of souls"; and The Inspired, who added to other common Protestant doctrines that of continual inspiration, whose worship consisted of praying, singing, of reciting their twenty-four rules for godliness, and of "holy walking with the utterance of any prophecies with which some might be inspired."

From such strong beginnings the "Pennsylvania Dutch" have risen to still higher prosperity and influence, as they became more harmonized to the life about them, and to have the additional distinction of Ancestors, Old Families and a History.

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the election of Samuel Hiok Chang, of the class of 1924, to the Editorial Board.

THE HAVERFORDIAN also takes pleasure in announcing the re-election to the Editorial Board of Walter Ames Johnston of the Class of 1925.



## Katherine Mansfield's Poems

THESE is an air of familiarity about everything that a treasured writer writes which is like sitting down with an old friend. K. M.'s poems are "just like her"; but farther than that little can be said of them. It is superfluous for one who writes such poetic prose as she did to write verse too. The verse can add little to her ideas and may even cramp them rather than express them better. K. M. reserved herself for her prose, but that does not mean that her verses are not excellent. Mr. John Middleton Murry adds nothing to her fame by publishing them, but he does strengthen it, because they give us more glimpses into her, and that is where her fame lies—in the revelation of herself. These little verses give glimpses of a childhood which shows the mind, that later wrote *Bliss*, working in miniature. The texture of her mind probably changed very little in all the thirty-four years of her life. She always had the eagerness, the delight and grasp of the present moment that she had when she was a child. The reason she wrote so truly of children was because she knew that she was still one of them. She was consciously and gloriously a child.

Very little difference really exists between the two minds that wrote these two poems that I am quoting. "The Candle Fairy" was written in her childhood—some time before eighteen—and "Villa Pauline" was written when she was twenty-seven or twenty-eight. More than ten years' difference, and yet her mind was the same mind in the second poem as in the first; it grew, of course, but it is better to say it unfolded. There is no more striking example of an unfolding mind, as opposed to a mind that grows by addition, than Katherine Mansfield.

### THE CANDLE FAIRY

*The candle is a fairy house  
That's smooth and round and white,  
And Mother carries it about  
Whenever it is night.*

*Right at the top a fairy lives,  
A lovely yellow one,  
And if you blow a little bit  
It has all sorts of fun.*

*It bows and dances by itself  
In such a clever way  
And then it stretches very tall,  
"Well, it grows fast," you say.*

*The little chimney of the house  
Is black and really sweet,*

*And there the fairy stands  
 Though you can't see its feet.  
 And when the dark is very big  
 And you've been having dreams,  
 Then Mother brings the candle in;  
 How friendly-like it seems!  
 It's only just for Mothers that  
 The candle fairy comes;  
 And if you play with it, it bites  
 Your fingers and your thumbs.  
 But still you love it very much  
 This candle fairy, dear,  
 Because, at night, it always means  
 That Mother's very near.*

## VILLA PAULINE

*But, ah! before he came  
 You were only a name:  
 Four little rooms and a cupboard  
 Without a bone,  
 And I was alone!  
 Now with your windows wide  
 Everything from outside  
 Of sun and flower and loveliness  
 Comes in to hide,  
 To play, to laugh on the stairs,  
 To catch unawares  
 Our childish happiness,  
 And to glide  
 Through the four little rooms on tip-toe  
 With lifted finger,  
 Pretending we shall not know  
 When the shutters are shut  
 That they still linger  
 Long, long after.  
 Lying close in the dark,  
 He says to me: "Hark,  
 Isn't that laughter?"*

The poems (there are sixty-nine of them) can be called like these.  
 They are valuable because they are parts of her and not imitations of  
 other poets or exercises in prosody. They are tiny views of her, even  
 as her short stories are great views of her.

A. J., '25





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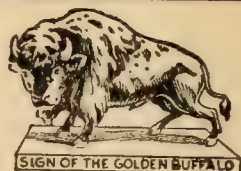
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# The Haverfordian



April, 1924

Volume XLIII

Number 8





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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twenty-fifth* of the second month preceding the date of issue. Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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## Return

IN AMERICA, the land of promise, he had simply been an immigrant from Central Europe. A Slav, from the peasantry of Hungary, he had been bewildered, perplexed, confused and dazed by the unusual scenes, the foreign peoples, and the different standards of living in this strange country. Life had seemed ephemeral to him, a leaden unreality in which he moved about with no set purpose, with no ideals, no future, no anything. His consciousness had not been actively creative, it had not dictated to his will, it had simply been a passive spectator of the movements of its fleshy prison. But now everything was different. At his first glimpse of the sparkling, blue waters of the Mediterranean, life had stirred inside his breast. Responding to the harmony of some forgotten longing his dormant self had shuddered, quivered and awakened from its trance, as a violin will shudder and quiver in response to the transient vibrations of a fleeting chord.

He felt as if he had been asleep for fifteen years, asleep and dreaming. But it had been a living dream, not a fanciful one, and for that reason material evidences of its reality were not lacking. He had fine clothes, he was traveling first-class like a nobleman, he had money—untold riches for a peasant. But for this same reason, because it was a living dream, it had seemed doubly unreal and horrible, for this reason it had the more completely stunned his mind and led him a distorted, dazed and detached life, preventing him a clear outlook on the world.

Since they had steamed into the Mediterranean, however, he had been undergoing a transformation, his self had been gradually awakening from its hypnotic slumber. Standing forward on the great ship, the better to catch new vistas which each turn and revolution of the screw laid before him, he experienced a surge of joy, a thrill of life course through him. And as at the last he saw the mighty city of Fiume nestled in the distance with the sun glinting on its wharves and bridges, and reflecting from the government buildings on the hill, his peasant blood throbbed in his veins and he found it hard to restrain himself from stamping and jumping and shouting out the old songs of his home.

So phantasmal had seemed his dream life, so completely had he lived—nay, not lived, existed—that he had never before even realized the shallowness, the narrowness, the semi-bestialness of it, until now, as if by magic, the tall, fairy spires and ancient towers of this beautiful old city tore from his consciousness the veil of strangeness and bewilderment which had enveloped it for so long, and the wooded hills sloping down to Fiume thrilled his awakening soul as they seemed to call: "Welcome to Hungary, son of the Magyars! Welcome home from your long journey!" And after the mighty ship was shoved, and pulled, and shunted, and

butted into its dock by the fleet of grunting, straining, fussy, little tugs, and after the immigrant inspection was completed and the passengers were allowed to land, and as he stepped off the gangplank on to his native soil, as he left the ship and walked down into the bustling crowd of relatives, friends and lovers waiting to welcome back some returning passenger, some homing wanderer, he experienced a delicious, intoxicating quiver play up and down his spine, a suffused emotion tingling through his flesh

But, proportionally as returning life flooded every fibre of his being, so a black wave of loneliness came to suffocate him in its stifling depths. In America he had not been lonely, he had merely been detached—but here, in his homeland, in the midst of compatriots and fellowmen, it dawned upon him that in all this teeming life which surged and swept around and past him he was an unrelated unit, among all the debarking passengers, he was the only one for whom no familiar face smiled its sudden recognition, its warm welcome. In his own country he was a total stranger! This despairing sense of loneliness sucked him into a bottomless sea of pessimism. Suppose he returned to find his old father and mother dead? Suppose he got back to his little mountain village, tucked away high in the ridges of the Carpathians, to find only new faces and strange names, the youths and companions of his boyhood replaced by unfamiliar, taciturn strangers? But just as these grey, foreboding doubts threatened to engulf his newborn spirits, a pretty barefooted flower-girl ran up to him crying out her wares, and they were dispelled at the thrill of once more hearing the music of his native tongue.

In his anxiety to get back home, the night spent in waiting for the early morning train, after the first thrill of being once more in his native country had worn off, seemed interminable. And the small, rickety train winding between the flat, level plains and the green-sloped, snow-capped peaks of the Carpathians seemed to be intentionally aggravating as it slowly ascended the gradual grade into the High Tatra. Perhaps it was a result of his impatience, for it did not seem to bother the other passenger in his compartment, or perhaps it really was the hope of that queer little excuse for a steam train to make up for its evident antiquity, its general appearance of debility, and its unconscious, but constant implication to disobey the laws of cohesion and to disintegrate suddenly and completely, by crawling along at a stately, dignified pace, never hurrying, never grunting and puffing with its wheels spinning and its smokestack vomiting steam and black clouds of smoke, but always quiet and calm, as if it would rather have one respect, than deride its old age. To Theodor, however, its action was a deliberate personal insult. It halted at every possible stopping place only because he wished it not to; it was slow merely because it knew he wished it to hurry; it rolled along on the



narrow track only because he wished it to fly. But if it had been a streamlined, high-powered, racing biplane, he would have grumbled at its slowness. Nothing could have travelled as fast as his desire.

So, to speed the dragging hours, he began conversation with the Englishman, his travelling companion, who was sitting silently admiring the magnificent scenery. He spoke of each snowcapped peak, glistening in the morning sun, by name, and told the legends woven around it by folklore and superstition. He talked of the rushing torrents, falling and crashing far below into the still broad rivers, as of old friends, always pointing out some individual beauty, some bewitching harshness which distinguished each from its neighbor. And so eloquent did he become, so impassioned were his descriptions that the Englishman as he listened, felt that he was seeing into a corner of this stranger's heart, that he was being given a glimpse beyond the sacred veil of privacy into the innermost yearnings of his soul.

"Yes," he replied to a question born of his intimacy with the country, "I lived for fifteen years in this neighborhood. Until I was seven I was with my parents, above Lake Proprád, where I'm headed for now. Then I ran away from the mountains, and went down on the plains. Can you see a town down there?" They were high in the mountains now, near the summit of the High Tatra, and far below them, where he was pointing, lay the great central plain of Hungary. Far in the distance, so far that it seemed a collection of concentrated specks surrounded by flat meadowland, lay a little town, distinguishable only on account of the clearness and the high visibility of the mountain air. "That is Kseged which, although it might sound unbelievable, is eighty-three miles from here. And ten miles from Kseged is the famous state stud farm, Mezőhegyes, where I worked for eight years before I went to America." And so through the long morning and afternoon Theodor described the country they passed, giving his companion intimate glimpses of its people and their psychology which he could not have obtained in years of travel, retelling their old legends and often boring him with reminiscences of his own childhood. But his emerging self, having been pent up for fifteen years, needed expression in words, and a sympathetic listener was all that was necessary to complete the change in his inner being, and to sunder the last chain of his fettered spirit.

It was late in the afternoon when they approached Lake Csorba, where he was to exchange steam for horse power, and bidding good-bye to his friend, the Englishman, he gathered his bags together and clambered down to the platform of the unassuming little station. For a time he stood there motionless, breathing in deep gulps the rare mountain air, and viewing with conflicting emotions the familiar beauty of the lake. It lay nestled in the purple shadows of the high peaks, so near their sum-

mit that the overhanging, austere cliffs perpetually fed its waters with trickling streams of melted snow. The green of its fir trees, the dull, red-granite surface, sprinkled with chalk-white patches of snow of Tatra-Havanitz rising from its deep, blue waters and the scarlet contrast of the autumn foliage melded in a wealth and depth of color he had not seen since his last glimpse of that familiar spot.

A hotel, put up for summer tourists and now practically empty, had been recently built beside the station, and it was there that he carried his luggage and made inquiries for a team to carry him to Lake Proprád, some twelve miles distant. The clerk, possibly because he wished to fill one of the vacant rooms, and possibly because he really wished to save the gentleman from supposed discomforts, advised him against travelling that evening. He presumed he was speaking with one unacquainted with the local geography.

"You understand, sir," he said, when Theodor reiterated that he desired to push on immediately, "that there are no hotel accommodations at Proprád. With the exception of a native inn, which is so filthy and uncomfortable that it is beyond supposition you would enjoy staying there; there are only woodcutters' and goatherders' hovels where you will find but scanty lodging at the best. And besides, sir, the barometer has been falling all afternoon; it is very probable that within an hour we shall have a storm and there isn't a place from here to Proprád where you could put in for shelter. Well, sir, if you must go, just wait a moment and I will call a team. Holloa there; Bèla, go and tell Kutsera to bring up a team to drive to Proprád! And tell him to put the storm curtains up in case of rain! Will you take your luggage with you, sir?" he asked turning to Theodor, "or do you wish to leave it here? The team will be ready in a minute. All right, sir, I will send it up in the morning. Thank you, sir."

For the first five minutes they drove in silence, Kutsera mute and taciturn, searching the skies with eyes that noted the gray clouds piling in huge, shadowy banks ahead, and Theodor, likewise silent, watching him with sidelong glances, a smile in his breast and a twinkle in his eyes. His heart pumped a joyous message, and the blood singing in his veins chanted its chorus to him: "Your doubts and fears are over, your loneliness is ended, beside you is a boyhood chum!" And he had not even been recognized. Kutsera had thought him a stranger, had probably even wondered why, in the face of an approaching storm, he wished to travel to Proprád—that was the supreme joke!

"Don't you recognize me at all? Have I indeed changed so much?"

Kutsera turned with puzzled surprise, his mouth wide open, his eyes bulging.

"You don't know me from Adam. Oh, Kutsera, it is I, I, Theodor

Szentskiralvi, your old playmate! You haven't forgotten me, have you?" A note of anxiety crept into his voice, "Kutsera, say you haven't forgotten me! Don't look at me as if I were crazy; tell me, don't you know me now?"

"But you can't be Theodor, he is dead."

"Dead! I'm not dead; he's still alive!"

"But no. They found his skeleton down at Mezohögyes four years after he disappeared from there—they say a bull killed him—and Father Benedik has buried him. Surely he is dead."

"Ah, you rascal, how unkind you are. You know me, but you pretend you don't to tease me. Come now, confess; or must I prove I'm not dead. For I'm Theodor."

"But, sir, you must be joking. I was at Theodor's burial myself; with my own hands I helped fill his grave. And I was with his poor father and mother all evening. And, besides, Theodor was only a peasant like me—and you are a gentleman. Oh, sir, you are joking with me because I am poor."

"Don't be foolish, Kutsera. I was never killed, I ran away again. They found someone else's skeleton, not mine. When I disappeared from the farm I tramped to Fiume and got a job on a ship to America. There I have been ever since—working, sweating, making money, always money, money, money, and so lonely Kutsera, so homesick I have nearly died."

And, loosed by the inspiration of a friend to whom he could unburden himself, all the ingrown canker and bitterness of his loneliness, his hopeless yearnings, and his stifled desires escaped in a mad, unchecked passion of words, purging him of his pyrotic cancer, of his rankled heartburning, and leaving his spirit cleansed of the venom, contented and at peace.

There was a long silence after he finished. Kutsera, his doubts crushed by the overwhelming sincerity, the feeling that what he was being told was true, was for the moment partially stunned. He could scarcely grasp the significance of what he had heard.

But when Theodor looked at him, wondering why he said nothing, he was staring ahead, a mist in his eyes. He laid a heavy, gnarled hand on Theodor's knee, and began:

"It's good to have you back, Theodor," choked and stopped, unable to say any more.

They drove on without any speech; each wrapped in his own thoughts, each in harmony to the other's. Both had forgotten the impending storm; unnoticed the gray clouds now piled overhead. The reins hung loose in Kutsera's hands, as he sat in silence, and the horses, unguided by their driver, trotted steadily on of their own will. Theodor was thinking of his home, his parents. He wondered if they still lived,



but, fearful of the answer, he dared not put his question into words. It was Kutsera who again was the first to speak, as if he had read the other's thoughts.

"I wonder if your folks will recognize you any sooner than I did," he said. "Your old man——" the sentence was cut short by a blinding flash of lightning and a terrific peal of thunder as the storm suddenly broke on them without warning. The horses, confused by the first roar of the surging clouds and feeling no check on their bits, lost their heads completely and leaped into a wild gallop, the wagon swaying and bouncing behind them. The rain swept into them in tremendous sheets of solid water, taking their breath and leaving them drenched and cold, gasping for air. Everything was in chaos, and between the intermittent flashes and thunders Theodor could hear trees snapping and cracking as they fell, victims to the wind and thunderbolts. The brutality of the storm, its primeval strength and force swept through his veins to his head like a fiery intoxicant, and as they sped along dangerously swaying from side to side he gripped the seat with whitened knuckles to hold himself secure and, like some madman, like some demon of the storm shouted and yelled in deep resonance to the fierce exultation of the elements as they clashed and battled in titan warfare. Then, as suddenly as it had broken, the storm cleared, and in an instant the only traces left of its passage were the drip, drip, drip of the forest leaves, and the sweet scent of damp earth. And as it cleared, as if for a prearranged effect, a faint, dim light flickered back in the woods, and they knew they were at the end of their journey.

A stranger might have driven the entire thirty miles from Csorba to Ypédin without ever suspecting he had passed through any village. For the small shacks that answered as homes to the few families, with scarcely an exception either woodcutters or goatherders, which made up the population of Proprád were set too far back in the woods to be visible during the day, and the dirty, crestfallen, little inn, whose besmeared and illegible sign hung despondently above the door, was too similar to the hundred and one other inns throughout the mountains to give any indication that it was the center of a village. But after dark had fallen, dim, flickering lights from the woods betrayed the invisible shacks, and the inn filled with gruff, childish peasants who drank vodka from large mugs and argued unceasingly about things of which they knew little and understood less.

It was the light from the first of these cabins that let Theodor know he was approaching his journey's end. At the cessation of the storm the horses had quieted down, and, heaving and still a little nervous, settled into their accustomed steady pace. They were in Proprád now, and a few steps further on another light flickered through the trees,



then another, and another—and then after a time came the inn itself. But Theodor, within a stone's throw of his home, was too excited and too anxious to concur with Kutsera's suggestion that they stop and warm their bellies with a drink, and as they passed they could hear a mumble and jumble of voices, clinking mugs of the busy innkeeper, and the last weird minors of a Magyar song. He left the wagon twenty yards further on and turned up the path to his home. How familiar it was, even in the dark! He remembered every tree, every bush, even the very stones seemed to be the same, each twist and turn of the small wood's path came back to him as if he had but left it that morning to take his goats up the mountain. Nothing was changed, nothing was altered . . . yes, he himself had changed, he had grown, expanded, his horizon had been enlarged, his very manners of thinking, his habits had imperceptibly become different. Perhaps his own mother, his own father would fail to recognize him, as had Kutsera, his boyhood chum. That was it! He would conceal his identity, he would play the part of a stranger seeking shelter from the storm, he would surprise them in the morning!

\* \* \*

The cabin was half lighted by two smoky candles set on the rough hewn table, and by a small blaze of logs almost lost in a huge fireplace. A dirty bed of straw was piled in one corner and beside it, leading into another inky, black room was a low doorway. Opposite this was the door which opened to the outside, a thick, massive door with heavy oaken latches and bolts which were broken and loose, as if the cabin no longer contained anything worth guarding. And beside the fireplace, in the corner opposite the bed was a large, well-built iron stove red with rust and disuse. The door to its ample oven sagged on crooked hinges, the grate was in pieces, the stove-pipe, hanging together in some miraculous fashion, was broken off near the top, and the pipe-hole in the roof was stuffed with rags and straw. The walls, except for a religious lithograph over the bed, were bare and dirty, the floor was bare and dirty, and the only furniture in the room was the table in the center, and two dilapidated chairs. Its whole appearance conveyed an impression of poverty and neglect come where comfort and stolid respectability had been before.

A man, long past the prime of life, sat with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, an uneaten piece of black bread and a pewter mug of goat's milk in front of him. In the other chair, staring fixedly into the fire, was an old woman, unkempt and dirty like everything else in the room, her straggly, yellowish-white hair caught up in a clumsy knot at the nape of her neck. Both were emaciated. Heavy set, large boned, rugged peasant types, they had not flesh enough to fill the con-

tours of their faces. They wore ragged clothes long past the period of decent usefulness, scarcely more than tatters; and a look of helpless poverty, of stoic despair, of facing the inevitable, was graven on their faces.

The old woman was mumbling in a dead, singsong voice, half to herself as if she were thinking aloud.

"By the Holy Virgin," the man complained, "can't you stop mumbling of Theodor, he's been dead these fifteen years."

The woman's mumbling continued unbroken in that monotonous, dreary singsong.

"But why think of what might have been," he said as if answering her. "Isn't it enough to think of what is? Our last goat sold a week ago, and the twelve crowns it brought us now used up. Facing starvation and not a soul in the village who isn't tired of helping us. Damn that cursed, rascally, ill-bred, thieving artist! Coming here to paint peasant types! Eating our good bread and goatmeat, and sleeping here for two ducats a week and then stealing our pot of money. Curse him! God alone knows how he ever found it. And as if that weren't enough," his voice had been growing louder and shriller as he talked, "you sit there and mumble about what would happen if a person who's been dead for fifteen years were living, and that I'm too spineless to do anything. By God, if I had that damned artist here you'd see whether I was spineless or not! I'd—Are you listening to me? Do you hear? I'd—" he stopped suddenly, and he and his wife looked at each other in startled surprise. Who could be coming to their place? But they had been mistaken, surely, no one could have knocked. Then the knock was repeated.

The man rose slowly, slowly went to the door, and slowly pulled it open. Theodor stepped in, his clothes dripping, his eyes sparkling. But his smile died on his lips; he instinctively shuddered. Was this what his parents had come to since he had left! He had not imagined them any younger than they were, but he had thought of them as being well off, as having no cares, and their ostensible poverty, their apathetic despair startled him. Then he remembered he was to play a part, he must act like a stranger.

"Good evening," he said. "How far am I from Csorba?"

"Twelve miles."

"Twelve miles! Something must be wrong. Where am I now?"

"This is Proprád."

"Proprád?—ah—um—Oh, yes, I remember. They did say something about a village halfway to Csorba. You see, I'm an artist, and I've come up here to sketch mountain peasants. I was at Ypédin this morning and they told me there was some beautiful scenery at Csorba, so I shipped my stuff ahead, and I thought I'd hike it myself. But this rain

has soaked me to the skin and I don't intend to walk any twelve miles with these clothes as wet as they are. Can you put me up for the night?"

"No. Get out of here! I wouldn't put up you, or any of your thieving breed! There's an inn just fifty yards up the road. Why the devil didn't you stop there in the first place; you must have seen it?"

"Yes, I saw it. That's why I came here. It was too noisy, and then one always has so many bedmates in these country inns. I prefer to stay here."

"Well, what the devil do I care what you prefer? If you don't get out of here I'll throw you out."

"Oh, come, be reasonable, I'll pay you well for it. Besides, you're just the type I want to sketch. Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send for my things at Csorba, and I'll stay here a week. See, here's a week's payment in advance." He took a thick roll of bills from his pocket and counted off eleven ducats. Eleven ducats! That was a different matter. He grabbed the money.

"Come right in, sir. Take your coat off, and put it here before the fire. Isn't it a terrible night out, sir? We don't have anything for you to eat tonight, sir, but I'll get my lazy wife to have a good meal in the morning. Come, Matilde, the gentleman will sleep in the next room; fix it up for him."

The old woman, who had eyed the money with evident approval, but who had listened to the change in the conversation with as evident disapproval, took one of the candles, and with a malevolent look at the stranger's back went off into the next room.

Theodor was tired both physically and mentally. Tired from the many days of travel, and the effect of the storm; tired from the excitement of the past few days, from the strain of constant new thoughts, from the rejuvenation, the rebirth of his soul. And coupled with this fatigue was the shock of finding his home, his parents in such straits. He wanted to be alone to rest, to think. So as soon as his mother returned and said the room was ready he bade good-night to his host, took the candle, and retired. His room was as dirty and smaller than the other, and the candle cast weird, grotesque, wavering shadows on the walls, but his bed was of fresh, sweet smelling, clean straw, the best blankets in the house had probably been put on it, and it was with more of a feeling of "at-homeness", of familiarity with the place, and of content than he had experienced in fifteen years, that he lay down, every relaxing muscle giving him a delicious thrill of rest, of peace. He had intended to lie awake and think, but he was fatigued more than he knew, and in five minutes his deep, stertorous breathing betrayed his sleep.

In the other room the old man was counting the money over and over.

"One ducat—two ducats—three ducats—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven!" Then he would begin all over again. The woman watched him half pityingly, half disgustedly, a fierce intensity in her eyes.

"Matilde, do you realize, we are no longer poor. God must have sent us this stranger."

"Well, it's a wonder you don't disgust God enough to make Him take him away, you poor fool. You spineless jellyfish."

"Spineless! Would you have me turn him out when he will bring us money?"

"Yes, a spineless, nerveless jellyfish! What were you just saying you'd do if that artist came back? And then another artist comes in and you cringe and fawn for a few kronen."

"Not kronen, Matilde, ducats. You wouldn't have me turn him out just to starve myself? That's foolish."

"Foolish? Bah! I spit at you! We could make ourselves rich, rich I say, if you weren't so wishy-washy, so nerveless."

"Rich? How?"

"Why, you poor fool, what were you making all that talk about breakfast for? Ducats! What are twelve ducats to him? Did you see the money he was carrying? He walked in here of himself, need he walk out?" She made a motion across her throat, "Phsut—and it's all ours. Now do you see?"

"Good God, Matilde, would you have me murder him? We would be hung. We'd never be able to explain what happened to him. It would be wrong."

"Explain! What would we explain? He hasn't seen a soul since he left Ypédin, this is the first house he's stopped at. Nobody saw him come in, and if you were half a man nobody would see him leave. Why would it be wrong? Did the other artist think it was wrong to steal our life? Would it be wrong for us to take it back? Wrong!—we would be defying God if we didn't use the aid He has sent us."

Eleven ducats against eleven hundred, with a life in the balance. What was a life compared to that? The man stared long at the dying embers of the fire. Then he took a knife from the wall, ran his thumb along the edge—threw it weakly on the table and hunched in the chair staring at it. Eleven ducats to eleven hundred! No chance of discovery. One artist had stolen his life, he would steal another's. He lurched to his feet drunkenly, took the knife and tiptoed into the other room.

In a few moments he came back white and shaking. "I couldn't do it, Matilde. Don't look at me like that! I know I'm weak, spineless; but the moon shone on his face and somehow. . . . Here! I'll do it. Give me some money to get a drink—then I'll do it properly." He snatched some money from the table and rushed out.



For a while the woman sat at the table nearly motionless, fingering the knife. Then she began to talk to herself. "I know him. He'll get drunk and be more maudlin than ever. I'll have to do it myself anyway, so I might as well do it now before he comes back. The coward! The lazy weakling! Afraid to take what is given him! No one will ever miss a crazy painter."

She went to the door, looked out, listened a moment and quietly shut it. Then she picked up the knife, gave it a final pat, and tiptoed into the dark room.

\* \* \*

"My son! Who says he is my son?" If his face had been white when he entered the inn, it was colorless now. Kutsera answered.

"I did. I drove him up from Csorba, where he left his baggage. He must be going to surprise you in the morning, for even I didn't recognize him at first."

As if in a trance, the old man stood up trembling like a leaf, colorless, ghastly. Then with a stifled sob, he dropped his mug and ran through the door. Everyone stared. Then somebody laughed, "He got drunk quick enough tonight," and the tension was broken.

Up the hill he ran, two words ringing in his ears. "My son—my son—my son." He screamed, "Matilde! Matilde!" Then he burst open the door of his cabin. His wife sat at the table grinning, an enormous pile of notes in front of her, a trail of blood on the floor.

*Horatio C. Wood, '24.*

### *A Sonnet*

*In solemn state the royal monarch lies,  
While Death's cold fingers close around his heart;  
No longer pride and jealous anger dart  
With piercing thrust from out those staring eyes.  
Without the palace stands the vulgar crowd,  
And traders, merchants, beggars strive for place  
With idle wish to gaze upon that face  
Which, once so haughty, moulders in a shroud.*

*They strive—but now they cease at sight of one  
In royal garb, with kingly diadem  
And comely grace and many a dazzling gem—  
The father's image vested in the son.  
And then, within, the gloomy rafters ring  
The shout—"The king is dead! Long live the king!"*

*Austin Wright, Jr., '25.*

## “Le Chevalier Errant”

THE soft, mesh curtains of the Café “Le Chevalier Errant” moved lazily in the May air. The white tables with their dainty lily-of-the-valley centerpieces, the silently moving waiters, and even the clock, freshly painted and rejoicing in its new veneer of glory—all seemed to exhale a breath of distinctly springtime coolness. It was after the rush meal time, and only a few women who had both too much money and leisure for their soul’s welfare were languidly talking scandal over their demi-tasses. At one corner table sat a young girl who seemed to embody the essence of the spirit that was prevalent in the room. In spite of the fact that she had reached her majority, she looked no more than nineteen. A large white picture hat with an ostrich plume in prominence almost concealed her sparkling black eyes. A nose, the rather attractive upward turn of which damned it for any beauty contest, and a cherub mouth in whose corners humor and temper were ever at swordpoints gave to her face a decided appeal. Her hair was black and had successfully defied all attempts of hairpins ad infinitum and redoubtable hairnets to keep her curls from escaping. She was dressed in a simple white voile with oval neck and short sleeves, sprinkled here and there with a touch of embroidery. A string of rather long white beads completed the picture.

She sat there in a pensive mood, resting her chin on her kid-gloved hands and unconsciously tapping her French-heeled white slippers against the newly polished foot of the table. Her thoughts indeed were of the happiest. A cool afternoon, an easy conscience, an imaginative romantic nature all helped.

Her train of thoughts was interrupted as a waiter ushered a young man to her table. It would have been difficult for her imagination to picture a more ideal youth than the one she saw before her now. Tall, young, of course, bienforme, and not too intellectual, he fulfilled all the proper requirements. He did not seem, however, to possess any super-human traits, judging from the fact that he proceeded to order a chicken dinner. Her romantic ideas suffered a blow, at his evident enjoyment of the meal; she would have been better pleased if he had appeared a trifle more preoccupied or restless. She managed to string out her meal till after he had departed. She noticed him speaking to the waiter and wondered that she didn’t see him tip. If only they could have spoken! She unconsciously heaved a little sigh. Hearing the clock assert the hour of two in a tone which distinctly said, “You see I have been refixed. For God’s sake give me the attention proper for such an occasion!” she hastened to depart. When the waiter came up, he handed her a bill for two people.

"But this is for two—" she questioned.

"Yes—he said Madame would pay—"

"HE?"

"Your husband said you would—" The waiter stopped, fearing foul play, but anxious not to be beaten without a struggle.

"Do you mean that—that creature—" She was down to earth now and had her true Yankee love of money aroused, "that creature claimed me as his wife and said I would pay? Why my dear sir, I don't recall as much as ever having seen him before."

"I'm very sorry, ma'am, but I hain't got no witnesses. If you'll kindly pay, and settle with him later. . . ."

"But I haven't any rings—I—"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, we have many of your type here. As it is, if you'll kindly pay—" The man did not mean to be insulting. He merely wanted his money, and frankly did not believe her.

She blushed scarlet, took her pocketbook, and paid for two dinners.

"Well, before I return, that insolent waiter—Good Lord! Romance, Romance!" she murmured as she left. Her mouth was having its eternal struggle between humor and temper. It finally had a compromise and formed the good anglican word, "Damn"—an expletive scarcely unique to Vassar graduates. The expression it gave to her face proved almost fatal to several impressionable young men who tried the almost impossible task of crossing the street and looking at a pretty girl at the same time.

It was scarcely a week later that our Vassar graduate seemed quite recovered from her *affaire d'argent* at the "Chevalier Errant." It was now June, and a pretty sight it was to see her fixing her rebellious curls before the large mirror in her boudoir. She was gowned in a creation of pink and blue with hat to match. As she came downstairs, a stout middle-aged gentleman in a large easy chair, sprinkled plenteously with cigar ashes, looked at her admiringly.

"I thought the wedding wasn't till next Tuesday. Think of my chick as a bridesmaid. You'll be the main attraction the next time that you attend a wedding, I fear."

"You needn't worry, Father. The rehearsal is this evening, and then the supper. All Princeton graduates."

"Well, anyway, be good. Don't let any knights errant—"

"You needn't remind me. At least I'm tolerant and—"

"Tolerance and goodness make a good combination."

"Yes, but it doesn't go."

"Why look at the present day—"

"The present day be hanged. The present day has all of the tolerance with none of the goodness."

"Yes, chick. And the days of the Puritans had all of the goodness without the toleration. Come home early. George has been waiting about an hour. Give my love to Helen."

The young Vassar "chick" arrived at the home of her friend in a state of great exaltation. It was a lovely night in which all nature combined to set Romance hovering in the air. As the car stopped in front of the large colonial house, she saw the gayly dressed company silhouetted against the lightly draped French windows; her heart beat unevenly. She was greeted with the usual outburst of feminine affectionate effusiveness. After this had subsided, the bride-to-be said:

"Now Mabel, let me introduce you to the best man. He is such a good fellow. Harry's roommate at Prince—" She stopped short and gazed at her friend. The humor corners of her mouth were gone, and the temper ones were in prominence. Across the room, talking nonchalantly with her friend's *fiancé* was her man of the restaurant, the shatterer of her visions, the recipient of a two dollar dinner.

"Why Mabel, what's the matter? Have you met him before?"

The object of Mabel's ire had turned and had recognized her. He started to come forward, but paused with indecision.

"Yes, I think we have had the pleasure of meeting before, last week, at the 'Chevalier Errant.'" The young man blushed.

"What a romantic place to meet at! Surely Mr. De Courcy looks like a true—" Mabel's look was one which Juno might have thrown after the falling Vulcan when he interfered in her breakfast quarrel with her husband. The giggle was checked.

"Really, Mabel—" the hostess broke forth, but Mabel had turned and fled.

The humor corners had, however, only a short period of disgrace. Before long the temper ones gave up all hope, retired from the struggle, and sulked all evening. To tell the truth, they never did get a fair deal, and were always justified in feeling aggrieved.

The long porch covered with vines had a delightful cushioned hammock in a secluded corner.

"Are you quite sure, Mabel, that you have forgiven your C. E. by this time?" a young man's voice was heard.

"I don't know—you might have picked some one else."

"Yes, but a bet's a bet. Getting a free meal from an unknown woman. It's usually vice versa. Think of all the money! Besides you did look so—"

"Quite. But really, a C. E. should have taken someone more, shall I say *passé*, who would have been really pleased."

"*Passé*. For a college girl—" The rest was lost among the gentle



rustling as the wind moved the leaves of the honeysuckle and clementine, which climbed lovingly over the porch. They seemed to be listening in a sympathetic mood, understanding the situation perfectly, and nodding their hearty approval.

"Do you think your father will object?"

"Lord, no! He's just dying to meet you. To use a vulgarism, he said you must be the deuce of a good sport. The next time we go to that——"

"Romantic place—the next time, my treat, dear—but I hear a car, is it yours?"

"Yes, it's George. Cut along, Father's waiting for my C. E."

*Hugh Latimer Wilson, '25.*

### *Forest-Night*

*The quivering poplar leaves are humming low  
The little songs taught by the rustling wind,  
A saintly owl, with paternosters slow,  
Purrs out the summer night with all his kind.*

*My pathway points me up a steep ascent,  
Past shadowy pools aglimmer 'neath the moon,  
Reflecting rocks in weird disfigurement,  
And echoing the raucus, jabbering loon.*

*On far-off mountain tops the lightnings play,  
And quaking aspen trees are stilled with fright  
That hear the rolling thunder far away,  
And feel the throbbing answer of the night.*

*But soon the clouds depart; the stars are free,  
The milky way is turbulent with foam,  
The ruffled owl that kept me company  
Has spread his silent wings and fluttered home.*

*Go, grey ghost: the night is dark and still,  
The silver-slippered moon has danced away,  
Already, faintly caught, the songbird's trill  
Invites the peradventure of the day.*

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

## Contributors Column

The following contribution was received from one of our alumni, who is still a valued member of the college community in the capacity of assistant coach of football. Mr. MacIntosh won the Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize for verse in 1921. To be sure, we had to ask before the contribution was obtained. We wish our friends were not so bashful.

### *A Mountain Evening*

*The mountains, dim against the twilight sky,  
Are robed in blending purple, green and gold  
As they like sleeping giants silent lie,  
Scarred by the weather, through the years grown old.  
A lake lies huddled in their massive arms,  
Touched by the evening breeze's gentle sweep,  
Which, lingering o'er the silent mountain farms,  
Whispers and sighs, lulling the world to sleep.  
A sheep-bell tinkles faintly and grows still;  
The distant rumble of a speeding train  
Shatters the silence over lake and hill  
Linking the echoes in a mellow chain  
That slowly falls apart and melts away  
As gathering twilight banishes the day.*

*A. MacIntosh, '21.*

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The HAVERFORDIAN would greatly appreciate the discovery of unwanted copies of the issues of April and October, 1917 (Vol. 39). They are needed to complete the files.



## Twenty Thousand Leagues

I, ALEXANDER TODD, one time Professor of Musical History in the Yeobright Academy of Fine Arts, U. S. A., am herewith taking the risk of setting down my experiences since my unfortunate disappearance (from the point of view of the world at large) from the U. S. D. *Lincoln*. It is a risk, for I feel sure that Captain Nemo would not like it, but it may contribute something to my peace of mind.

Nothing of the kind would have happened if I had not been so confoundedly absent-minded—I feel that the circumstances excuse such strong language. I had gone on board the *Lincoln* with Custavus; he was so proud of being sent on the trip by his paper that he was feeling even more joyful than usual, and fairly insisted that I look over the big dirigible which was to be his home for some weeks. It was all indeed very interesting. The ship was fully outfitted for any emergency which might arise in her famous search for that notorious bird or flying fish—as we all thought then—which was causing so much trouble. Custavus showed me everything interesting to one so unpractical as myself and then left me to make my way down to the ground alone, while he wrote his last copy—I think that is the technical term—for his paper. All would have been well even then if I had not heard that peculiar humming noise. It reminded me of one of those sixteenth century *Organistra* (*Vielle à manivelle* or *Lira rustica*) and I wondered if someone could possibly have such an instrument aboard a naval dirigible. My insatiable curiosity led me to climb up through one of the passages in the big gasbag itself and I began prowling around in the storerooms and corridors in the framework of the ship. I had always supposed that it was filled entirely with gas, but Gustavus says that all the newer models are built in that way—it has something to do with the speed, I don't know just what.

Later I learned that the noise I was seeking was caused by the gas passing from one compartment into another, which explains its resemblance to the sound of the *Organistrum*. But I must have spent two or three hours in useless investigation before I met a sailor who took me down to Captain Martins. Alas, I found that the *Lincoln* had left the flying field and was already far out over the Pacific. I was worried on account of my classes for I knew that my pupils would be troubled at my absence, but Captain Martins very kindly sent a message by radio to Mr. Leland, my assistant, with full assignments for some time. Mr. Leland is a very competent teacher in most respects but I cannot and will not agree with his theories on the development of musical consciousness; they're entirely too revolutionary. He's probably using them with all my classes now.

The trip was quite pleasant but not very successful so far as finding the creature which had been so destructive to our trading-airships. But the pure air did me a great deal of good, and I spent some time quite profitably each day in giving Lieutenant Tolda lessons on the violin. Then one evening we had that interesting experience which so excited us all. The Captain, Gustavus, Lieutenant Tolda, and myself were strolling on the upper gun deck on top of the ship smoking our after-dinner cigars when my nephew suddenly exclaimed in an awed tone, "My God! Look there!" I was about to reprimand him for his language when the Captain said something even worse, seized the phone and began directing the dirigible, while the Lieutenant turned on a big searchlight and pointed it. I then saw what was causing all the commotion; it was apparently another smaller dirigible but it had an odd appearance which I couldn't explain until Gustavus said, "Why, it has no cabins—nor propellers!" Nor had it but yet we couldn't seem to catch it, and when the Captain called for full speed—and the *Lincoln* is a speedy ship, so Gustavus says—the Thing actually began to sail around us in circles—literally going right around us while the *Lincoln* was trembling with her speed. I felt sorry for the poor ship; meanwhile the Captain was swearing and Gustavus was laughing. Then suddenly the Thing appeared to burst into flame; it became an incandescent oval of light, shot straight toward us apparently, went over our heads nearly touching us, and flashed off into the distance with such speed that it became a mere speck in one moment and disappeared in two. I was much moved and so were the others, for the Captain didn't swear nor did Gustavus laugh.

It would be useless to recount our wild speculations upon the meaning of the strange phenomenon which we had observed. We spent the whole night making them, or rather the others did and I listened. A thousand wild explanations were advanced and talked over and dismissed, and the conversation grew louder and the speculations wilder as the men grew more feverish. Finally to quiet them I took the Lieutenant's violin and played for a while and then we all went silently to bed. It was the last time that I saw any of them, for I alone was to find the true explanation of the mystery.

In doing so I accomplished my second piece of utter foolishness. I arose early the next morning and found the big dirigible plowing slowly through a fog so dense as to cut off all view within a few yards. It seemed as though we were in a white world of waste of our own, and for some reason I decided to go up on the upper gun-deck and take a stroll before breakfast. I was alone and as I walked the sound of my footsteps echoed shortly and seemed to inspire me a little. At any rate I felt a subtle melody in the silent swirls of mist and I perfected it in my mind as I slowly strolled along. Suddenly before I was aware of it I found my



feet sliding over the rounded nose of the big ship. There was a coil of rope there and I snatched at it desperately and caught hold of a piece, but to my horror it gave slowly beneath my weight and I dropped over the edge into the depths of the fog. The rope kept slipping unevenly, holding for a moment and then dropping me down a distance with an unsteady series of jerks. I must have been down fifty or a hundred feet or thereabouts—I have no head for figures—when I felt a jerk upward on the rope and then it gave way and I fell and realized that I was lost and that the Melody of the Fog which I had been composing must be lost with me.

Hardly had the thought flashed through my mind when I landed on a hard metal substance whose existence at that particular spot in the air I could not have explained if I had tried; but I did not try, for, as can easily be imagined, my strongest feeling was that of thankfulness for the preservation of my song. I have always thought that such should be the spirit of the true musician and I feel that I am justified.

From the shape of the object upon which I rested I guessed that it must be the Thing which had aroused such mingled feelings in our breasts the previous evening, and in order to arouse it, for it was apparently at rest, I kicked and stamped upon it as enthusiastically as the dignity of my years permitted. My astonishment can be imagined when after several moments a trap-door opened in the back or roof of the Thing and an entirely human looking being in a sailor's costume stared out at me for a moment and then directed me by gestures to descend before him. I did so and such was my first entrance into the life of Captain Nemo and the crew of the *Nautilus*.

I am now so far as my personal knowledge goes, in a position to solve the mystery which when the *Lincoln* returned must have burst upon the world through the pen of my talented nephew. But cut off as I am from communication with nearly all of my fellow men I am scarcely able to take advantage of that position; nor have I yet penetrated to the heart of that dark secret which makes this vessel the only home of these mysterious beings and their swarthy chief, Captain Nemo. Nearly four years have I now lived in this floating palace and many hundred times have I talked with that mysterious man, and I believe he enjoys my companionship, but never yet have I learned his secret and I believe I never shall. My life here has been very enjoyable, for the freedom of the ship is mine and Captain Nemo has taken the trouble to provide for his companions and himself every luxury conceivable. At times he has been so kind as to direct the course of the ship to suit some varying whims of mine, and I believe that my nephew would give his right hand for my opportunity to observe the workings of this strange vessel. We have visited all parts of the globe and seen such sights as I never dreamed of, and if some of the treasures I have collected could be sold a substantial

endowment for the Yeobright Musical Academy would be obtained.

It is truly a floating palace in which we dwell, for every necessity is provided, and the luxuries are too many to enumerate. The source of power which so puzzled my nephew and Captain Martins upon first sight of the *Nautilus* I do not understand myself, although Captain Nemo explained it fully. By some means the power of gravity is cut off so that the vessel is held up and moved. Power for the many devices inside the airship is obtained by decomposing the atom. I don't understand the significance of this—I suppose a mysterious putrefaction sets in—but certainly the vessel within is a scene of many demonstrations of remarkable power.

Since no gas is required to raise the *Nautilus* every particle of space is most ingeniously made use of for other purposes. The galleys and the sleeping quarters of the crew occupy the forward compartment, while the power room, laboratories and officers' quarters are to the rear. The central section consists of a suite of rooms, the luxurious equipment of which does much to aid in whiling away tedious hours. The floors are thick with rich woven rugs from Persia and the Orient. On the walls a connoisseur will recognize a Titian, a Rubens, one of Reynold's portraits, two landscapes by Corot, and many other exquisitely beautiful paintings and engravings. There is a magnificent library where the collected works of the literati of all nations are so nicely bound and printed as to lend the reader pleasure in his act by sense of touch and sight as well as mind. And here also is a luxurious lounging room where I often sit and gaze for hours at views the variety of which is limited at the will of the observer by the direction of the ship, and the beauty of which was limited only at the world's creation. Beyond the lounging room is a wonderful music room where many rare and beautiful instruments lie in their velvet cases awaiting the touch of the master. On one side is a magnificent pipe-organ at which Captain Nemo spends hours in drawing forth strange and varied music expressing every mood of his dark temperament; some of his playing is like to heathen worship of secret gods. He is a composer, too, and one of his oratorios is a very creditable piece of work. On the shelves about are horns, reed and string instruments, and drums, and all are often used for the crew are not far behind their master in this, the greatest solace to a sorrowing soul. For me there is a mellow old violin, sweeter than any I have ever touched, and many hours I spend with it interpreting my moods in music. It sings for me my Melody of the Fog, and weeps with the rain, and laughs with the sun and the wind—horrible laughter sometimes. Captain Nemo loves to hear me play but I have entertained him with but mournful melodies of late, I fear. . . .

I wish I had a parachute.

*D. H. Alden, '27.*

## Rome

LIGHT fog clouds were drifting slowly over the English Channel, hanging close to the pale, heaving surface of the water. The low swells moved in, splashing and gurgling in the seaweed on the rocky shore, and not far above, a corner of the great forest towered, wet and shadowy through the mist. And savage people, dressed in skins or ragged clothing, were waiting there; fierce, hairy men with swords, javelins and bows, with coracles and piles of hides about them; idle, unkempt women, and a crowd of naked children who played, squalling noisily, in the long grass, on the rocks, or splashing in the water.

Most of the people were gathered about a sonorous old graybeard, who sat on a bundle of pelts, talking in gruff, easy tones of the glories, municipal and military, of Rome—of palaces and pleasures and sturdy soldiers innumerable.

The people had lived here for almost a fortnight, some to sell their furs, and some merely to see the Roman ship go by. They loved, moreover, to hear the old hunter tell of fabulous wonders in Southern lands, of the City of marble and gold and omnipotent gods. One man among them, however, refused to believe these tales, laughing scornfully, for he had fought against the conquering armies and knew only hate and fear of Rome. His sons had been killed or enslaved in the wars, and he had brought his daughter to help him sell his hides. The girl was slight and dark, dressed in a blue Roman garment, and stood at her father's side, with drops of water sparkling in her black tangled hair, listening eagerly to the old man's talk; she shared the common interest in his theme, but laughed at it derisively whenever her father voiced his incredulous disgust.

While they were thus listening, a dull sound of splash and knock was heard in the fog. The children screamed and danced, the women added their shrill cries, and the men hurriedly lifted their coracles into the water, gathered their bundles and paddled out, hollowing loudly through their hands. Soon, above the fog clouds, appeared a tub-like crow's-nest perched on the top of a mast, a man standing in it. A moment later a bulky hull loomed through the mist, a broad gray sail, straining easily, seven long oars slowly churning in the water as she slid forward. There was a shout from the crow's-nest, and shouting from below, the oars stopped, the sail was drawn up with a creaking of pulleys, and she drifted slowly nearer. The little coracles slipped in beneath her oars, and the barbarians climbed nimbly over her carven railing.

A large scale was hung in the rigging, the furs were quickly weighed and the huntsmen paid from chests of clothing, weapons and goods of various sorts. The crew, armed to insure safe bargaining, stood about,

the master of the vessel leaned on the handle of the broad steering oar nearby, and under the carved stern sat a man wrapped in a purple cloak of soft wool, lazily watching the scene below him. Seeing the young girl, who sat upon the rail looking curiously around her, he bent forward and asked the helmsman to bring her to him. This was done, and trembling with fright, she glanced into his kindly face. He addressed her in a gentle, amused tone, and then sardonically observed that there were lingual difficulties to forming an acquaintance.

Her father, seeing where she stood, ran forward with a fierce exclamation, and she sank to the deck, cowering with fear. The sailors seized the man and held him, struggling; some of the barbarians started towards him, the shipmaster ran forward, the men drew their swords and drove the whole savage mob over the side, hurling their prisoner after them.

Orders were shouted, the water churned beneath the dipping oars, the slaves below struck up a steady, swinging song, the sail was dropped before the breeze, and the vessel moved on—to Rome. The girl on the deck stood up, and gazed bewilderedly at the dim receding shore line, at the angry men struggling in the water—but she did not see these things; she saw a City of sunshine, marble and flashing gold, of all the joys in life. Her young body thrilled, and she smiled at the smiling Roman.

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*

---

### *An Ivory Miniature*

*A thin, pale face that smiled at you;  
A uniform of buff and blue;  
The stiff, high-collared coat,  
With epaulets; hair tied behind;  
Thin nose; blue eyes, bright and kind;  
A medal at his throat.*

*My host glanced round, and laughed, "That, sir,  
Is our distinguished ancestor,  
Who fought against King George.  
Don't look much like a rebel, he—  
But heads our family pedigree.  
He died at Valley Forge."*

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*



## Up at the Ranch

HE WHO is blessed with a pleasingly various habit of mind no doubt occasionally idles away, dreaming at his desk, a lengthy moment which could be more profitably spent in poring over the pencil-scarred school-book that his elbow spurns. And he whose temperament is sufficiently perverse will, in these winter days, sometimes turn in his dreams to thoughts of summer, and July days spent, possibly, if he is fortunate, "up at the Ranch."

The ideal way to reach the Ranch—the one in my dreams, at least—is to motor up, crossing the bay on the ferry just as the sun is setting, out through the Golden Gate, and driving along perfect roads in the cool night air for a pleasant four-hour trip. When you arrive you are warmly welcomed to the funny little farmhouse (its capacity for guests gives the adjective the lie), and after a midnight picnic and a cool drink at the pump you go off to bed.

The best place to sleep is the "Tent"; it isn't really one at all. There used to be a tent there with a permanent floor, but the floor now supports a little one-room shack, and as it has windows all around and is out in the orchard it is the best place to sleep, by far; in obedience to the unreasonable but immutable laws of custom, however, it is still spoken of by all as the Tent. As you finally sink into bed the delicious feeling invades your sleepy brain, like the fummy dream in the mind of the opium addict, that you are now at the Ranch and time no longer matters.

And as the days go by, long but all too short, the clocks in the foggy city no doubt mark the hours, but they slip along so softly in the warm sleepy air of the valley that you mark them not nor miss them either. For those who demand their ration of excitement, the gay summer resorts along the winding Russian River are within a speedy hour's drive; but for the truly appreciative guest at the Ranch, the orchard is a field of Elysium, and the hammock swung between two apple trees a grassy bank beside the Lethean stream.

As one swings, there in the orchard, the rounded back of Mount Saint Helena trembles in the distance, blurred a little by the shimmering heat waves—Stevenson once watched the fog roll in from a little valley high on its steep sides. Late in the warm sweet evening, as the full moon rises from just behind this same black hulk of a mountain, and the Man in the Moon leans forward to catch the strains from the old-fashioned phonograph, the charm of the place is fastening itself upon you never to be fully worn away. Day or night during the long winter months your mind will always tend to wander, in its dreams, to pictures of the Tent, and the orchard, and the moon—up at the Ranch.

*D. H. Alden. '27.*

# The Plastic Age

BY PERCY MARKS

WE HAVE noted with rather grim satisfaction that "the books a college man should read" invariably are foredoomed to some mouldy corner of the library stack room. It takes no unusual degree of psychological insight, moreover, to realize that advice, be it from who you may, will be ignored. The climax to our thesis is obvious: have nothing to do with *The Plastic Age*, by Percy Marks, and by so doing you will have the undeniable pleasure of severing your collegiate noses from your collegiate faces.

The analysis of a college man's reaction to a thousand and one questions, bound up in a realistic story of a college career, is the subject of *The Plastic Age*. That was to be expected; the surprising element about the novel is that the author knew his subject. *The Plastic Age* is true, painfully true. We are all there, college leaders and college led. Some are pickled in bootleg gin, some embalmed in tobacco smoke, others crystalized in the sanctity of the Y. M. C. A., according to our individual natures. She is there too; and Ardmore with its movie show; the Sunken Garden. . . . Barclay bull-sessions rage. As for the Junior Prom, well, we found it extremely gratifying to learn that our suspicions were correct after all.

Percy Marks, himself a professor at Brown University, has undoubtedly told a true story. Sanford is typical of American colleges; Hugh Carver is typical of the collegiate type. At the same time, we cannot exactly appreciate the author's veracity. If we really are what he says we are, it is high time that the Salt of the Earth be "cast forth". But we are convinced, even as the author is, that we are not all that we appear to be on the face of *The Plastic Age* and the Dean's records. It is the old question of the Minority Rule that faces Sanford as elsewhere.

The reviewer of *The Plastic Age* in the Brown University magazine points out a flaw in the otherwise accurate story which it might be well to mention. Some time in life even a college man has to grow up. At what period does that culminate? The Brown University commentator thinks that by one's Junior year, the problems that faced Hugh Carver at graduation should have been met and thrashed out. We are inclined to agree. It seems rather futile to spend four years puzzling one's brains only to graduate in a blinding flurry of doubt.

J. F. R., '24.

# A Hind Let Loose

By C. E. Montague

C. E. MONTAGUE'S recent novel is one of unusual character. *A Hind Let Loose* is the story of two editors of opposing newspapers, who, having unwittingly hired the same writer for editorials, sack him and find that their former venom is gone, and, consequently, rapidly lose their public. Another journal springs up and in the end all three publications are employing this conjurer of words and ideas, the absence of which had been the cause of the former newspaper slump.

Obviously it is not the plot which makes this book a success, for it sounds strangely like a *Saturday Evening Post* tale. It is the biting, humiliating irony of the situation that does the trick. The ease with which a facile journalist can change his adjectives and make two fighting public factions swallow his opinions is discouraging, because it strikes so close to our own yellow journalism. In one notable instance, the leader for one sheet is diverted to the front page of the rival paper without alteration. What the public considers as admirable criticism of an art exhibition is written beforehand, thus:

"The always sound and competent work of — reminds us that some fairly authoritative judges have perhaps dissociated the older school from that of their ablest latter-day followers more widely than strict chronology warrants."

"— has evidently gone to headquarters for — technique."

*A Hind Let Loose* shows that the author is no mere dabbler in the art of writing. Himself connected with the *Manchester Guardian*, his expressions abound in conciseness.

We open the book at random and find:

The man from the lift was no slug; Mercuries-in-ordinary to these places seldom are. And Fay was no martinet either. But the man was not out of the door, to show in Mrs. Fay, when a "Quick as you can, if you please," that propelled like a kick, turned his withdrawal into a flight. Nor did Fay wait to be gnawed, sitting, by the love that feareth all things; at the first remote swish of a skirt he was up and along the passage; then back, in a moment, holding his wife by the hand, interrogating her looks with the scrutiny that fears its own satisfaction.

It gives us the impression of being written by a man of great authority, perhaps an erudite. The novel is one that cannot quickly be skimmed over, and yet it commands interest to the very end.

(May we note, in parentheses, that the fly-leaf tells us that the late Mr. Dixon Scott, in his *Men of Letters*, claims that there are only two books for the worthy, *Zuleika Dobson*, by Max Beerbohm, and *A Hind Let Loose*.)

F. C. H., '24.

# Plutarch Lied

(*Plutarch a Menti*)

By Jean de Pierrefeu

Translated from the French by Jeffrey E. Jeffrey

INCITED by his "Familiar Demon," Pierrefeu has attempted in *Plutarch Lied* to correct certain falsehoods which have been written within the last few years concerning the "military geniuses" of the World War. He starts off with an attack on "Patriotic" historians, who, he claims, have grossly exaggerated the importance of the French victories and have blithely and cleverly skipped over the incidents which might tend to lessen the glory of the French G. H. Q.

The chief contention is that the French Staff was an exclusive clique whose fundamental idea of military warfare, that of the perpetual offensive, was antiquated and inadequate to cope with modern military methods. The persistency of Joffre's *idée fixe* was equalled only by his good fortune. His victories were won by luck and force of numbers. Ludendorff might have been regarded as a real soldier, but the national war refused to enter the mould which he had forged for it so tyrannically, because it had become an affair of peoples and no longer an exercise for the warrior. Foch did not even have the military training of Joffre and was successful through little virtue of his own. His breaks were remarkable, so were his aides. The secret of the final victorious advance lay in the fact that the corps commanders were administrative only, giving the battalion commanders their objectives, and full control to capture them any way possible.

*Plutarch Lied* is very convincing. Its interest has been widespread in France and will probably remain as one of the source-books of the Great War.

F. C. H., '24.







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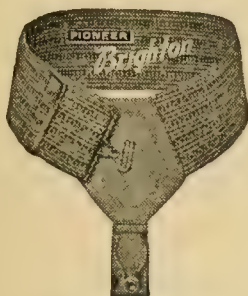
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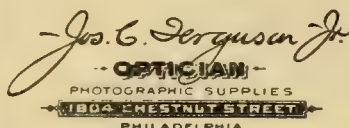
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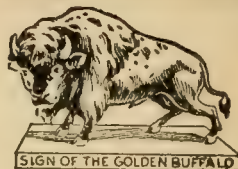
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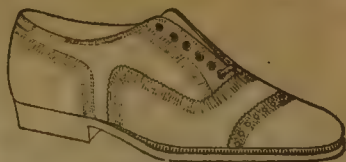
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# The Haverfordian



May, 1924

Volume XLIII

Number 9





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## The Dilemma of Dislike

IT IS said that once when Tom Brown was about to be "sent down" from Christ Church for having violated a precious Oxford rule, Dean Fell promised to allow him to remain in residence on condition that he extemporised a satisfactory version of Martial's epigram. Whereupon "Great Tom" improvised the familiar quatrain:

*"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell,  
But this I know, and know full well,  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."*

Now, in point of fact, Tom had no reason for disliking Dr. Fell. On the contrary, he had good cause to be grateful to the Dean for relenting to mete out just punishment to which he was liable.

What, then, caused Tom's dislike for his "Head"? And why could not he give the reason for it? If we could answer these questions we would have the key to unlock the mystery of our own antipathies. For, are we not, each one of us, pretty much of a Tom Brown in our daily experience with other people? Do we not dislike one person or another and yet find it impossible to explain why? Truly the problem of disliking our fellowmen is worth our investigating for two reasons, if for no other.

For one thing, we constantly find ourselves being disliked. It would be a simple matter, indeed, if we could dislike others and let it go at that. But the dilemma of our antipathy is that there are many others who out-snub us. Then, in the second place, those whom we dislike most usually turn out to be the ones whom we have to deal with, and eventually we come to the painful realization that we are at a great disadvantage in dealing with them. In other words, we are intermingled with the rest and are part and parcel of society. Hence, it naturally follows that to dislike others is to place ourselves out of harmony with mankind and to set ourselves at odds with the world. To be sure, this is a serious problem, very much worth our attention.

Let us, then, start at the beginning. What caused Tom's dislike for Dr. Fell? Perhaps the best answer available is to be found in the theory of the psycho-analyst. The cause is not far to seek, he would say. The matter with Tom was that he had an inferiority complex. From having a feeling of inferiority Tom gradually developed a dislike for him. Disliking him, he could not possibly love him. It's all very simple, this problem of disliking the other fellow who is your superior.

But, it is notable, this is not explaining the cause of Tom's antipathy. This is merely begging the question. For, how would one account for the dislike often cherished by those who are above for those who are below them? Does a superiority complex (granted, for argument's sake, that there is such) also lead to dislike? Whichever way the psychologist answers our question the antipathy still remains, for want of a solution.

We come now to the second query: Why could not Tom give a reason for his antipathy toward Dr. Fell? But, here, as before, we are equally at a loss as to the correct answer. Aside from the fact that certain mental phenomena are inexplicable we are as much in the dark as Tom himself. Like Tom we could, and often do, declare with great emphasis that we dislike such and such a person. But when asked the reason why we are dumbfounded. "Well, you know why," or some such other meaningless remark would be our only reply. We become just so many Tom Browns.

Are, then, our antipathies unreasonable? Must we blindly go on disliking our fellowmen and face the serious consequences which we know to be detrimental to our own welfare? Such apparently is the case; for there can be no alternate course of action so long as our antipathies are there and remain inexplicable.

However, it seems an insult to our intelligence and a challenge to our rationality that we should willingly submit ourselves to the whimsicality of our own minds and despair of our own helplessness. We should know what underlies our antipathies and be able to give the reason for having them.

All this is very puzzling; but it is to be acknowledged that we do have our antipathies and should know how to account for them, but do not.

Perhaps, however, if we attempt a classification of our antipathies, we might be able to simplify the problem somewhat by acquainting ourselves with the capriciousness of our minds. All our dislikes could be conveniently grouped under three classes: namely, color, creed and class.

Antipathies of color are universally known as race-prejudice. It exists wherever and whenever people of different races come together, from the most primitive and uneducated to the, speaking arbitrarily, most advanced and enlightened. It seems to be a natural instinct with all humankind. It has been a stumbling block to far-sighted statesmen who sacrificed their lives trying to bring about an international solidarity, and a hindrance to sincere social reformers who tried in vain to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. It has been the cause of many a war of reckless destruction, of pitiless massacre and cruel murders. It has incited hatred between individuals. In short, it has blackened



the annals of the race and poisoned the mind of man, all on account of a difference that is merely skin-deep.

But the tragedy of it all is that such downright condemnation of an entire branch of the race is often the result of unscrupulous exploitation of its material resources by a few imperialistic agents of *civilization*. Practical politicians that they are, they are also master psychologists of their own people. Being well aware that popular enthusiasm and support can best be aroused by appealing to their imagination, they rely upon the suggestibility of the human mind and play upon its caprice. Having coined euphonistic and vivid expressions of the language, they train them to regard such as sacred. Hence, Africa becomes the *Dark Continent*, and its people, the *Backward Races*. The *White Man's Burden*, therefore, is to send *Civilizing Missions* for the enlightenment of the people and the development of their country. Unfortunately, the *Culture System* so introduced produced forced slavery and fostered exploitation, and Africa is still a dark continent, its people have not progressed much and the white man's burden remains just as heavy.

Then, there is the *Yellow Peril*, the slow but sure doom that is bound to fall pitilessly and dark on the white man's land, to be followed by *THE RISING TIDE OF COLOR AGAINST WHITE WORLD SUPREMACY*. (We strongly recommend Lothrop Stoddard's book, not for whatever merit it might have, but rather as an example of what a prejudiced mind can imagine.) No mental picture can be more fantastic than that of the yellow man, closely followed by his brown and red brothers, quietly but firmly inviting their white brother to jump off God's green earth! Nor was poet ever so madly exalted as Kipling when he wrote:

"Our Fathers in a wondrous age,  
 Ere yet the Earth was small,  
 Ensured to us an heritage,  
 And doubted not at all  
 That we, the children of their heart,  
 Which then did beat so high,  
 In later time should play like part  
 For our posterity.  
 . . . . .  
 Then, fretful, murmur not they gave  
 So great a charge to keep,  
 Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save  
 Their labor while we sleep.  
 Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year  
 Our fathers' title runs.

*Make we likewise their sacrifice,  
Defrauding not our sons."*

The heritage of the white man is his land which will be submerged by the rising tide of color because a white man says so.

Passing from our racial to our creedal antipathies we find an even deeper-seated hatred between the followers of organized religion of one sect and those of another. It would be futile and out of place here to touch upon even one of the numerous schisms within established Christianity itself; suffice it to say that almost all of the doctrinal controversies are meaningless and often ridiculous. Its treatment of the *heretics* may be cited as an example of its intense hatred for those who found it impossible to subscribe to its principles as practiced by Christians of the Later Middle Ages. A "heresy hunter" of that period finds that:

Heretics are recognizable by their customs and speech, for they are modest and well regulated. They take no pride in their garments which are neither costly nor vile. They do not engage in trade, to avoid lies, and oaths, and frauds, but live by their labours as mechanics—their teachers are cobblers. They do not frequent taverns or dances or other vanities. They restrain themselves from anger. They are always at work, they teach and learn and consequently pray but little. They are to be known by their modesty and precision of speech, avoiding scurrility and detraction, light words, lies and oaths. They do not even say *vere* or *certe*, regarding them as oaths.

Notwithstanding, they were *heretics* and were burned at stake. We have often heard it queried: What is in a name? We are now inclined to ask: What is not in a name?

Not long ago, a group of pious men moved out of a prosperous Middle-Western city and established a community of their own; because they wanted to worship freely the God they knew to be true. They called their church *THE TRUE CHURCH OF GOD* and worshipped therein happily. Before long, there was a difference of opinion and the dissenting party built another church for themselves and called it *THE ONLY TRUE CHURCH OF GOD*. Soon after, another flaw was discovered in the second church and a third, called *THE ONLY REAL TRUE CHURCH OF GOD*, was established. Here we have a small community, founded on the principle of the brotherhood of men, with no less than three churches each claiming to be the true church of God and hating the other two like poison, all on account of a name.

What is not in a name when a *Modernist* will tell you that it makes the deepest difference in the world whether one is a *Modernist* or a *Fundamentalist*, and vice versa, and when the *Catholic* priest will fight tooth

and nail with his fellow *Protestant* clergyman and is sure that the latter will go to hell after death?

Leaving the mutual antipathies entertained by various branches within established Christian Church itself, it may not be amiss to call the reader's attention to the antagonism between Christianity and other religions such as Buddhism, Judaism, Mohammedism and Confucianism. (Properly speaking, Confucianism is merely a code of ethics.) As Christians we are prone to belittle whatever virtue there is in them and are readily cognizant of their defects and weaknesses. Unlike the poet, we are not willing to forgive Buddha, Moses, Mohammed, Confucius, and many others; because they all had their faults but Christ:

*"But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,  
But Thee, O poets' Poet, wisdom's Tongue,  
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,  
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,  
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest—  
What IF or YET, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,  
What least defect or shadow of defect,  
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,  
Of inference loose, what lack of grace  
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—  
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,  
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?"*

Indeed, what amiss may we forgive in Him? But what miserable failures we have been, and still are, in trying to carry out His teaching! For Christianity, as we practice it, instead of bringing about the brotherhood of men, has barred us from it. By the very dynamic nature of our faith we do not hesitate to dispose of the other creeds in a summary fashion with the result that at various times in the last twenty centuries there have been cruel persecution of the *pagan*, wasteful campaigns against the *infidel*, and much impatient Christianization of the *heathen* as to produce fearful suspicion and hatred on the part of those who have been forced to accept or fight against Christianity.

In the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, Jesus gives us a most vivid illustration of the third type of our antipathies, namely, class-prejudice. To use His own words:

*"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican."*

Or even as this selfish capitalist, this ignorant laborer, this despicable criminal, this pitiful drunkard, and this corrupted politician. Here we reach the acme of conceit and the worst of man's hatred for man.

In many ways, class-prejudice is the most elementary and most contagious of all. It seems to be the innate nature of man to identify himself with a certain class in society and to regard the rest with suspicion. Through contact and contrast we learn what our respective interests and rights are and become so jealous of them that the slightest provocation or resistance from the opposing classes often leads us into serious strife with them. Thus the continuous struggle between capital and labor, the manufacturer and the farmer, and so on throughout the entire organ of society.

If these considerations are true, should not our conclusion be that in displaying our prejudice against the other race we become gravely apprehensive of the fact that we are equally vehemently prejudiced against, that our race-prejudice is no more than a mental illusion but we cherish it because deceptive political demagogues give it an airing now and then and because society sanctifies it for its name; that while we call ourselves Christians we are only occasionally Christians in spirit and very seldom in practice; and finally, that in our daily relationships with our fellowmen we assume a "holier-than-thou" attitude?

For all this, there is but one remedy. That remedy is toleration:

*"For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
And faults of others—gently as he may,  
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,  
Teaching us to forget them or forgive."*

*Samuel Hiok Chang, '24.*



## For a Franc

“**B**UT Paul, you know M. Theuriet has said we must leave at the end of the month if the rent is not paid.”

“Yes, Mariane, I know it only too well. Oh, the rascal, if he would only give us a little more time.”

From the garret window Paul looked mournfully into the little street of the Latin Quarter. Perhaps he had been a fool after all to come to Paris and take up literature as a profession. But no, he assured himself, he could never have hoped to make a name in Albret, good-sized town though it was.

And Mariane—had he been a fool to marry her? They were both so young and inexperienced. No; no; a thousand times no. At the very thought of giving up Mariane, Paul trembled. He had been enraptured, and could not live without her. She, too, was a young writer, but as yet Paris had failed to appreciate either of them.

Now Mariane broke in upon Paul's reverie.

“Do you know dear, sometimes I think we are foolish to keep on as we are doing. I just know if my name were a little better known *La Revue des Deux Mondes* would have accepted my last article.” Then with increased animation, “Jean LeVilliers—you remember him, that tall, dark, handsome fellow we met at Mme. Raymond's *soirée* several months ago—well, he writes now regularly for *Lectures pour Tous* and two or three other magazines, and is he still in the Latin Quarter? You may be sure he isn't. Only last week, just as I was going in to Alice's to look at her last painting, M. LeVilliers was coming out. I recognized him at once, but I don't believe he knew me. Alice told me he is getting wealthier every day, and he has just bought a chateau near Carcassonne.”

Yes, Paul remembered him—a handsome dashing fellow to whom women were always attracted, but who had few brains and little character. And yet he had got ahead. How did he do it? A sudden fit of melancholy seized Paul. Here he was, an unsuccessful young fellow with no prospect for anything better. But that was not the worst. He was compelling Mariane to share his dismal lot, when she ought to be enjoying herself like other young people. Perhaps, perhaps—Paul hated the very thought—but perhaps it would be better for them both if Mariane were free from him and the dreary Latin Quarter. Ought they to separate? Oh, how hard a life it would be for him. Yet when he thought of Mariane he remembered she had spoken rather petulantly, and freedom from him would probably make her happy again.

Thinking these things, Paul seized his hat and went down the rickety stairs out into the little street. His mind was in a state of tur-

moil, yet he vaguely realized that he must soon come to a decision, and that this decision might be a turning point in his life.

It was raining; a drizzly, gloomy wetness hung over the city. Paul walked for an hour or more without knowing where he was going. It was no use. After endlessly turning over the thoughts in his mind, he could not quite decide to give up Mariane, though his conscience told him he ought.

While he was in this brown study, a fat man suddenly came running around the corner and bumped into him. This immediately brought him to his senses, and he mumbled a reply to the corpulent gentleman's apology. Then Paul realized that he was wet. The drizzling rain had soaked through his clothes, and he was shivering with the cold. Dumbly he turned towards home.

Through the mist shone the shop-light of old M. Livet's bookstore. When he came up to it, Paul entered. The old man greeted him kindly; he knew hundreds like Paul in the Latin Quarter. Often the young man would drop in and hunt through the little old shop for interesting books. Now he started to search the dingy cases and dark corners with the hope of finding some consolation.

A dilapidated morocco-bound volume lay on the floor half under one of the cases. Picking it up, he read these faded words on the first page: "*Mes Voyages dans le Midi de France*," Par Raymond Dagnan.

It was a volume of neatly written manuscript dated 1858.

This title vaguely seemed to suggest something to Paul's mind. All at once it dawned on him. Why, of course, here was the very thing from which to get material to finish that article he had begun months before, "*Les Cathedrales des Villes du Midi de France*." Inspired with sudden hope, Paul thought perhaps he could finish the article and have it accepted by one of the magazines. Looking hopefully through the leaves of the old book, he saw among other things some fine sketches and descriptions of the cathedrals in many of the southern towns.

He sought M. Livet and asked the price.

"Oh, you can have it for a franc."

A franc seems little enough, but to Paul it meant a good deal; with the question of rent, clothes, and food, staring him in the face, he hesitated. Once more he looked over the book, and now something urged him to hand the money to M. Livet and go out of the door, clutching the old book under his coat to protect it from the rain.

Paul climbed the stairs to the garret, determined to finish that article and have it accepted. With true womanly perception, Mariane at once noticed that he was hungry, and wet to the skin. But Paul was so absorbed in his idea, he brushed past her with a short "No matter,"

and shut himself in his room. A few minutes later Mariane could hear his pen scratching away busily.

Naturally Mariane was surprised at these actions. Paul had grabbed his hat and gone out without saying a word to her of his intention. Coming in much later, and soaking wet, he would not hear or even speak to her. What could it all mean? She asked herself.

Darkness was fast coming, so she turned to prepare the scanty supper. Suddenly a thought struck her, and she stopped her work to listen. There was not a sound from Paul's room. She began to think she might have been a little impetuous that afternoon. It was after speaking of Jean LeVilliers, she recalled, that Paul had been so quiet and thoughtful. Did he suppose she was in love with DeVilliers? Surely he didn't think such a thing; but still, he had acted very strangely. To see if there could be any trouble, Mariane resolved to have it out with Paul.

Tiptoeing to the door of his room, she softly opened it. There he was, reading and slowly turning the pages of an old volume; much too interested in it to hear her. She stealthily came into the room, crept up behind him, and put her hands over his eyes. Paul started, and the book slipped to the floor. Laughing at his surprise, his wife picked it up and put it on the table.

As the volume lay open, Paul noticed two of the yellow leaves near the end of it tightly stuck together at the edges. With a penknife he carefully cut them apart. Inside was a long sealed envelope which contained five notes of one thousand francs each!

Between two of the notes was a folded piece of old notepaper. It was with difficulty that Paul and Mariane held back their exultation as they opened it. The following was written in the shaky hand of old age:

To the one whom I have interested so much as to peruse my book, I bequeath my whole fortune of five thousand francs. I pray God it may relieve the wants of one, and make his way free from sorrow and loneliness that an unsuccessful scholar has suffered. I challenge the one who discovers this to carry on the great work of an unfortunate old man.

Raymond Dagnan

December 12, 1858.

Paul looked at Mariane and saw tears of joy in her eyes.

Then all at once the sheer happiness of the whole thing came to him. He could keep Mariane!

Now she was in his arms and they were both weeping for joy.

*Stansfeld Sargent, '27.*



## The Tonic Harmony

IT WAS a glorious fall day. Looking out of the window, he, the faithful student, could almost feel the sensation of the warm fingers of sunshine on the grass as they stroked it in movement given them by the leafy screen through which they had just broken glowing passage. In imitation of the angels on Jacob's escalator, the squirrels busied themselves on the tree trunks. Even the charms of Pythagorean doctrines failed to keep wandering eyes and still more errant mind indoors.

"Pythagoras probably considered numbers as entities of which the universe was made up, the odd being the limiting form-giving element and the even the unlimited capacity for form, or space, the two sometimes being considered as male and female." This noble effort at concentration ended in a gentle closing of the eyes and a vision of a certain beloved damsel gradually merging into the figure three only to lose itself by hurtling away into a vast and stupendous blueness of infinity. In the guise of the figure four his wandering personality pursued nothing in boundless space, seeking in the illimitable to outline his object.

The sudden apparition on the mental horizon of a confused mass of images: Italians, fruit, the Orpheum theatre at home, the girl again with him sitting in the stalls, these and many more finally merged into the waking realization that the insistent phonograph in the room below was again perpetrating, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Here was the note-book again. "The world and universe is formed merely of mathematical combinations; derange this ordered system and the outlines of form would disappear from the boundless space which had given them birth. The 'music of the spheres' is produced by the spacing of the heavenly bodies at harmonious intervals mathematically. In its natural state the human body is also in a harmonious condition, said Pythagoras. . . ."

A new record on the music-box downstairs insinuated itself into the scholarly train of thought. Really extraordinary how that music did seem part of existence . . . peculiar, very. . . .

Here and there a note gave promise of an impending laxity on the part of the spring. Each one sent a chill of agony through the recumbent frame above. Suddenly, with an anguished accent the leading lady of the "Chocolate Soldier" failed to attain her expectations of altitude in the closing bars of "My Hero," and—apparently discouraged—passed into a rapid and excruciatingly discordant decline landing finally in silence through the medium of a deep groan.

Above, the disciple of Pythagoras felt a most remarkable and frightening sensation of dissolution. The harmony which bound his being together was shattered. A mass of twos, fours, sixes, eights,



and zeros rushed towards him from all directions with a maddening burst of silence. Rotating madly, the zeros by tremendous centrifugal force threw off great clusters of lesser circlets which strung out like balance sheets of the Bank of England reported in kronen. Suddenly, with a wild discord, everything faded into total blackness through which shot beams of color uniting in certain planes into rich harmonies and gradations.

This was terrible. His individuality had lost its pitch, its key, its something, he didn't know what, but he was certain it was lost. He needed something, that was evident, but what. It was something to do with music, but again, what? What? WHAT?

Recalling earlier struggles with counterpoint, harmony, and musical analysis a mocking company of subdominant, six-four, inverted triad, dominant seventh and all the other lesser and greater chords thronged his mental vision. But they were all wrong. Then like a falling star on a dark night the image of an elevated advertisement flashed into view, there it was—the mysterious writing on the wall—T-A-N-L-A-C—what did it signify? The idea flirted with the doorkeeper of his consciousness, hovering on the threshold. Oh, that there was some way to force its entrance—something tangible to seize it by! Just a fraction more and it would be visible—almost—yes—here it was—T-O-N—what was it—oh, yes—T-O-N-I-C—tonic.

That was it all right, but what to do about it, that was the question. Suddenly the discovery came that whatever he thought of became at first faintly outlined before him, and with longer concentration grew in substantiality. Even now there appeared a bottle of what was evidently some powerful tonic, but whether the right sort or not could only be ascertained by experience. But how? How? HOW? He could not even move towards it. He was mere space without form or outline, just as well at the furthest boundary of the universe, or already inside the bottle as before it!

This absolute impotence was terrible. If he could he would have sworn aloud, but how could space produce sound? Sound, now he had it, that was the key to the situation, it was the mathematical arrangement of his constituent harmony which had been deranged. But even so, what could be done?

Dwelling on this thought, suddenly he became aware of the faintly appearing objectification of his idea. Music was coming from out of the vast infinite. It grew louder. A suggestion of tingling reality in himself began simultaneously to make itself known. . . . Louder, louder, louder, until with a burst of melody and saxophonic sobs, "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" rushed into being at the bidding of a scratching needle on the phonograph in the room below.

Pins and needles too were attacking very sensibly the right leg which was resting in an abandoned fashion over the arm of the chair. A beam of sunlight was stealing round upon his face and outside the nut-carrying squirrels still plied their trade. Last but not least a slight contraction of the finger muscles revealed the tangible presence of a note-book from whose pages stood out mockingly the sentence—"everything being what it is, in the last analysis, because of mathematical facts, it must be always possible to calculate recurrences."

"But not for me by a long shot," said the faithful student with a prodigious yawn, as he rose and stretched himself.

*Donald Messenger, G. S.*

---

## *The Wisdom of Agur, the Oracle*

*Three things are stately in their march, yea, four which stately go,  
The grey-hound running swiftly, and the gaunt he-goat also,  
The lion, mightiest of beasts, for none will turn away,  
And a king amidst his army on the fatal battle day.*

*Four things on earth are little, but they are exceeding wise,  
The ant which lays in ample stores against the cold's surprise—  
The conies though a feeble folk, build among the rocks,  
The locusts have no king and yet then they travel all in flocks,  
The lizard thou canst't easy grasp, and seize him with thy hand  
Yet she is in king's palaces, the fairest in the land.*

*For three things earth doth tremble, and four she cannot bear,  
One of them is an handmaid that is her mistress' heir,  
A fool when he is full of food, a servant that is king,  
And an odious woman married is indeed a dreadful thing.*

*Three things there are too great for me, and four I have not known,  
The way of an eagle in the air, and a serpent on a stone,  
The way of a ship in the midst of the sea, when the clouds are wet and  
grayed,  
Yea, a fourth there is which I cannot know—The way of a man with  
a maid.*

(Proverbs, xxx.)

*B. B. Warfield, '25.*

# A Matter of Personal Taste

## *A Play in One Short Act*

### CHARACTERS

PETER QUIMBY, ESQ.

MISS EMMA QUIMBY, *his elder daughter, a schoolteacher.*

MISS HULDA QUIMBY, *his younger daughter, also a schoolteacher.*

MR. HEINRICH MOELLER, *an artist of a well established reputation.*

SCENE—*The very comfortable "front room" of Peter Quimby, Esq. It is about seven o'clock in the evening. A fire in the large fire-place on the right furnishes all the light that the room can pretend to at the present moment. And even that bit of light is selfishly monopolized by a heavy old cushioned chair that faces the fire and basks in its warmth and light, letting but a few indifferent rays creep around its corners into the middle of the room. There is a door in back, and one on the left, in front. There are several old-fashioned chairs scattered about; the entire aspect of the room is old-fashioned. On the different walls are drawings and paintings—charcoals, water-colors, and several oils hung especially prominently.*

*In the semi-darkness sit the MISSES QUIMBY. MISS EMMA is already middle-aged, and when she speaks, you are hearing someone who speaks from deep experience. Don't forget this. She sees to it that her classes don't forget it. MISS HULDA, or I suppose we might as well call her Hulda now—we would anyway later on—is possibly twenty-six (this is just a guess, of course) and still has hopes of escaping the terrors of old-maidenhood as exemplified in her sister. The sisters are probably knitting.*

HULDA: Don't you think father has been rather irritating of late? For instance, yesterday when I forgot to soak his No. 7 brush he got quite unreasonably gruff about it. Altogether too fussed up about such a little thing, I think.

EMMA: Well, my dear, he is rather old, you know. We younger people must make allowances for the others, indeed we must. And then his nerves. Then too, you know as well as I do how particular he is about his painting things.

HULDA: And no wonder, when he's got such talent. Like De Morgan, you know—he began writing when quite an old man.

EMMA: Certainly. (*A pause.*)

HULDA: By the way, you know little Dick Corrigan?

EMMA: Yes; what about him?

HULDA: Well, I was walking around in the classroom, and I came up behind him, and there he sat drawing a ship on the ocean. It was really fine for such a little chap. He colored it and I brought it

home to show to father and ask him what he thinks about it. That boy has talent, I think.

EMMA: Father'll tell you what's the matter with it, don't you worry. (MISS EMMA'S bitter experience tells her that it isn't as simple as all that.)

HULDA: Here he's coming. Rather late.

(Enter PETER QUIMBY, a stout, big old man with a weak chin and hanging cheeks, but very good-natured. He has let his hair grow long and wears a velvet jacket under the impression that such things make at least one-half of the artist; for he's an artist, of course. You need only look at his "Daphne and Chloe" or "The Death of Marie Antoinette" to realize that. It is still cold outside and he rubs his hands when he comes in.)

QUIMBY: Well, well—and here are my two ducky-pigeons knitting industriously. (He's evidently feeling pretty good.) I suppose you've scraped my palette and cleaned my spatula, Hulda. (The true artist always thinks of his palettes and his spatulas, you see. He puts his coat and hat on one arm of the big chair.)

HULDA: You'll find them in the kitchen, on the table. You look pretty well tonight, Father; what's up?

QUIMBY: Well, I suppose the truth must out. Heinrich Moeller is coming to inspect my canvases this evening. (He dwells on the word "canvases" with loving emphasis.) He ought to be here soon (looking at his watch).

(He sits down in the big chair.)

EMMA: Is it possible? The Mr. Moeller of the Academy? I'm sure he'll recognize at once the latent talent that has at last come to the surface in your work.

QUIMBY (obviously tickled): Eh, eh, not so strong, Emmie; but I have my hopes that he'll select two or three of my things for the May exhibition. I rather think he would also help me in the selling of some of my productions. Even the lesser ones might command an easy fifty dollars.

HULDA: Fifty dollars—just think of it! As much as either of us would earn in a couple of weeks. And that for the lesser ones.

QUIMBY: I'd hate to part with them though. Each one of them is a part of me. Yes, each one of them is a part of me.

EMMA: Each one.

QUIMBY: I may be too outspoken and I may be too generous and I may be too broad-minded to be appreciated by the merely commercial side of the proposition to the full of my merits, but at least I have



put into my work, I think, the *something* that can not but be detected by the truly understanding *connoisseur*.

(*His daughters are awed by the comprehensive way in which Mr. QUIMBY embodies his ideas.*)

(*The doorbell rings.*)

QUIMBY: Hulda—

HULDA: Yes, just a second, father.

(*She goes to the door, and announces Mr. HEINRICH MOELLER.*)

QUIMBY (*with a tremor in his voice*): Bring him right in, Hulda dear.

(*Enter Mr. MOELLER, a small, bald-headed, rather nervous man.*

*He puts his hat on a chair.*)

QUIMBY: Won't you have a seat, Mr. Moeller?

MOELLER: No, thanks. I think I'll just begin looking around at some of your—work. (*He hesitates before the last word, having looked at one or two of the pictures.*) If you don't mind.

QUIMBY: Certainly not, Mr. Moeller, certainly not.

(*MOELLER slowly walks around the room looking at the pictures.*

*Mr. QUIMBY sits on the arm of the large armchair expectantly. THE*

*MISSSES QUIMBY continue to knit silently, looking up now and then.*

*MOELLER does not take very long. He speaks—sshl')*

MOELLER: And are these all your more important ones?

QUIMBY (*weakly*): Yes.

MOELLER: Your most recent ones, I presume.

QUIMBY: All of my finished productions.

MOELLER: Yes—“finished productions”—it depends on what one means, of course. (*He stands with his back to the others, looking at “Sunset on the Nile”.*)

MOELLER: Have you ever seen the Nile, Mr. Quimby?

QUIMBY: No, I haven't—the “Sunset” is a purely imaginative piece.

MOELLER: I rather suspected as much. Well, Mr. Quimby, it may be your old age or it may be your lack of training or it may be your lack of talent or it *may* be all three, but your attempts are not, indeed are far from, very far from being of the calibre that they should possess to compete in the market of modern art. Furthermore they show an unfortunate old-fashioned amateurish mediocrity. It will be impossible to sell any of these. I am afraid, Mr. Quimby, that you have been flattering yourself. I am sorry that I can do nothing for you. (*He picks up his hat and goes to the door.*)

MOELLER: Good-bye, Mr. Quimby.

QUIMBY (*very weakly*): Good-bye. (*He sits perfectly still on the arm of the chair, while MOELLER goes out.*)

HULDA: Well, that's a shame.

EMMA: All *I* can say is that Mr. Moeller has severely, I repeat *severely*, disappointed me.

HULDA: I think it was horrid the way he insisted again and again on father's—well, lack of experience. I'd like to see *him* do any better.

EMMA: Then the way he stared at that Nile picture. Those shades of red are very impressively harmonized *I* should say. And as if father ever could have been at the Nile—foolish question.

HULDA: A very tactless man.

EMMA: It really all comes down to personal taste. Mr. Moeller's taste differs considerably from ours. And his is probably very narrow, because just look at the variety of subjects that father has chosen.

*(This dialogue is carried on with the purpose of getting some reaction out of QUIMBY. But the reaction is obstinate, and won't come. QUIMBY still sits motionless.)*

HULDA: Won't you have your pipe, father?

*(QUIMBY mechanically gets up and walks to the back wall, taking the meerschaum which has been hanging there. He returns and sits down in the chair, then puts the pipe in his mouth without lighting it. There he sits, staring at the fire. MISS EMMA and HULDA feel vaguely uneasy.)*

EMMA: Oh, yes! I almost forgot the batch of compositions on "My Earliest Ambition" upstairs. I'll have to return them tomorrow. *(She gets up and leaves.)*

*(You expect HULDA to leave too; just wait a minute or two, and then—)*

HULDA: Oh, what's that I smell burning now! I bet it's the cauliflower. *(She rushes out through the door in back.)*

*We are left with MR. QUIMBY.*

*He still sits there.*

*After a minute or two he drops his meerschaum on the floor. But he still sits there.*

CURTAIN

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*

## The Gentle Art of Bumming

THE title, no doubt, is poor. For those who have bummed, "gentle" is insulting. For those who have not, "art" is stretching the point. New Yorkers would take offense at the use of the American slang "bumming" instead of the New Yorkese—hitch-hiking. Others might even object to "the" and "of" as being entirely too trite. "The Gentle Art of Bumming" is, then, a well-balanced title, each word being equally poor. But "art" being in the center, is the key word, for bumming is an art, can be made a fine art—"and thereby hangs a tale."

He who aspires to become a knight of the road must possess several preliminary requisites. Chief among these are, a scarcity of funds, a quantity of ambition, a poor appetite, a fluent command of a large derogatory vocabulary, and a loud, raucous voice with which to use this. A fire-arm of any type, or even a state officer's whistle and uniform might aid materially in getting rides but would certainly remove the element of chance which is the most fascinating (and exasperating) feature of the art.

There are four accepted schools of bumming, all of which are founded on the rather conservative motto, "Dishonesty is not the worst policy." The followers of one system pretend not to notice the prospective picker-up until, at the opportune moment, they turn with an expression of mingled surprise and hopefulness as if to say, "It certainly is good of you to ask us. I guess we might as well ride after all." The second method of bumming is more Omar Khayyamish. Those who believe in it prefer to lie comfortably in the shade on the farther side of some sharp corner, and set out eagerly just as the approaching car rounds the curve. Another system is to stride along determinedly, wearing on the back a Los Angeles pennant or a placard with some such inscription as "Buffalo or Bust," "Walking to Washington" or "Topeka by Tuesday." The last set of road knights need no such enlightening labels—it is always apparent that they are just about finishing their third trip around the world. They limp or stagger along dejectedly, but spasmodically lose their fatigue when an auto slows down several yards in front of them.

Pickers-up are of one kind only—demi-gods. Non-pickers-up are of many and varied sizes, shapes and sorts. There is the man with the full car who always turns up during the long walking stretches, and must of course be excused. There is the fellow with the empty back seat but with a girl in the front one. His pardon or condemnation depends entirely on the appearance of the girl. There is the practical joker who slows down to see how fast and how far the bummer will chase him. He will undoubtedly be eternally damned. Dozens of

other types might be mentioned, as the aristocrat, the inexperienced driver, the private chauffeur, and the man with a new car.

But of all the non-pickers-up, the most exasperating, the most disconcerting, the most wrath-provoking is the pointer—the fellow who points to the right or left or more probably straight ahead, and then drives into the horizon just where the bummer wants to go. In such cases, when the afore-mentioned derogatory vocabulary has been duly exhausted the next move is to conjure up a sweet dream of revenge, in which the tyrant, shipwrecked, flounders helplessly in the waves while the dreamer rows by in an almost empty life-boat and points indefinitely toward shore.

No discussion of pickers-up would be complete without some mention of the female of the species. It has been claimed, and by experienced knights of the road, that every word yelled at a woman driver is a word wasted. However that may be there is a case on record of a bummer whom, for the sake of secrecy, we will call the writer. Having exhausted his stock of persuasive and damnatory phrases by first hailing and then "hell"ing every car that had passed for about two hours, he was finally rescued by a lady (she certainly was that) who had not even been requested for aid. Perhaps, after all, it isn't necessary to "waste" words on women drivers.

Due consideration having been given to both the bummer and the bumme, next in order comes the result which might be called by strange contradiction the "bum" itself. By arithmetic, when the bummer has been added to his victim's car, the first step is to calculate the two routes, subtract the difference and thus find the ultimate point of division.

When the "bum" is under way, conversation will invariably revert to two stock subjects. The rider will be prevailed upon to give a brief and concise history of his life—past, present and future. In return for this the driver will accurately describe every accident that has ever occurred at every crossing, telegraph pole and fence post along the route, with a few of his own pet smash-ups mixed in for variety. If the bummer does not carry notes on the subject, it will be of tremendous value to him to memorize a short outline of his life. Since the benefactor will no doubt know his accidents by heart, no infringement of rules will take place.

It has been proven that the title of this essay is poor. That the essay itself is poor needs no proof. From which it is obvious that it at least has reached the heart of the matter, for being poor is the cause, the essence, and the result of the gentle art of bumming.

*Fred Roedelheim, '26.*



## My Friend the Skeleton

FEW people realize the value, even necessity of a thorough, all-around, comprehensive education in the life of a missionary, and those who do never talk about it, for fear of discouraging the younger workers and prospective victims. Those who have grown gray in the service will tell that a man who goes through college specializing in English, History and Biblical Literature, and finishes his education by spending two or three years in a Theological Seminary has left himself quite a good deal to learn from the hard school of experience. In fact, I have even heard it insinuated by my uncle, to whom I am indebted for my pious inclinations, that an M.D. is more practicable than a D.D. But here again we have a theory which few veterans in the service expound for fear of being misinterpreted by the more godly and narrow-minded and accused of impiety. This much merely to explain why it was that I had included in my course of study at the University of Pekin several lectures on the subject of osteology. And now to proceed with my story.

Returning late one evening to my rooms in the home of the American Consul, my mind was in a strange state of unrest. The day had been a particularly uneventful one, and had furnished little food for reflection. As a result, my thoughts seemed to be running wild from one subject to another with very little reason governing their course. I had never felt less like sleeping in my life, but as I anticipated a hard day on the morrow, I decided to retire immediately in the hope that the warmth and comfort of my bed would help my mind to relax and thus pave the way for sleep. But try as I would, sleep would not come. I twisted and tossed like a habitual insomniac (which, thank Heaven, I'm not) while my brain seemed to be racing around at a gallop, heading for nowhere in particular and arriving there without any difficulty. I tried to concentrate on my work, but it was impossible. However, this was not so strange, for of late there had been many times when, try as I would, I could neither do any real studying, nor make any plans for the future. And all this was the result of an insidious struggle which for months had been marring my efficiency; a struggle which had tonight resulted in the condition of mental chaos in which I now found myself. And so the night wore on, while the wind howled mournfully through the bamboos in the garden, and from time to time the shrill wail of a preying mantis echoed eerily through the darkness. A bloodred moon, obscured occasionally by black clouds, bathed everything within the room in a weird glow and created a most uncanny atmosphere.

Finally, when the night was about half spent, I was startled by a strange noise which seemed to resemble the scraping together of human bones. At first I thought that my imagination was running away with

me but as the sound persisted, I decided that it was caused by the scraping of a bamboo limb against the window sill. However, the sound served to turn my thoughts to the subject of bones. I thought of the previous day's lecture in osteology, of the skeleton hanging by the lecture table and began to wonder how its former owner had met her end. While I was trying to imagine what the body which had clothed it had been like, it suddenly seemed to me that someone was pacing to and fro at the foot of my bed, stopping to look at me at every turn as if uncertain whether to speak to me or not. I felt certain that this could be nothing but a mere fancy of my sleepless and excited brain, but even this thought did not serve to check the cold shivers which began to travel up and down my spine. At last, more to help get rid of the supposed hallucination than because I expected an answer, I called out, "Who's there?" in as firm a voice as I could command.

The footsteps approached the side of the bed and halted. Presently the visitor answered in a small, almost pleading voice, "Please don't be afraid. It is only I, your friend the skeleton."

"But why have you come here?" I said, frightened in spite of myself, although I tried my best not to show it.

"I came here because you are the only one who has seemed to show any interest in me since I died," replied the spirit (for such I had decided it must be). "I have been very lonely, wandering around in the burning places of the dead, and moaning in the wind for fifty years. And tonight, when you seemed so restless and uneasy, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if I came in to keep you company. Would you? I do so want to talk to a real man again."

"Of course," said I, with as much cordiality as I could summon, "If it will really give you any pleasure. But at least let the topic of conversation be cheerful."

"Cheerful or not," the voice responded, "there is one thing that I would like to talk to you about, and I think perhaps you might find it funny. You might even find it profitable. One can often profit from the lives of others, you know, and that is just what I intend to talk about—my own life."

I resigned myself to the inevitable, interested in spite of my fear. I felt the foot of the bed move as though someone were sitting down upon it. Clutching my pillow more tightly, I finally gained courage enough to look at the person whom I had a few minutes before tried to visualize. But at that moment, the moon was under a cloud, and all I could see was the dim outline of a woman's form which was further obscured by a heavy bluish haze which seemed to encircle it.

"I'm sure that whatever you may have to talk about will be very interesting," I managed to say finally. "Pray do go on."

"Well," said my friend the skeleton. "There isn't much to tell of my early life. My father was Kai Li Kung, the scholar, and we lived in the town of Fengsiang, in the Province of Singang. I was my father's only daughter and he was very proud of me because even at the age of seventeen, I was what you might call the pride of the village. I could not fail to realize that I was endowed with a rare and radiant beauty such as you never could have dreamed of from that rattling mass of bones which you examined today. How can I ever make you believe that those two cavernous hollows contained the brightest of languishing eyes or that where you saw those grinning teeth there was once a ruby-lipped smile which could have melted the heart of a stone. The mere attempt to give you an idea of the graceful form which once covered those dry old bones makes me feel like laughing—the first time I have felt like it in fifty years. But it also makes me angry. You do believe I was beautiful, don't you?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," I replied, somewhat amused that even a woman so long dead had not lost the vanity of her sex. "I give you my word that all memories of skeletons and osteology are banished from my mind. I can now picture you as one whose beauty might have been the subject for a poet's pen."

"Thank you," she replied. "That will make my visit much more pleasant. But to go on with the story. One spring morning, when I was in my eighteenth year, the whole town was set gossiping by the coming of a tall young missionary, who established his headquarters on the outskirts of the village near the bank of the Wei River. His personality soon gained him great attention; his unselfish kindness endeared him to the poor, and his vast knowledge and the soundness of his philosophy won for him the respect and admiration of the learned and the rich. His fame spread rapidly throughout the surrounding country and as time passed, crowds came from near and far to listen to his wonderful sermons on the Christian God and His teachings. Many came for medicines, many for advice, and still others asked merely to receive his blessings.

"And so the summer came and passed, and then the autumn. One night, late in the month of the Seven Winds, I walked down to the bank of the beautiful river Wei, where I sat down to dream for awhile, and watch for the rising of the moon. There was no sound to interrupt my thoughts, save the chirping of the crickets, and the occasional hooting of an owl, while from overhead a myriad of stars cast down their soft silvery glow upon the river, and were reflected on its quiet surface. Presently my reflections were interrupted by the sound of footsteps, and looking around, I saw approaching that tall erect form which I had come to know so well. Even in the darkness I could not fail to recognize him. When he saw me sitting there alone, he stopped and was about



to retrace his steps, but as I turned and spoke a respectful word of greeting, he came forward, and gave me his blessing. Then he asked me my name, and I told him, but no other word was spoken that night. I returned home in a thoughtful mood, and left him standing there alone, for I felt that he, too, had come to the river for the purpose of reflection.

"Henceforth I came daily to listen to him speak, drawn by an irresistible force which I could not at first understand. I helped him about the mission in every way I could, and accompanied him on his visits to the sick. We seemed to find a certain indefinable something in each other's company which filled a great emptiness in both our lives, and the great work became the dearest joy of my life, because it was his work and kept me constantly in his company. We met again and again on the river bank where he had first given me his blessing; and there we would sit for hours while he talked to me of his wonderful religion and the work he hoped to do. But never once did he speak of the one subject which had come to be uppermost in my thoughts, and as the months passed, and he began to speak of the time when the work at Fengsiang would be completed, and of his plans for the future, a great sadness came into my life, for I realized that for me there was no place in those plans, and that soon our ways must part. As the time for his departure drew near, I began to avoid him as much as possible, fearing that he would read my story in my eyes, and that the truth would make his heart sad too.

"At last came the eve of his departure and we were together for the last time. We had met there as of old, on the bank of the River Wei, only this night he did not talk to me of his religion. We did not speak at all, but just sat there side by side, gazing out into the dark waters. It seemed that their black depths reflected the great sorrow which was seering its way into my very soul. For an hour we remained thus, and then at last, he spoke:

" 'Tell me,' he said, gravely, 'why you have not come lately to the mission, and why you have not accompanied me on my visits? Is it that you have grown tired of the work?'

"I could not speak, for there was a lump in my throat, and the tears began to stream down my cheeks. In a moment he continued:

" 'Come now, can't you tell me what burden you have been carrying so that I may share it with you? I know that you have been hiding something from me, and it grieves me greatly to think that you will not have faith in me, after the many times we have confided in each other during these past few months.'

"And then I could stand it no longer. I laid my head upon his shoulder and bit by bit I managed to tell him everything—how I had admired him since the first day he came to Fengsiang; how that first night when we had met on the bank, that admiration had turned to



love; how this love had grown day by day as we had worked together; how I had come to realize that I had no place in his life, and why I had avoided him. Oh, I know I should not have told him, and I hated myself for the weakness I was showing. I knew that I was doing wrong, but well—nothing seemed to matter any more. It would not have been so bad if I had not known that he loved me too, but this made it even harder. For he did love me. If I had not recognized it before in his words—in his looks, I could not fail to see it now.

"But in his life, there was one thing which meant even more to him than love, and that was his duty to his God and his Church. He did love me, but he loved his work even more, and he did not realize that these two loves could be reconciled and exist in the same man at the same time. His Bible said 'a man can not serve two masters; for either he will love the one and hate the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.' But he forgot the passage that said that man cannot live alone, and it never seemed to occur to him that my love could be an inspiration to aid him in his work, just as it had been during the past few months.

"But I did not try to argue. After that one outburst we sat there without a word for many hours. Sat there until the morning star was towards the western horizon. And then, at last, he rose and as he took my hand in farewell, I could see that he, too, had suffered, for his face was ashen white, and there was a look of anguish in his eyes. For just one second he took me in his arms, and then without uttering a word he turned and strode away into the darkness.

"For several minutes, I remained motionless where he had left me, unable to realize the full significance of what had happened. And then, as my mind became clearer, there came over me a terrible feeling of utter hopelessness and black despair. It seemed that life without him could be nothing but a horrible nightmare. I felt that the future could hold nothing for me, and that my days would be spent in aimless misery, such as that experienced by a lost soul wandering through the land of shadows. I looked out into the black waters before me, and a tremor ran over me as I thought of the relief which their depths seemed to offer me. But for a moment one thought restrained me. I remembered that he had told me that God would punish those who wantonly destroyed the life which He had given. I thought of the tortures of Hell as I had heard them described, but these terrors seemed far away and insignificant as compared to the life which I saw looming up before me. And with this last thought I cast myself from the bank, and as the icy waters of the Wei closed over my head, I prayed to his God to help him in his work.

"That was the end of my life in this world, and for fifty years I have burned for my sin."

Here the voice ceased, and I stared, stunned and fascinated at the dim shape which was still seated at the foot of my bed. Suddenly the form arose and glided noiselessly to the bureau, whose sole object of adornment was a large photograph in a silver frame. Here it remained motionless for a second, and then, slowly lifting an arm, pointed with a bony finger to the smiling young face in the picture.

"And this," continued the phantom, "is the fate which you through your blindness would bring upon her. You would risk shattering her life, and damning her soul, all because of a mistaken notion that the realization of your love for her must necessitate failure in your duty to the church. May God remove the scales from your eyes!"

At this juncture, I started from my bed, and as I did so, the form before me seemed to melt into a thin vapor, and then vanish completely, and nothing remained to prove it had existed but a faint odor of burnt brimstone. I reached for the photograph in the silver frame, and as I stood gazing at it for several minutes by the light of the setting moon, I realized that the long struggle was at last at an end, and from that moment the face in front of me took on a new significance—the fulfillment of my dreams.

H. D. Greenwell, '24.

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## *The Bird and the Pool*

### A DREAM

*Last night I dreamt about a bird—  
A strange and sunlight-aureoled bird:*

*He lived upon a golden tree  
That blossomed in a distant land;  
And there he sang deliriously  
Unto a thousand waves aquiver  
Upon an emeraldine river,  
While southern breezes floated past  
Like moving camels on the vast  
And simmering wastes of sand.*

*And while he sang, this wond'rous bird,  
Flying through the woodlands, heard  
The silver whisperings of the cool  
And crystal waters of a pool—*

*A pool unruffled, shadowless,  
 Bordered by the tangled cress—  
 A hidden, sleeping pool that lay  
 Unrippled on the windiest day.  
 Hither, through the forests ringing  
 With his joy-impassioned singing,  
 Came the sunlight-aureoled bird  
 And lighted on the dark pool's edge,  
 Shadowed by the cress and sedge.  
 To him did the pool impart  
 Secret whisperings that stirred  
 The sleeping depths within his heart.*

*He flew through regions ne'er before  
 Crossed by mortal—regions where  
 Cliffs rose summitless and bare  
 Into grayness: where the roar  
 Of torrents endless as the night  
 Filled the aged rocks with fright.  
 At last he found a jewel rare,  
 Invaluable—who knows where?—  
 The sunlight's and the ocean's daughter,  
 And brought it to the pool's dark water,  
 Lighting softly on its edge  
 (Shadowed by the cress and sedge);  
 And there from off the dark-green brink,  
 He let the jewel fall and sink—  
 It sank, without a sound or trace,  
 But for a single watery ring  
 Slowly, slowly widening  
 Upon the pool's unruffled face.*

*And the Sun-bird, songless, soundless,  
 Gazes down into the groundless  
 Depth; the pool lies motionless,  
 Bordered by the tangled cress.*

*This I dreamt about a bird—  
 Strange, oh sunlight-aureoled bird!*

*Frederic Prokosch, '25.*

## A Damsel in Distress

WE WERE walking down Artillery Lane, gentlemen, towards the Iron Ball, there to meet the Gloucestershire stage. I had felt greatly honored at Mr. Lackington's accepting an invitation to lodge at my house during his stay in London, pleased that after his so violent return to the new religion, he should still remember an old friend. I was scarcely pleased, however, in the change that had taken place in his character; for the shrewd and companionable fellow, so full of wit, rare anecdotes and sound atheism, was now become once more the mournful, psalm-singing Methodist of his youthful days, whose every sentence contained some sly hint or suggestion, intended to move my latent piety. Nevertheless, I retained sufficient respect for past memories and my friend's unusual parts, to rise at the early hour of five, in order to accompany him to the coaching house and bid (for so it will probably prove to be) a last adieu.

The morning was slightly misty, but withal fresh and invigorating, so that, while we had plenty of time, we walked with considerable celerity. Turning a corner, there appeared before us a melancholy spectacle, yet one not extraordinary, I regret to say, in the town. At the far end of the lane (which is narrow) a young female, clothed only in the most miserable rags, sat in the gutter, her back against one of the posts, her bare feet in a puddle of water. Near her lay a dead cat and a small collection of offal, which, with the degenerate appearance of this neighborhood, completed the picture of abject squalor thus presented before us. The most notable feature of the scene, however, was the peculiar beauty of her face, which, framed in a mass of tangled ringlets, was unpainted, tolerably clean and bore an undeniable expression of youth and innocence; it seemed impossible that this could be an ordinary woman of the town.

The sound of footsteps on the cobbles awakened this object of our attention, and she rose, stiffly, from the humble position in which she had passed the night, and, as if embarrassed by the presence of gentlemen, tried to brush away some of the dirt from her torn and maculated garments. Her large blue eyes and the tender expression of her mouth were enough to excite pity in the most casual breast.

"The public is aware, sir, of your tenets on the female education," I observed, "and yet I should like to know what means you would advise to bring this girl into a state of physical and moral welfare."

"Mr. Crevel," my friend replied, "I would employ such means as lie in my power. Let us speak with her, and perhaps we may learn something of her character. My girl," he said (for we had now come up



to her), "what misfortune could have brought you into this wretched state?"

She blushed, and dropping her glance, shyly stroked the dewy fur of the dead cat with her toes. Mr. Lackington fixed his deep, commanding eyes upon her, and pursed his thin lips.

"Do you believe in God?" he inquired. She was silent.

"Horror of horrors!" he exclaimed. "Of all the most terrifying ideas this is to me the most frightful! To be without a God in the world!

*'A soul in converse with her God is Heav'n;  
Feels not the tumults and the shocks—'*"

Mr. Lackington was beginning to quote Young again (some of you are familiar with his peculiar manner of preaching) but the girl interrupted his recitation.

"You needn't spout like that," says she. "Indeed, I do believe in God, sir."

"But have you ever reflected on the truth of the heart-improving, soul-cheering doctrines of Christianity? Doctrines which have been the means" (he did not turn, but he was speaking to me now) "of reclaiming and civilizing many ignorant, hardened and notorious wretches, in whom it were hard to say whether the devil or brute were most predominant; yet such as these have by them been induced ever after to live pious, sober, industrious members of society."

Our young friend seemed to take this upon herself, and blushed scarlet, so that I must confess, I felt strongly for her.

"My dear child," continued Mr. Lackington in a milder tone, "you must not be allowed to wander forlorn upon the public streets. If you have no respectable family, you shall be provided for. It is not impossible in this city for a person, of no very extraordinary endowments, to rise to wealth and station; but you shall have assistance.

"I myself came, a journeyman shoemaker, with no more wealth than a few farthings and my class and band tickets, by which latter I was established in religious comfort. But it was several weeks before I could firmly resolve to continue in London; as I really was struck with horror for the fate of it; more particularly on Sundays for I found so few went to church, and so many were walking and riding about for pleasure, and the lower class getting drunk, quarreling, fighting, working, buying, selling, and so on. I had seen so much of the same kind in Bristol that I wondered how God permitted it to stand; but London I found infinitely worse, and seriously trembled for fear that the measure of iniquity was full, and that every hour would be its last."

"Allow me to introduce," I interrupted, "James Lackington, Esq., late bookseller at the Temple of the Muses."

"Mr. Lackington!" she cried. He was about to begin again when she stopped him.

"'Tis all true, sir," she said, "but I scarcely can believe—"

"I trust that you, my dear, are not one of those ungodly pretenders to Christianity who are so very ignorant of its doctrines as to think that because Christ died for sinners (which is the only part of the gospel they ever attended to), God will, however wicked their lives may have been, pardon them, provided they do but repent, as they call it, on their death-bed. Old Baxter tells us of a shockingly wicked man who persisted in a very profligate way of life, because he was sure that if he could say but three words, 'God pardon me' before he died, he was sure to be forgiven. It seems he even forgot these three words, for his horse leaping over a bridge with him, he said, 'Devil take all.'

"And what are the carnal pleasures of life? They lead to horror, disease, insanity and death. 'O thou blasphemed yet most indulgent Lord God!' cries out the dying profligate, 'Hell itself is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown!' Girl, can you picture the torment of the damned? There the poor sinner writhes—"

"Like a bull baited with fireworks," I suggested.

"My father," said the young woman, "is a gentleman of repute, and a friend of Mr. Wesley's; and, sirs, distressed and misfortunate as I am, I won't be thus insulted and made sport of." And she started to walk away from us, who stood astonished at the cultured dignity of her language.

"Stop!" I cried. She sank against the wall, sobbing piteously; we bent over her. "O my father," she wept, "where art thou, Papa. I am lost. They have robbed me of jewels, clothing, virtue. I am mocked by these godless men—"

"Come, come," said Mr. Lackington, gently, endeavoring to raise her. But she broke away from us, and ran farther down the street.

"Won't you come with us?" I said.

"I would rather die!" Upon my honor, gentlemen, the poor wench's voice was as fine and clear as a queen's.

But it was getting late, and it seemed neither decorous nor practical that two old men should run chasing through the streets after a woman so disreputable in outward appearance; yet something must be attempted.

"Who is your father?" I inquired.

"Mr. Herve Ecclestone, of Marylebone."

"Why, Mr. Ecclestone is a friend of mine," says Lackington, lying most glibly for a Methodist, "and if you will take this purse to pay your expenses home, he will repay me; I am now residing at Alveston. If you will follow us, you will come to an inn where a chaise may be hired."

She very unwillingly took the money at arm's length, and followed at a distance behind us.

We had almost arrived at the gate of the Iron Ball, when we were startled by a piercing scream. We turned, and beheld this unfortunate female standing in the middle of the road. Her delicate form seemed to be quivering—with laughter; then, with a vulgar gesture familiar to the streets of London, she vanished in an alley. At that moment we heard the shrill bugle notes strike up, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

"The stage!" I said. "You must hurry." He felt for his fob.

"My watch is gone completely!" he exclaimed, bewildered. He might then have run after the slut, but I dragged him into the inn-yard, for to me it was merely a good joke to relate before the club, and I would have felt sorry to see Mr. Ecclestone's daughter taken up.

You, of course, will relish the tale the more when you learn that the coach had no sooner rattled away than I found both of my own fobs to be as empty—well, as empty as Mr. Lackington's spiritual aspirations.

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*

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## *Tuscarora*

*Six Nations now shall sing the songs of war,  
But you, My Father, Southward, sing alone,  
Where silent, lurks, to guard your cavern door,  
A Bird with claws of ice and eyes of stone.  
Your dark woods stir and shiver with the breeze;  
On high, the dripping mosses creep and hang;  
And you must hide, and fear, for those tall trees  
Conceal a flint-gray Bird, that never sang.  
The thunder grows, and storm-lights break the mass  
Of clouds. (My Father, you will sing no more!)  
Like tongues of hungry fire, the red snakes pass,  
And wild birds drift around your cavern door.  
But none may see you shake, or hear you moan,  
Guarded by the Night Bird, with eyes of stone.*

*Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.*

## An Outland Piper

*"I heard strange pipes when I was young,  
Piping songs of an outland tongue.  
I heard, and was agape to see  
How like that piper was to me."*

It is strange for a poet to write without a mistress. But here is the book of a poet without a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow; unless, perhaps, the Tiger Woman is his mistress. Can the queen of the Faëries be a poet's mistress? She rides a tiger's velvet back and shakes a million stars from her loosened hair. She gives him her ring and notes begin to flow from his pipe. So he sings of Beauty and God that the tiger had found for him.

The Outland Piper made pictures and dreams from what he saw and piped them out in flowing rhythms. He saw Corymba with flowing hair, an amulet of woven gold, a dryad at a gingham counter, a green paradise, the wolf, Phineas out for a walk. And he heard an old harp, lads crying out against the clock's dismissal, drums and brass, a ditty throbbing in the back of his head, thin lips making music, Ecclesiasticus the sinner. He felt twilight warm as a woman's flesh. He smelled Hell, hearths' thin smoke, a sudatorium, vine leaves in his hair. He tasted the joy of the earth. But they all flowed out of his pipe.

Most young poets write from themselves outward and use the objects of their experience to explain their inward restlessness and longings. It is not so with the Outland Piper. He lives in a crowd of living suggestions that set going inside his mind wonderful thoughts and fancies which come out again through his verse. He shapes the facts of his experience as though everything were plastic and ready to be shaped into striking curves—whether beautiful or ghastly it does not matter. He shapes most of them in forms of beauty. His touch must be swift and sure, like Chatterton's, for the verses seem to have slipped from his pen semi-consciously.

Instead of embodying his ideals in the things of the earth, the things of the earth embody his ideals for him without the trouble of digging around for suitable similes. That is how Donald Davidson is a poet; just how much a poet he is, the little book called "An Outland Piper" does not tell. Perhaps he is more a poet than these verses show; at least they give some of the *joie de vivre* that he has felt. What more can a poet do?

A. J. '25.

[AN OUTLAND PIPER, by Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.]





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